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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART. LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXII

JANUARY, 1910

No. 3



**THE BIRTH
of the
NEW YEAR**

The pastor raised his hand and pointed to the town clock. In five minutes more the old year will be dead. A snowy mantle covered the ground, lay on the roofs, and even on the tower of the town hall. High in the sky rode the full moon, which bathed everything in its softening light. It lit up the face of the tall, gaunt, white-haired old pastor; the excited face of the girl in her fashionable attire; the time-worn face of Elizabeth Simpson and the worried one of her husband; the crafty one of Ezra Coke, the money lender; and the young, sad one of little Emmie, the deserted sweetheart. Standing in the door was Sim, who had done his best to break her heart; and with a new expression on his impish face was Jack Frye, who was beginning to realize that life holds something better worth while than unkind pranks directed against others. (See story page 2.)

Published at Augusta, Maine.

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COMFORT

The Key to

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SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
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United States and Cuba, 25c. per year.
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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine, as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by

W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,

Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

January, 1910

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Crumbs of Comfort

There is nothing in character so magnetic as cheerfulness.

A guilty conscience is a hell upon earth and points to one beyond.

Independence is contracting one's desires to the limits of his means.

We believe at once in evil; we believe in good only upon reflection.

There is no place so high that an ass laden with gold cannot reach it.

To love earth's beauty is sign of some capacity for loving heaven's content.

Judge me not as I judge myself, O Lord! Show me some mercy, or I may not live; Let the good in me go without reward; Forgive the evil I cannot forgive.

—William Dean Howells.

Wretched is the discontent that quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill.

He is nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

To the greater part of mankind it is less dangerous to do an injury, than to do much service.

Philosophy easily triumphs over past and future ills, but present ills triumph over philosophy.

No fondest father's fondest care can so fashion the infant's heart, or shape its life as a mother can.

They are generally better satisfied whom fortune never favored, than those whom she has forsaken.

So when a great man dies, For years beyond our ken The light he leaves behind him lies Upon the paths of men. —Longfellow.

Concentration is the secret of success in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all manner of human affairs.

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the foolish notions they form of the happiness of others.

Lift thyself up, look around and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms and earthly darkness.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and the angels know of us. —Thomas Paine.

Whoever has lived twenty years ought to know what is hurtful and what is wholesome to him and know how to order himself without physic.

The Birth of the New Year

A Watch Night Story

By Huldah Thompson

THE sound of many feet crunching on the crisp snow outside came to Elder Kane's ears as he sat, his hand shading his eyes in the little church where for forty years he had worked and prayed.

"Has my work all been in vain?" he whispered to himself, as mingled with the noise of the footsteps came whispered scraps of conversation. He knew the church would be crowded to the very doors, for it was Watch Night, and none would stay away. They all wanted to watch the old year out and the new in, though how many appreciated the sacredness of the occasion the good preacher could not answer.

As the crowd gathered, two matrons, round of body, and sleek of appearance put their heads together, and every word they said went direct to the ear of the waiting pastor, and wrung his kind, old heart.

"Did you see Emmie today?" one asked, smoothing down her new black silk dress.

"No, not today. How does she take it, Mrs. Good?"

"Bad. I never thought Sim would go back on her, Mrs. Hynes."

"Has he honest?" cried the other, then both craned their heads, for coming in almost to the front pew were two who held the interest of the whole congregation. One, Sim Law was a fine-looking, young man, who was in business with his father, the general merchant; the little place. He was a good product of clean, wholesome living, and his well-knit young figure looked well in his clothes although they had been made by the little hump-backed tailor who had made his father's for years. His companion, though was one who focused every eye.

Two years before Mary Wilson had gone to New York City, and this was her first visit home. God Elder Kane knew full well that no work she could do would have put those costly sables about her neck, or crowned her hair, now gold where once it had been black, with the rich, heavily plumed velvet hat. He knew that the diamonds that gleamed on her hands had cost more than any woman has any right to pay for even life itself, but Sim did not, and his eyes were bent in hopeless fascination upon her artificially flushed face, utterly overlooking the shrinking figure of little Emmie Brown who had come alone to this church for the first time in her life, when the meeting was after dark. Before Mary had come back, now Mayme, Emmie and Sim had been making plans for their marriage.

Now no one knew what would be the outcome. As Sim proudly handed the cuffed girl to a seat, he whispered, and his words were heard by the two matrons, the pastor, poor little Emmie and many others:

"Golly but you do look fine, Mayme. I never dreamed anyone could be so beautiful." The girl giggled, glanced up at him from the corners of her blackened eyes, and smothered something, those who were listening did not know what, and then with a great rustling settled in her seat, and began whispering to Sim behind her hymn book.

As they were taking their places, a bent old man came up the aisle, and he kept his eyes on the floor so as not to see the looks of hate that followed him, for Eza Coke was that hated of all persons, a man who lent money at unlawful interest. He was the richest man in little Homeville, and the most disliked.

The pastor raised his weary eyes, and saw all this and then his cheeks flushed painfully. Coming in, walking as far apart as they could, on a narrow aisle were a farmer and his wife. Long ago, when Elder Kane had first come to Homeville an eager, enthusiastic young man, Elizabeth Colter had been the girl out of all the others who had attracted him, and to her he gave the love of a lifetime. However, she had decided against him and married John Simpson. The good clergyman had buried his love deep in his heart, but he had never forgotten, and now that he saw that these two in their old age growing

away from each other, it nearly broke his heart.

There was one thing more that worried the good clergyman. He knew that the voice of slander had not been still in the midst of his flock, and tears came into his eyes growing a little dim with age, as he saw how one of the girls shrank from her companions. This young girl, Hattie Scott had poured out her heart to him and he knew how without foundation the wicked criticisms were, and yet he despaired of reinstating her.

This was Watch Night, the one night in all the year when he wanted his people to come close together and to renew their religious life, and yet how hopeless it all was.

Almost mechanically he called them together and started them to singing. It was all so machine-like that he felt his heart droop within him and for not the first time he thought of retiring so that someone younger could come among his dear people and stir them up, and make them realize what a debt they owed to each other, themselves and their Maker.

As he watched them, his mind ran back over the years. He realized how lonely his life had been, lived alone because of his tender love for one who had not recognized the worth of his devotion. All earthly feeling had left his love, and yet now when both of them had passed the sixty milestone, he felt he must have her happy, that if she were miserable his life would have been spent in vain. There was something wonderful in this purified love of a white-haired, bent man, for a woman who long ago had lost her youthful freshness and beauty. He must restore her confidence in her husband, and her satisfaction in her life. This determination spurred him. Once more he felt that fire of enthusiasm in his veins that years before had made him so successful as an exhorter and evangelist. Because of the need of his old-time love, he felt his heart expand towards them all, even down to naughty little Jack Frye who was boldly imitating his father's way of squinting as he sang.

After the second hymn ended, Elder Kane rose, his tall, spare frame seeming to tower above them. About his withered old face fell his whitened hair, bleached in their service. His eyes, once so dark and piercing were sunken in his head and surrounded by black circles. Youth had forever passed him by, but age had brought him dignity, and power, and the people who had seen him for so many years were impressed by his bearing as never before. Of truth he appeared to be the Messenger of God.

"My friends," he began and his voice seemed to linger on the words. They were his friends, he loved them all, even down to poor so-called Mayme with her dearly bought clothes and jewels.

"Forty years ago today I came among you and preached my first sermon to you. Many who heard me then are now where no words of mine are needed, they have entered upon their reward. Before me are their children and grandchildren. I have been with you for all these years," and his voice seemed to take on new power. His bent frame straightened.

"I have buried your dead, married you, comforted you in sickness and rejoiced with you in your joys. There has not been a child born into this congregation whom I have not taken into my arms in infancy, and not one of you have been born anew into the life of the church except through my ministrations."

All over the house heads were nodding vigorously. They all loved the kindly, gentle man, although they often forgot all he had done for them.

"Sometimes I have grown weary in my work, for friends I am but mortal, and yet I have always striven to do my duty."

The Amens at this came from all over the house, and one fell from Mayme's painted lips, but no one knew better than the good pastor that she did not mean what she said, or care about him or his work.

"And yet, in spite of forty years of patient,

The Perfect Way

A New Year's Eve Reverie

BY CHARLOTTE TOWAR HERRON

To do the will of God is not to drift,
Mere idle wreckage on the sea of fate,
Silent and passive to the winds that shift
And beat to fragments what they uselessly rate.
To do the will of God is ever to guide
And bring to harbor safe the ships we steer,
Close buried in storm, in calm with sails spread wide
To the sweet breeze of peace that greets us there.

To do the will of God is not to stand
As though His gifts with churlish heart he used,
And waiting still with empty, upturned hand,
In martyr guise bemoan what seems refused.
To do the will of God is so to move
That each advancing step new joy shall bring
To all the world around us: so to love
That men shall look aloft and learn to sing.

To do the will of God is not to sleep
And dream what fancy pleases to propose,
Accepting thus as life what we should keep
For life's most sacred hour, for day's sweet close.
To do the will of God is so to live
That His high purpose through each day may shine;
For so must man his noblest efforts give,
And then the world shall know him all divine.

faithful work, tonight I am utterly discouraged," he cried, and there was a rustle among the people. They were not prepared for this.

"Looking back I feel that my efforts have borne so little fruit. What have I accomplished? Your lives, your deeds answer me, and friends, children, the answer bows my very soul in the dust of discouragement."

Some looked at each other in amazement, others shook their heads disapprovingly, while several shifted their eyes to the floor.

"We are proud of the record of Homeville. No great crimes have ever been committed within its borders. No man's life has been taken here; not one of us has ever robbed in the night, or forged another's name to a document. Not one drop of liquor has ever been sold here. Each Sunday we try to give the Lord His due in outward observance. We are quoted as the model village."

The faces of the congregation brightened. They were very proud of all this. Even little Jack Frye was glad he had been stumped from robbing the bird's nest the spring before because the tree had been too high for even him to climb.

"And yet we are far from being a model place," cried the old man, leaning forward. "Deep in our hearts we have festering sores that are gradually contaminating us until soon none will be whole."

One of the deacons started half way from his seat, then sank back. There was something terrifying in the aspect of Elder Kane tonight. His gentleness was gone, he spoke as one with authority.

"We have killed no man in the flesh, but how many have we destroyed in the spirit by our wicked, senseless gossip? How many reputations have been murdered, are being right now?" he thundered.

The simplest thing is magnified. A girl's thoughtlessness is so exaggerated by the tongue of scandal that her fair name is blasted, and her gentle soul is bowed in helpless misery. And it did not need Hattie Scott's sobs to point his remarks.

"We have not robbed our neighbor of his earthly possessions, but we have taken his reputation; we may not have entered his house in the night and broken into his board, but we have profited by his adversity and piled up riches through usury."

Old Eza Coke rose, then as he felt the eyes of all upon him, he shrank back in the pew he occupied by himself.

"We drink no intoxicating beverages, but we do let our distorted ideas of right and wrong steal away our reason and sense of justice. We are drunk with our own perfections, and unable to see the good points of our neighbors through the glaze with which our debauch of self-righteousness has filmed our eyes. I ask myself if it is not sometimes worse to congratulate ourselves upon our own sobriety in one direction and forget that in another we can err as much as he who staggers along the streets of places where temptation dwells on every street corner?"

There were no smiles now. The people sat with strained faces and heavy breathing. Even little Jack forgot to stick pins into the pew cushion in preparation for the next Sunday's discomfort of anyone unfortunate enough to sit down on them.

"I pay a pastoral call, and before my feet cross the threshold, my ears are assailed by cruel words about someone else. Even a smile can hurt if it is directed against instead of for a person. When I drop in upon my sewing circle, I find neighbor pitted against neighbor, and the absent assailed. Not long ago I heard one member say to another that she was afraid to remain away for fear of what her sisters in the Lord would say of her."

Mrs. Good and Mrs. Hynes exchanged startled glances.

"We have degenerated into a lying, backbiting group of gossips," he declared, leaning forward and shaking his hand at them. "Instead of children of God, redeemed by the Blood of the Atonement."

For an instant he paused, then he went on, his voice deepening. "In our church, our lives, we hold up the marriage obligation, and believe it to be the most sacred on earth. Nothing is more binding in the sight of God than the promises made by marriage, and yet how many of us are drifting, drifting apart. We let little trifles separate true hearts that have beat in unison for years. We forget the ties that bind, not only here within our sight, but those which are reaching down from heaven."

Sobs interrupted him, as more than one mother whose child he had buried, lost control of herself.

"How any husband and wife who have been drawn together by the sacred love of parentage; who have watched a little flower of life blossom, then fade away to bloom once more in the hand of the Great Father, can ever lose that reverential love for each other that must come of such relations unless malice, hatred and bitterness fill the heart, I cannot understand. Fathers, mothers, I have stood by you beside the beds of little ones, and those who have grown to maturity and helped you close their eyes in their last sleep; I have spoken the words of promise, have told you of the eternal hope of future meeting. How dare you let all memory of those hours fade from your hearts, and permit for a moment rising of the wall slowly rearing itself between you? As a servant of the Most High, I demand your answer."

He was speaking then to just two, and they knew it. Elizabeth's eyes filled with hot tears. She understood. This man who seemed like one inspired had passed with her and her husband through the death and burial of their four children, and now she knew he was pleading with her to keep her heart from closing because of her loneliness.

"No good man can ever forget the bride of his youth. No true woman can forget the bridegroom who chooses her out of all others to hold to his heart, to cherish until death parted them, and still remain true Christians."

Elizabeth's husband turned towards his wife. He had felt her cruel and exacting. He knew that it had been her unkindness with regard to some trifling little acts of kindness towards Hattie Scott that had provoked the storm of scandal. In that moment she, too, felt how unjust she had been, but neither was quite ready to forgive and forget.

"I wish I could hold up the lives of all as though in a mirror, for all to read. Do not think friends," the good pastor went on, "that I am excusing myself. I see and I have allowed the infirmities of age to keep me from helping you as I ought. If I had done my full part there would not be so much for God to forgive and forget."

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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THIS RENEWAL NOTICE ought to reach you in December in time to renew at the old rate of two years for a quarter. Even if it does not we will permit you to renew two years for 25 cents, provided you do it as soon as you receive this notice, in order to show no partiality to those who happen to get their paper earlier.

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for February will be an unusually fine, interesting number. Intelligent people never tire of reading and learning more of these two greatest Americans. Besides facts and anecdotes it will contain special Washington and Lincoln stories and VALENTINE STORY and funny article. Don't take any chance of missing it by letting your subscription run out.

Home-Furnishing COMFORT in March

will be the most useful and interesting paper for purposes of practical information that we ever issued. It will tell you all kinds of ways in which you can improve, repair, decorate, beautify and make your home more attractive, comfortable and sanitary with the least possible expense,—how to do much of it yourselves with little or no expense,—how to repair, renovate and even make furniture, furnishings and ornamental and useful articles for the home. It will be worth the price of a hundred subscriptions to any family in the way of household economy.

WE HAVE SOME AGREEABLE SURPRISES in store for our subscribers in 1910, and will merely add that our APRIL, MAY and JUNE NUMBERS WILL BE ROUSERS.

Tell your friends about these specially interesting features of February and March numbers of COMFORT and get them to subscribe or renew and help you earn a nice premium and win a prize.

It Will Pay You Big

in the way of premiums and cash prizes to make a little hustle after these subscriptions and renewals this month. BUT RENEW OR EXTEND YOUR OWN subscription first, if you have not already done so, and MAKE SURE OF THE CALENDAR AT ONCE, so to have it to show as it is a BIG HELP in getting subscriptions and renewals.

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January, 1910.

A Few Words by the Editor

A HAPPY and prosperous year to you all. The writer is almost at a loss what to say to you on the subject of the new year.

For a number of years he has had the privilege of wishing COMFORT's six millions of readers a Happy New Year, and there is scarcely a New Year's thought that he has not already discussed in these columns.

Uncle Charlie in his department has an excellent sermonette on the subject of the New Year, and we advise all our readers to peruse and take it to heart. His preachment, though brief, covers the ground thoroughly, and if our readers will only take this talk to heart, the present year will be indeed a year of grace for them.

The beginning of the year is always a serious time to those who control the destinies of such a widely read publication as COMFORT. Our family is a large one, and like all large families it is constantly being decimated by death, and those changes which take place in all things mortal. Thousands of our readers though receiving COMFORT regularly and thoroughly enjoying every issue, keep putting off the renewal of their subscriptions, and then when the magazine stops coming, cherish a sense of resentment against us for depriving them of the monthly visits of this publication, expecting us to give them indefinite credit, something the postal laws will not permit us to do.

The lack of post-office savings banks in this country is simply a scandal and a disgrace to our so-called civilization. For this glorious country to lag behind Russia and Japan in the march of progress is not only unthinkable, it is wicked, and it is for you to say whether such conditions shall continue. It is you, the voters of this country who have by your apathy, indifference and blindness to your own interests made such conditions possible.

This great commercial country is equally in need of the parcels post, the establishment of which has been recommended time and again to Congress by successive Postmasters General; but thus far the railroad interests and express companies' lobby have succeeded in depriving easy-going America of one of the greatest benefactions that the subjects of monarchical countries have enjoyed for a generation or more.

In our February number we shall discuss the attitude taken by the President on these two important matters in his recent message to Congress.

Keep your eye on Congress this winter and see what a big fight the transportation companies and other giant interests that are fattening on their special privileges to exact toll from the people put up in case any move is made to grant the people these needed facilities.

You rely upon your representative to give you what you want unmindful of the influence exerted by the enemies of these and other great measures of reform to keep you from getting what you so sadly need. Make your representatives give an account of their stewardship. They are your servants, demand that they do your bidding. Make them explain above all things why they have not given you post-office savings banks and parcels post. They will, of course, deny that they

have tried to prevent these measures from becoming law, and granted that is so then it is for you to ask what efforts they have made to bring about these reforms. If they are honest they will admit they have made no efforts at all, which will afford you ample proof, if proof were needed, that you are guilty of electing to office men who care nothing for you or your interests, and that the ballot in your hands is an instrument not of benefit but of harm, an instrument by which you are made the dupes of unworthy men, peanut politicians who deliver you bound hand and foot to your enemies, the criminal trusts.

Write your representatives and senators telling them in no uncertain tone that you expect them to actively promote a postal savings bank and parcels post law, and that you shall hold them accountable at the next election. Then if they disregard your request, go gunning for their official scalps.

It is a peculiarity of the human mind that we are ever ready to blame others for our own faults. The habit of procrastination, the eternal putting off until tomorrow the things we should do today (forgetful of the fact that tomorrow never comes), compels us to drop a whole army of subscribers yearly; of course many of them come back to us later, after they have come to a realizing sense of their loss, but that makes bother all round. The longer we put off the doing of an act, the harder it is to do it, and finally the trifling effort, viewed through the spectacles of procrastination, swells from a mere molehill into an enormous mountain, and the end of it all is, we succumb to inertia, and let the whole matter slide and deprive ourselves and others of enjoyments which could be ours for the expenditure of a few cents of money and a few moments of time.

Shakespeare said that: "Conscience makes cowards of us all." He might have added that procrastination is the ruin of nearly all, for though conscience reproves us for inaction, it is slothful procrastination which clogs the wheels of ambition, undermines character and clutters life's highways with human wreckage.

There is one New Year's resolution the writer would ask you to keep above all others. It is this: **DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.** The habit of putting off, eternally putting off, things that ought to be done at once, is the cause of nearly all the unhappiness and misery in this world today. The drunkard is always going to quit *drinking tomorrow*, the spendthrift is always going to turn over a new leaf and start a savings bank account *in a few days' time*. The man with the swelling on his neck puts off seeing the doctor until an incurable tumor has formed and no earthly power can save him. The erring son is soon going to quit his evil ways, and return again to mother, but the day of reform is put off and put off until one day he comes back to find a broken-hearted parent cold in death. The sinner procrastinates and ere he seeks the throne of grace, the years have sped away and death finds him impenitent—his sin-stained soul, black with guilt and crime. Too late, too late, has ever been the cry of the despairing soul the world over.

Genius is simply concentration of effort, the capacity for taking infinite pains. The men and women who have made

a name for themselves in the world have never procrastinated. The doing of little things well, the accomplishing daily of the tasks of the day; these are the things which bring success, happiness and fortune in life. The big things are built up of the little things of life the same as the great buildings are constructed of common-sized bricks.

Life consists, not in the performing of a few herculean tasks, but in the doing of a myriad of small ones, and doing them well. The majority of people procrastinate, not so much through laziness and physical inertia, as through lack of system and method. Our success in life consists, not so much in learning things as in *applying them*. Tens of thousands of brilliant men are graduated from our universities and public schools yearly, but a very small percentage of them make any real use of the learning they have acquired.

We know how to do things, we know we ought to do them, but we put off the doing until the wheels of action are hopelessly clogged with the cobwebs of procrastination. Only so much can be done in a day, and if you leave half of your duties undone for several days, they will never be done at all, for the morrow will bring its own burdens, more burdens in fact than you will ever have the courage or strength to lift, if you permit them to pile up on you.

Plan your day's work. Keep a little tablet handy to assist your memory. Write the things that must be done, and when night comes see that every item on the tablet has been attended to.

Write on that tablet (thousands of you need to do it), that you cannot keep house in the year 1910 without COMFORT, and write also, "I will send in my subscription today." Subscribing for a magazine seems a trifling matter and the mere fact of the smallness of the matter is the reason you neglect to attend to it.

Bear in mind the fact that this magazine comes to you monthly with a message of love and brotherhood, that its whole purpose is to sweeten and better your life and the lives of those about you, and you will see that what appeared a little thing, the securing of this magazine is really a matter of vast importance to you and your home. You may take other publications, but not one carries the same message, spreads the same sunshine, and teaches the same healthful doctrine of practical Christianity as does COMFORT. When this magazine goes out of your home, a great power for righteousness, and a great Christianizing influence goes with it, and your home becomes immeasurably poorer. COMFORT constantly reminds you of your duty towards God and man, and we are all apt to forget these duties, and most of us are only too willing to forget them.

This, then, is our New Year's message to you. We want you to remain in our family, and bring others in, and keep in touch with us and the work we are doing, and help us in that work. If you depart from the COMFORT fold, it is not because you want to, it is not because you cannot afford to stay in it; it is simply because the *microbe of inertia has got the better of you*. Begin the New Year right, and the best way to begin it is to subscribe for COMFORT and live up to the ideals that it stands for—love, charity, brotherhood.

Comfort's Editor.

LITTLE PRUDY'S DOTTY DIMPLE By Sophie May

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Susy and Prudy Parlin are delighted when Grandma Read tells them they have a new sister. In her joy Prudy falls down stairs. Prudy and Susy go in to see the new baby. Prudy tries to find the baby's teeth and blow her eyes open. The nurse sends them from the room. The little baby is named Alice and because of little dimples they call her Dotty Dimple. When she is old enough to run alone she is left in Susy's care. Susy, becoming interested in a book forgets the child and Dotty runs away. Susy is frightened and tells her mother, who with Prudy and Susy search for Dotty. Florence Eastman leads her home.

When Dotty is three years old she goes to Sabbath school. She hears Sadie Bicknell's verse: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Dotty insists upon reciting a childish rhyme. Strange words ring in Dotty's ears; she brings a "Tom Thumb lamp" and matches to the nursery, seats herself on the floor behind Prudy, draws off her shoes and stockings, rubs the whole bunch of matches, saying, "A lamp to my feet." She does not know how to turn back the chimney. Prudy's dress catches fire. She screams. Her mother and Norah put out the flames. They understand what Dotty learned at Sabbath school. She was only putting a lamp to her feet. Mrs. Parlin, Susie, Prudy and Zip walk to Mrs. Eastman's, leaving Dotty at home. Percy Eastman happens in and takes Dotty home with him. Quarreling with her cousin Johnnie, Mrs. Parlin goes home with Dotty. Prudy and Susy are invited to a party. Dotty wants to go and wishes her mamma would punish her—she is going to be naughty. Going to Prudy's closet she decides on wearing the red merino. By hard work she squeezes into it and fastens two of the buttons. She has a great delight for her mother's purple breakfast shawl, and puts on Nona's bonnet, so large Dotty looks lost in it. She dresses Zip in a water-proof cloak and they steal out by the side door. Several of the girls see the quaint figure, with the dog dressed up and are amused. Susie discovers it is Dotty and tries to get her home. Dotty refuses and they all sit down to supper. Dotty falls asleep and they wheel her home. Prudy attempts to teach Dotty her letters.

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.)

THE little teacher yielded the point. She had begun her school with plenty of love and patience. "Now tell a story," said Dotty, settling herself in the chair. "Can't you say 'please'?" suggested Prudy, mildly. "Please, is but a little word, and 'thank you' is not long." "Well, please, and thank you,—'bout a ape." "I know a real nice one. Once there was a monte—"

"No, a ape." "Well, a ape, then. But I didn't start right. Once Mr. 'Gustus' Allen sailed round the world."

"Did? Who sailed him?" "O, he went in one of those ships that go puffing out of the bay. And he had a little ape, named Jacky."

"How did you know? You wasn't there?" "O, he told me about it. He was the brightest little creature, Jacky was. When he was cold, Mr. Allen used to tuck him right in his bosom. Sometimes he got into mischief, he knew so much."

"Did he know as much as Zip? Did he ever talk in meetin'?" "No, he couldn't bark the way Zip did at the lecture, but he chattered as we do when our teeth are cold. When he'd been doing mischief he'd run round the floor of the ship wagging his head the way I do now, as if he was as innocent as a whole lot of kittens. Why, he acted as you did, Dotty, when you was a little girl, and picked the inside out of that custard pie."

"Ahem!" said Dotty. "I guess you think

you're talkin' to somebody else, Prudy Parlin! I don't like your story; wish you'd stop."

"But I was going to tell you how Jacky got sick, and there were ever so many more monkeys on board—"

"On what board?" "On the ship. And they took care of Jacky, and brought him his supper, as if they were folks."

"What did he have for supper?" "O, nuts and things, on a wooden plate."

"I wish I was a monkey!" "O, Dotty Dimple, that's a horrid speech!"

"Then I don't want to be a monkey; I want to be a ape. I wish I could go puffing round the world in a ship."

"Well, Dotty, this isn't keeping school. What letter have you learned?"

"I didn't learn a letter; I learned a story. You're a funny gell to keep a story-school!"

"Prudy held up the block."

"O, that picked thing? You called it a ape!" "Why, Dotty Parlin! that's A."

"A what?" "I said A," repeated Prudy, with emphasis, "only just A."

"Why, 'tisn't A nothing—is it?" "Dear me," thought Prudy, "I don't see how folks do keep school. I'm getting just as hungry—and cross!"

When Dotty had learned A so well that she knew it at a glance, her teacher proceeded to the next letter, which stood on the block for a bat. Dotty said the picture looked "like Zip with an umbrella over him."

After the second story, she was tired of the business.

"Look out the window, Prudy. See that whale! O, you April fool!"

The young sister sighed over her sister's light-minded behavior. When they came to C, which stood for cat, Dotty seized her kitty and tried to feed her with lozenges. But Pusheen turned away her head with a gesture which signified:

"Candy isn't fit to touch. I'd eat a mouse with you, with pleasure."

"Talk," said Dotty; "say 'thank you'! Pusheen! No, indeed, you needn't do it; I's just in fun. God didn't give you any teef to talk with, Pussey; so you can't talk."

"Now, Dotty, this letter is D."

"O Prudy, I wish you'd hush! I've got the earache."

"Ah, well!" thought the gentle teacher, with a sigh; "I'll try again, some other day. I'll not give it up. Grandma says, 'Time and patience make the mulberry leaf into satin.' I don't know what that means, only it's something about perseverance."

CHAPTER VII.

BOTH SIDES OF A STORY.

The little school was not resumed for some time. Not that Prudy had forgotten it, by any means; but the next Saturday she had visitors, and the following Wednesday an exciting event occurred. It concerned Susy's pony. Percy Eastman said he was called WINGS because he hadn't any feet. Susy was vexed at this remark, and Prudy, taking her part, said, "Percy is such a pert boy!" adding next moment, "What is pert?"

But Percy only meant that the pony sadly needed some new shoes; and this was very true.

Now it happened that Mr. Parlin, being too busy to go himself, sent Eddy Johnson and Charley Piper with WINGS to the blacksmith's shop. It seemed to Susy that the boys were gone a long while, for it was Wednesday afternoon, and she was impatient for a ride. She

sat down to practice a little, but her mind was out of doors, and the unwilling piano seemed crying out to be let alone.

"I can't play," said Susy, decidedly; "and that's the truth."

At that moment a sweet little voice was heard, singing, "John's Brown buddy;" and Dotty Dimple's head and shoulders were thrust into the room.

"I've broke it," said she; "I've broke it all to smash."

"Broke what, for pity's sakes?" "Your teapot," replied Dotty, in a very cheerful voice.

"O, I never did, in all my life, see such a child," wailed Susy. "What made you go and meddle with my dear little gold-edged tea-set?"

Dotty looked like an injured lamb, brushed the wayward hair out of her eyes, and gazed wistfully into her sister's face.

"Is I your little comfort, Susy? Is I your little comfort?"

"No," cried Susy, wavering between a smile and a tear; "no, indeed! To think of your being a comfort! O, my stars!"

"Well, then," continued the little one, in a soothing, cooling tone, "then I never broke it; it broke itself!"

So saying, she produced from the depths of her pocket the fragments of the gilt-edged toy. They were past the healing power even of Spalding's glue, that was certain. At the painful sight, poor Susy's patience flew into as many pieces as the teapot.

"O, you naughty, naughty thing, to say it broke itself!"

"Then it didn't," replied the little culprit, not a whit dismayed. "Then 'twas Prudy. We was playing 'thimble-coop.' She broke it all to smash!"

"O, mother," said Susy, running out to the kitchen; "Dotty's making up fibs as fast as she can speak! You'll have to shut her up in the closet."

"Not so fast, my dear. Let us wait till we hear both sides of the story."

And, as it turned out, Dotty really did not deserve to be punished for wrong stories. She and Prudy had each assisted in breaking the teapot; one had knocked it off the bureau, and the other had stepped on it. But Dotty, who gloried in "a fuss," had begged to be the one to tell Susy the startling news. She wished to see her eyes flash, and hear her expressions of surprise. She knew that, however angry Susy might be, there was one magical sentence which would always bring her to terms: "Dotty'll go out doors, 'out her bat, get cold, have the coop, and prr!"

At the bare mention of such a fearful thing, Susy's anger was sure to cool at once. This time Dotty varied her method a little.

"See," said she, looking out of the window; "the boys has came."

Of course that was the last of Susy's thoughts about the teapot. She rushed out of doors bareheaded, followed by Dotty. Eddy Johnson was just hitching WINGS to a post near the gate.

"Have they shoeed him?" said Susy.

"Shoed him? I should think they had; all of that," replied Eddy, indignantly.

"Booted him, more like," muttered Charley Piper, in the same tone.

"Why, what do you mean, boys?" said Susy, patting the pony, and gazing tenderly into his eyes.

"O, we don't mean anything, as I know of. You must run into the house and ask your mother to come out here," said Eddy, mysteriously.

"Why's it's my own pony, that my own father gave me, and if there's anything the matter with it I should think you might tell," cried Susy,

her voice shaking with a vague dread of some terrible mishap.

"Well, may be there isn't anything ails him," returned Eddy, coolly. "I never said there was; but your mother'll know."

"O, Dotty Dimple, run into the house this very minute, please to," exclaimed Susy, "and ask mother—if she's combing her hair, or anything—to come right out here as quick as she can run, and not wait! O, dear, dear, dear! Why, Dotty Dimple Parlin! you haven't started yet! Quick! quick! quick!"

Dotty, who had only waited to be spoken to the second time, now ran in such haste that she stumbled on the piazza steps; but, nothing daunted, jumped up and went on, delighted to know that this time something had probably happened. She startled her mother, and called her away from her toilet, with the sudden cry that the boys and pony were "most killed."

At the same time she had the pleasure of throwing Prudy into a panic,—dear little Prudy, who had been for the last five minutes searching her treasures in the hope of finding some toy which would replace Susy's teapot.

Prudy and Dotty appeared at the gate in a very brief space; Prudy with her mouth in the shape of the letter O, and Mrs. Parlin not far off, smiling. "If hardly think anything very serious has happened, either to you or to the pony."

"You tell," said Eddy to Charley; "I *dissen't*. The blacksmith's man may be mad if I do. But he's abused this boss, though," continued Eddy, not waiting to let Charley speak for him; "he's abused him awfully! It's right up and down mean; and three of us boys seen him!"

Susy clasped her hands, and performed a "stamp-act" on the pavement.

"See there," said Eddy, pointing triumphantly to WINGS' left hind leg; see that—will you?"

True enough, there were two or three small wounds, out of which was oozing thick dark blood. Susy looked as if her heart was breaking, but not a word did she speak.

"Pete Grimes did that with his hobnail, cow-hide boots!" said Eddy, sternly.

"With his hammer, you mean," interposed Charley.

"With his boot, sir," persisted Eddy, with increasing eloquence. "Didn't I see him, me and Dan Murphy? Didn't we stand there by the coal-bin, sir? He booted him well, Miss Parlin. I'll tell you where he did it; here on the left side, ma'am. Look where the hair sticks out! Pooty well mauled—ain't he, ma'am? Pete swore at him, too. Never heard such talk—did you, Charley?"

"No, ma'am, I never did," replied Master Charley, addressing Mrs. Parlin, who fancied she could detect on WINGS' glossy hide the marks of a boot.

"It is a most abusive thing—if it is so," said she, with much feeling; for if anything could move her gentle heart to anger, it was cruelty to animals. "What made Mr. Grimes behave so strangely, boys? Was the pony restless?"

"Restless? No, indeed, ma'am," replied Eddy, the orator; "as gentle as a lamb, ma'am. It was Pete Grimes' wicked temper, and his wicked disposition; that's what it was."

It was well for Susy that her overstrained feelings now found vent in words and tears. "There is no grief like the grief which does not speak." Her dumb agony gave way, and she went and raved like a little wild thing.

Mrs. Parlin ordered the boys to lead the pony around to the back door, and there she washed out his wounds, trying all the while to soothe Susy, whose heart was beating a quickstep, and who trembled in every limb.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MADDY'S TEMPTATION

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Madeline Clyde, a young girl, not fifteen, anxious to help pay the mortgage on her grandfather Markham's farm, applies for a school. Dr. Holbrook, a native of Boston, and lately settled in Devonshire, is appointed inspector of schools. Guy Remington, engaged to Lucy Atherstone, his stepmother Agnes, in love with Dr. Holbrook, and his daughter Jessie, drive from Aikenside. In a spirit of fun Dr. Holbrook asks Guy Remington to examine Maddy. If she is competent Dr. Holbrook will write the certificate. Grandpa Markham leaves Maddy at Dr. Holbrook's office and drives to Aikenside to ask Guy Remington for the loan of three hundred dollars.

Guy Remington asks questions beyond Maddy's understanding and she fails. She overhears Guy when he tells Dr. Holbrook she may be good as the average. The doctor attempts to write the certificate. Maddy confronts them and refuses to accept what would be a lie. She faints dead away. Jessie Remington finds her and calls her brother and Dr. Holbrook, who applies restoratives. They leave her with Jessie and she tells her the disappointment in not helping pay the mortgage. Guy is not at home, and Mrs. Noah, who knows his business gives Grandpa Markham no encouragement. Driving home he sees Guy Remington's carriage. He raises his hand for the driver to stop and reins his horse a little too near, and there is a collision. Guy seizes the driver by the collar and buries him from the seat. Grandpa makes his request. Guy is about to make repairs on Aikenside and partially promises to loan money to Mr. Silas Slocum on good security. It's Grandpa Markham's homestead. Guy changes his mind and will not loan to Slocum. Three days later Maddy Clyde is sick with a raging fever. Dr. Holbrook is called. He hears Maddy talk of the examination, of the mortgage and foreclosure and that Beauty must be sold. He regrets his mistake. Guy and Jessie, with the doctor, drive to Maddy's home. The latter sits by her side as she returns to partial consciousness. Guy promises Grandpa Markham money to pay the mortgage and then he tells Guy how he saved his father's life and shows the long white scar on his forehead.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATIENT AT RED COTTAGE.

HAD it not been for the presence of Dr. Holbrook, who, accepting Guy's invitation to tea, rode back with him to Aikenside, Mrs. Agnes would have gone off into a passion when told that Jessie had been "exposed to fever and mercy knows what."

"There's no telling what one will catch among the very poor," she said to Dr. Holbrook, as she clasped and unclasped the heavy gold bracelets on her white, round arm.

"I'll be answerable for any disease Jessie caught at Mr. Markham's," the doctor replied. "At Mr. Who's? What did you call him?" Agnes asked, the bright color on her cheek fading as the doctor replied:

"Markham—an old man who lives in Hone-dale. You never knew him of course."

Involuntarily Agnes glanced at Guy, in whose eye there was, as she fancied, a peculiar expression. Could it be he knew the secret she guarded so carefully? Impossible, she said to herself; but still the white fingers trembled as she handled the china and silver, and for once she was glad when the doctor took his leave, and she was alone with Jessie.

"What was that girl's name?" she asked, "the one you went to see?"

"Maddy, mother—Madeline Clyde. She's so pretty. I'm going to see her again. May I?"

Agnes did not reply directly, but continued to question the child with regard to the cottage which Jessie thought so funny, slanting away back, she said, so that the roof on one side almost touched the ground. The window panes, too, were very tiny, and the room where Maddy lay sick was small and low.

"Yes, yes, I know," Agnes said at last impatiently, weary of hearing of the cottage whose humble exterior and interior she knew so much better than Jessie herself.

So when Jessie asked again if she could visit Maddy on the morrow, she answered decidedly: "No, daughter, no. I do not wish you to associate with such people," and when Jessie insisted on knowing why she must not associate with such people as Maddy Clyde, the answer was:

"Because you are a Remington," and as if this of itself were an unanswerable objection. It was all in vain that Jessie, and even Guy himself, tried to revoke the decision.

So day after day, while life and health were slowly throbbing through her veins, Maddy waited and longed for the little girl whose one visit to her sick room seemed so much like a dream. From her grandfather she had heard the good news of Guy Remington's generosity, and that helped to bring the color back to the pallid cheek and the brightness to her eyes.

She was asleep the first time the doctor came after the occasion of Jessie's visit, and as sleep, he said, would do her more good than anything he might prescribe, he did not awaken her; but for a long time, as it seemed to Grandpa Markham, who stood very little in awe of the doctor, he watched her as she slept, now clasping the blue-velvet wrist as he felt for the pulse, and now wiping from her forehead the drops of sweat or pushing back her soft, damp hair. It would be three days before he could see her again, for a sick father in Cambridge needed his attention, and after numerous directions as to the administering of sundry powders and pills, he left her, feeling that the next three days would be long ones to him. Dr. Holbrook did not stop to analyze the nature of his interest in Maddy Clyde—an interest so different from any he had ever felt before for his patients; and he puzzled his brains until they fairly ached with wondering what he could do to give her a pleasant surprise and show that he was not as formidable a personage as her past experience might lead her to think.

"If I could only take her something," he said, glancing ruefully around his office. "Now, if she were Jessie, nuts and raisins might answer—but she must not eat such trash as that," and he set himself to think again, just as Guy Remington rode up, bearing in his hand a most exquisite bouquet, whose fragrance filled the office at once. "I thought you might be going to down to Hone-dale, so I brought these flowers for your patient with my compliments, or, you can present them as coming from yourself."

"As if I could do that," the doctor answered, taking the bouquet in his hand. "Did you arrange it, or your gardener?" he asked. "Here I have been cudgeling my head this half-hour trying to think what I could take her as a peace offering, and could think of nothing. Today will be the first time really that we meet, as she was sleeping when I was there last, while on all other occasions she has paid no attention to me."

For a moment Guy regarded his friend attentively, noticing now that extra care had been bestowed upon his toilet.

"Doc," he said, when his survey was completed, "how old are you—twenty-five or twenty-six?"

"Twenty-five—just your age—why?" and the doctor looked with an expression so wholly innocent of Guy's real meaning that the latter, instead of telling why, replied:

"Oh! nothing; only I was wondering if you would do to be my father. Agnes, I verily believe, is more than half in love with you; but, on the whole, I would not like to be your son; so I guess you'd better take someone younger—say Jessie. You are only eighteen years her senior."

The doctor stared at him amazed, and when he had finished said with the utmost candor: "What has that to do with Madeline? I thought we were talking of her."

"Innocent as the newly born babe," was Guy's mental comment, as he congratulated himself on his larger and more varied experience.

And truly Dr. Holbrook was as simple-hearted as a child, never dreaming of Guy's meaning or

that any emotion save a perfectly proper one had a lodgment in his breast as he drove down to Hone-dale, guarding carefully Guy's bouquet, and wishing he knew just what he ought to say when he presented it. Maddy had gained rapidly the last three days. Good nursing and the doctor's medicines were working miracles, and she was feeling so much better that in view of his coming she asked if she could not be permitted to receive him sitting in the rocking-chair, instead of lying there in bed, and when this plan was vetoed as utterly impossible, she asked anxiously:

"Can't I have on my pink gingham wrapper?" Hitherto Maddy had been too sick to care at all about her personal appearance, but it was different now. She did care, and thoughts of meeting again the handsome man, whom she fully believed to be Dr. Holbrook, made her rather nervous. Dim remembrances she had of someone gliding in and out, and when the pain and noise in her head was at its highest, a hand, large and oh! so cool, had been laid upon her temples, making the blood course less madly through the swollen veins. They had told her how kind, how attentive he had been, and to herself she had said: "He's sorry about that certificate. He wishes to show me that he did not mean to be unkind. Yes; I forgive him; for I really was very stupid that afternoon."

And so, in a most forgiving frame of mind, Maddy submitted to the snowy robe which grandpa brought in place of the coveted gingham wrapper, and which became her well, with its daintily crimped ruffles about the neck and wrists. Those wrists and hands! How white and small they had grown! and Maddy sighed, as her grandmother buttoned together the wristbands, to see how loose the wrapper was.

"I will explain all by and by. This is wrong," and talking thus rapidly he wiped away the sweat about which grandpa had told him.

Maddy was disappointed and it took her some time to rally sufficiently to convince the doctor she was not flighty, as he termed it; but coming herself at last, she answered all his questions, and then, as he saw her eyes wandering toward the bouquet, he suddenly remembered that it was not yet presented, and placing it in her hands, he said:

"You like flowers, I know, and these are for you. I—"

"Oh! thank you, thank you, doctor; I am so glad. I love them so much, and you are so kind. What made you think to bring them? I wanted flowers so badly. It was so good in you, and in her delight Maddy's tears dropped upon them.

For a moment the doctor was so deeply moved to keep the credit thus enthusiastically given; but he was too truthful for that, and so watching her as her eyes glistened with pleasure, he said:

"I am glad you like them, and so will Mr. Remington be. He sent them to you from his conservatory."

"Not Mr. Remington from Aikenside—not Jessie's brother?" and Maddy's eyes now fairly danced as they sought the doctor's face.

"Yes, Jessie's brother. He came here with her. He is interested in you, and brought these down this morning."

"It was Jessie, I guess, who sent them," Maddy suggested, but the doctor persisted that it was Guy.

"He wished me to present them with his compliments. He thought they might please you."

"Oh, they do, they do!" Maddy replied. "They almost make me well. Tell him how much I



A PAINT SCREAM BROKE FROM MADDY'S LIPS, AND SHE RAISED HER HANDS TO THRUST THE DOCTOR AWAY.

"I have been very sick," she said. "Are my cheeks as thin as my arms?"

They were not, though they had lost some of their symmetrical roundness. Still there was much of childish beauty in the young, eager face, and the hair had lost comparatively none of its glossy brightness.

"That's him," grandpa said, as the sound of a horse's gallop was heard, and in a moment the doctor reined up before the gate.

From Mrs. Markham, who met him in the door, he learned how much better she was; also how she has been reckoning on this visit, making herself all a-sweat about it.

Surely the doctor felt returning all his old dread of Maddy Clyde. Why should she worry herself into a sweat? Depositing his hat and gloves upon the table, he followed Mrs. Markham up the stairs, vaguely conscious of wishing she would stay down, and very conscious of feeling glad when just at Maddy's door and opposite a little window, she espied the hens busily engaged in devouring the yeast cakes with which she had taken so much pains, and which she had placed in the hot sun to dry. Finding that they paid no heed to her loud "Shoo, shoo," she started herself to drive them away, telling the doctor to go right on and to help himself.

The perspiration was standing under Maddy's hair by this time, and when the doctor stepped across the threshold, and she knew he really was coming near her, her cheeks glowed with a feverish heat. Thinking he should get along with it better if he treated her just as he did Jessie, the doctor confronted her at once, and asked:

"How is my little patient today?"

A faint scream broke from Maddy's lips, and she involuntarily raised her hands to thrust the doctor away. This black-eyed, black-haired, thick-set man was not Dr. Holbrook, for he was taller and more slight, while she had not been deceived in the dark brown eyes which even, while they seemed to be mocking her, had worn a strange fascination for the maiden of fourteen and a half. The doctor fancied her delirious again, and this reassured him at once. Dropping the bouquet upon the bed, he clasped one of her hands in his, and without the slightest idea that she comprehended him, said, soothingly:

"Poor child, are you afraid of me—Dr. Holbrook?"

Maddy did not try to withdraw her hand, but raising her eyes, swimming in tears, to his face, she stammered out:

"What does it mean, and where is he—the one who—asked me—those dreadful questions? I thought that was Dr. Holbrook."

Here was a dilemma—something for which the doctor was not prepared and with a feeling that he would not betray Guy, he said:

"No; that was someone else—a friend of mine—but I was there in the back office. Don't you remember me? Please don't grow so excited, and

thank him, and like him, too, though I never saw him."

The doctor opened his lips to tell her she had seen him, but changed his mind ere the words were uttered. She might not think as well of Guy, he thought, and there was no harm in keeping it back.

So Maddy had no suspicion that the face she thought of so much belonged to Guy Remington. She had never seen him of course; but she hoped she would sometime, so as to thank him for his generosity to her grandfather and his kindness to herself. Then, as she remembered the message she had sent him, she began to think it sounded too familiar, and said to the doctor:

"If you please, don't tell Mr. Remington that I said I liked him—only that I thank him. He would think it queer for a poor girl like me to send such word to him. He is very rich, and handsome, and splendid, isn't he?"

"Yes, Guy's rich and handsome, and everybody likes him. We were in college together."

"You were?" Maddy exclaimed. "Then you know him well, and Jessie, and you've been to Aikenside often? There's nothing in the world I want so much as to go to Aikenside."

"Maybe I'll carry you up there some day when you are strong enough to ride," the doctor answered.

Dr. Holbrook looked much older than he was, and to Maddy he seemed quite fatherly, so that the idea of riding with him, struck her much as riding with Farmer Green would have done. The doctor found himself wondering how long it would be before Maddy would be able to ride a little distance, just over the hill and back. He was trying her all out talking to her; but somehow it was very delightful there in that sick room, with the summer sunshine stealing through the window and falling upon the soft reddish-brown head resting on the pillows. Once he fixed those pillows, arranging them so nicely that grandpa, who had come in from her hens and yeast-cakes, declared "he was as handy as a woman," and after receiving a few general directions with regard to the future, "guessed, if he wasn't in a hurry, she'd leave him with Maddy a spell, as there were a few chores she must do."

The doctor knew that at least a dozen patients were waiting for him that moment; but still he was in no hurry, he said, and so for half an hour longer he sat there talking of Guy, and Jessie, and Aikenside, and wondering he had never before observed how very becoming a white wrapper was to sick girls like Maddy Clyde.

Now, then, was Dr. Holbrook losing his heart to that little girl of fourteen and a half? He did not think so, though thoughts of Maddy Clyde were pretty constantly with him, as after leaving he paid his round of visits.

The Aikenside carriage was standing at Mrs. Conner's gate when he returned, and Jessie came running out to meet him, followed by Guy, while Agnes, in the most becoming riding-habit, sat

by the window, looking as unconcerned at his arrival as if it were not the very event for which she had been impatiently waiting. Jessie was a great pet with the doctor, and, lifting her lightly in his arms, he kissed her forehead where the golden curls were clustering and said to her: "I have seen Maddy Clyde. She asked for you, and why you do not come to see her, as you promised."

"Mother won't let me," Jessie answered. "She says they are not fit associates for a Remington."

There was a sudden dash of contempt on the doctor's face, and a gleam of wrath in Agnes's eyes as she motioned Jessie to be silent, and then gracefully received the doctor, who by this time was in the room. As if determined to monopolize the conversation, and keep it from turning on the Markhams, Agnes rattled on for nearly fifteen minutes, scarcely allowing Guy a chance for uttering a word. But Guy bided his time, and seized the first favorable opportunity to inquire after Madeline.

She was improving rapidly, the doctor said, adding: "You ought to have seen her delight when I gave her the bouquet." "Indeed," and Agnes bridled haughtily, "I did not know that Guy was in the habit of sending bouquets to such as this Clyde girl. I really must report him to Miss Atherstone."

Guy's seat was very near to Agnes, and while a cloud overspread his fine features, he said to her in an aside:

"Please say in your report that the worst thing about this Clyde girl is, that she aspires to be a teacher, and possibly a governess."

There was an emphasis on the last word which silenced Agnes, while Guy, turning back to the doctor, replied to his remark:

"She was 'eased, then?"

"Yes," she must be fond of flowers, though I sometimes fancied that the fact of being noticed by you afforded almost as much satisfaction as the bouquet itself. She evidently regards you as a superior being, and Aikenside as a second Paradise, and asked innumerable questions about you and Jessie, too."

"Did she honor me with an inquiry?" Agnes asked, sarcastically, though she was greatly interested as well as relieved by the reply.

"Yes," she said she heard Jessie's mother was a beautiful woman, and asked if you were not born in England."

"She's mixed up with Lucy. Guy, you must go down and enlighten her," Agnes said, laughing merrily.

Guy did not go down to Hone-dale—but fruit and flowers, found their way to the old red cottage, always brought by Guy's man, Duncan, and always accompanied with Mr. Remington's compliments. Once, hidden among the rosebuds, was a childish note from Jessie, some of it printed and some of it in the uneven hand of a child just commencing to write.

It was as follows:

"Dear Maddy: I think that is such a pretty name, and so does Guy, and so does the doctor, too. I want to come to see you, but mamma won't let me. I think of you ever so much, and so does Guy, I guess, for he sends you lots of things. Guy is a nice brother, and is 'most as old as mamma. Ain't that funny? You know my first ma is dead. The doctor tells us all about you when he comes to Aikenside. I wish he'd come oftener, for I love him a bushel—Don't you? Yours respectfully, JESSIE AGNES REMINGTON."

"P. S.—I am going to tuck this in just for fun, right among the buds, where you must look for it."

This note Maddy read and reread until she knew it by heart, particularly the part relating to Guy. Hitherto she had not particularly liked her name, greatly preferring that it should have been Eliza Ann, or Sarah Jane; but the knowing that Guy Remington fancied it made a vast difference and did much toward reconciling her. She did not even notice the clause, "and the doctor, too." His attentions and likings she took as a matter of course, so quietly and so constantly had they been given. The day was very long now which did not bring him to the cottage; but she missed him much as she would have missed her brother, if she had one, though her pulse always quickened and her cheeks glowed when she heard him at the gate. The motive power did not lie deeper than a great friendliness for one who had been instrumental in saving her life. They had talked over the matter of her examination, the doctor blaming himself more than was necessary for his ignorance as to what was required of a teacher; but when she asked who was his proxy, he had again answered, evasively:

"A friend from Boston."

And this he did to shield Guy, who he knew was enshrined in the young girl's heart as a paragon of all excellence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DRIVE.

Latterly the doctor had taken to driving in his buggy, and when Maddy was strong enough he took her with him one day. The doctor was very happy that morning and so, too, was Maddy, talking to him upon the theme of which she never tired, Guy Remington, Jessie, and Aikenside. Was it as beautiful a place as she had heard it was, and didn't he think it would be delightful to live there?

"I suppose Mr. Guy will be bringing a wife there some day when he finds one," and leaning back in the buggy Maddy heaved a little sigh, not at thoughts of Guy Remington's wife, but because she began to feel tired, and thus gave vent to her weariness.

The doctor, however, did not so construe it. He heard the sigh, and for the first time when listening to her, they talked of Guy, a keen throb of pain shot through his heart, a something as near akin to jealousy as it was possible for him to feel. But all unusual as he was to the workings of love, he did not at that moment dream of such an emotion in connection with Madeline Clyde.

"Yes, Guy will undoubtedly marry," he began, just as over the top of the easy hill they were ascending horses' heads were visible, and the Aikenside carriage came in view. "There he is now," he exclaimed, adding quickly: "No, there's only a lady inside. It must be Agnes."

It was Agnes driving on alone, for the sole purpose of passing a place which had a singular attraction for her, the old red cottage in Hone-dale. She recognized the doctor, and guessed whom he had with him. Putting up her glass, she scrutinized the little figure bundled up in shawls, while she smiled her sweetest smile upon the doctor.

"Oh, what a handsome lady! Who is she?" Maddy asked, turning to look after the carriage now swiftly descending the hill.

That was Jessie's mother, Mrs. Agnes Remington, the doctor replied. "She'll feel flattered with your compliments."

"I did not mean to flatter. I said what I thought. She is handsome, beautiful, and young, too. Was that a gold bracelet that flashed so on her arm?"

The doctor presumed it was, though he had not noticed. Gold bracelets were not new to him as they were to Maddy, who continued: "I wonder if I'll ever wear a bracelet like that?"

"Would you like to?" the doctor asked, glancing at the bare white wrist, and thinking how much prettier and more modest-looking it was than Agnes' half bare arms, where the ornaments were flashing.

"Yes—," came hesitatingly from Maddy, who had a strong passion for jewelry. "I guess I would, though grandpa classes all such things with the pomps and vanities which I must renounce when I get to be good."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

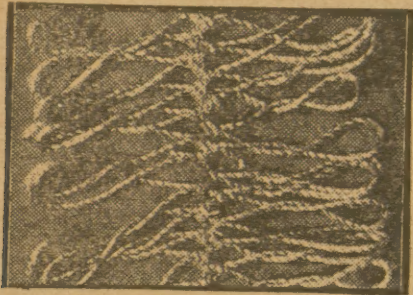
D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Hairpin Work

is a good example of dainty work, as for this one only requires a spool of cotton, a fine steel crochet hook and an ordinary wire hairpin.

The braid as shown in the illustration has to be made first, then dollies of varying design or lacy borders for a centerpiece, as here illustrated, can be made.

To make the braid begin by bending the prongs of the hairpin, three-eighths of an inch



WIDE HAIRPIN BRAID.

apart. Tie a loop in the thread, slip on one prong, turn the pin twice around, then insert the crochet hook between the threads, pull up a loop and make single crochet stitch, one or two more stitches as one prefers can be made by putting the hook under both threads of the loop formed around the hairpin. Then turn the pin around again and continue to crochet in this manner up through the center.

Centerpiece with Maltese Border

For this several yards of the hairpin braid will be required.

The piece of braid to be inserted in the linen and also that which outlines it, should be crocheted on each side with chain stitch, taking two or more stitches between each loop as needed; this makes an edge over which to sew the braid in place.

To make the half wheels one will need a stiff wire bent in shape of a hairpin, about two inches from prong to prong. On this can be made a wide braid such as is here shown.

Each half wheel consists of sixty loops, on one side all of which are drawn up tightly with a stout thread and tied. The opposite side is outlined with the narrow braid, the edge of which should not be crocheted, simply tie the loops together as in drawwork, being careful to take up each one in turn.

After this is done, place and sew the wheels into position, then baste on paper and run a single thread through the center of the outer loops of the wide braid, tying groups of two and two threads together.

Finish the entire edge by ch. 4 caught in each loop. If one desires, the centers of the wheels may be darned in same way as tennise wheels.

Handkerchiefs edged with wheels made of fine thread are very lacy and pretty. For a centerpiece as illustrated, use No. 30 thread and fine linen or lawn.

Crochet Lace with Corner

Make a chain of fifty stitches with fine crochet thread.

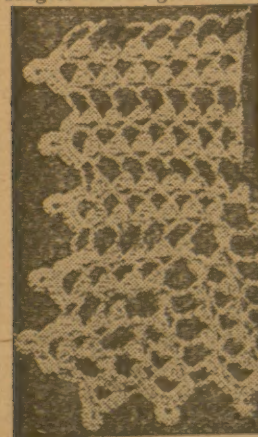
1st row.—Make a double in the 13th ch. from needle (ch. 5, and a d. into the 6th ch.), repeat 5 times more. This makes seven sps. in the row.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, and in the first of the ch., make 3 doubles for a tiny scallop, fasten down with a single in first sp. Repeat this for each sp. until 7 tiny scallops are made.

3rd row.—Ch. 7 to turn, fasten on top of scallop with a single (ch. 5, and single on next scallop), repeat to the end.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row. At the end work 9 singles under the ch. 7 for a scallop, sl. st. on first row to fasten. Turn.

5th row.—Five singles on 5 singles, ch. 5, and fasten the last ch. back in last single to make a loop for the p., into the loop work 9 singles, 4 singles on 4 singles of a scallop.



CROCHETED LACE WITH CORNER.

For the corner, at the end of a finished scallop, work to the heading, leaving a tiny scallop, not working into it. Turn and pro-

ceed as you would before. Next time do the same, and so on until six of the scallops lay idle. You will have a finished scallop at the point and now the next is to increase again in the same way, so each row opposite will have the same number of tiny scallops. At the end of the scallop ch. 7 and make a double in with the last single, ch. 5 and a sl. st. into the first idle scallop. Turn and work as you would before. Each time working toward the miter, fasten the five chain on the idle scallop, until the lace is again straight.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Shell Lace

Chain sixteen stitches.

1st row.—2 d. c. in the 7th st., ch. 2 and 2 d. c. in the same st. (this makes a shell), ch. 1, sl. 3 sts., shell in the next st., ch. 1, sl. 3 sts., shell in the next st., ch. 5, turn.

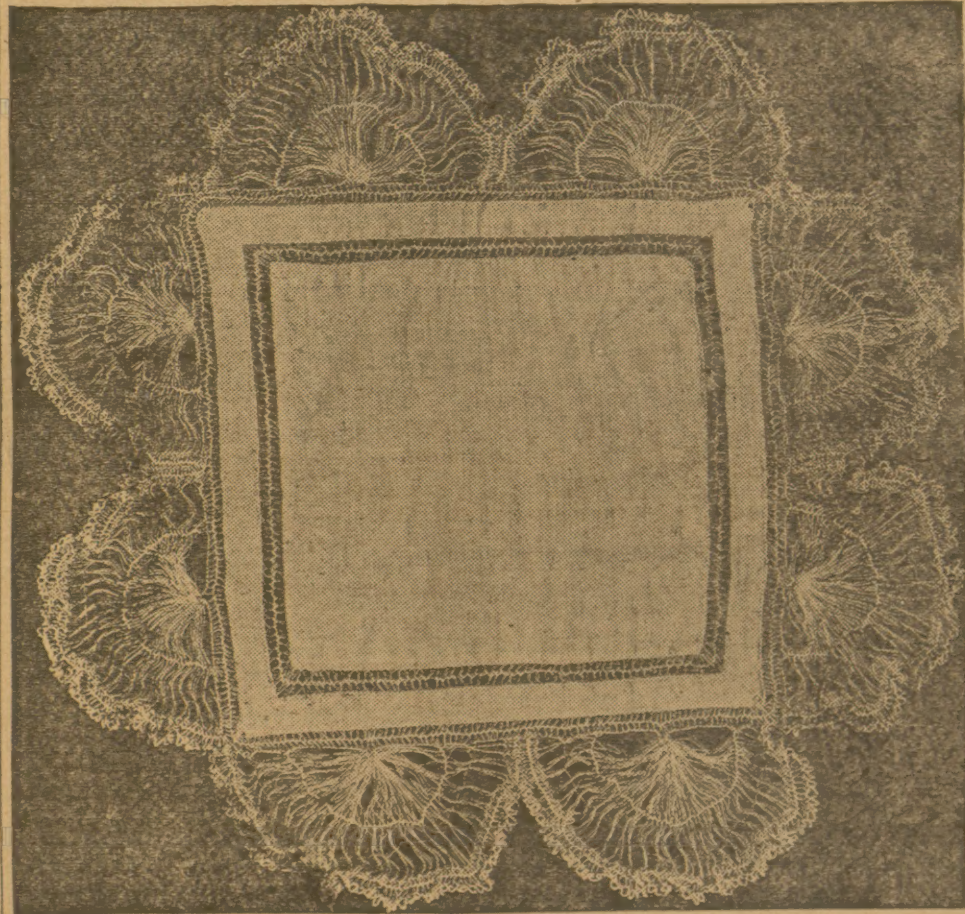
2nd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 1, shell on shell, ch. 1, shell on shell, 1 d. c. in ch. at end of previous row, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—One shell in each shell of last row, with ch. 1 between each, ch. 4, fasten back with s. c. into ch. at turn of last row, work 6 s. c. under ch. 4, ch. 5, fasten back under same ch. as before, turn, work 8 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 6, fasten back as before, turn, work 9 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 7, fasten back as before, turn, work 13 s. c. under ch. 7, ch. 9, fasten under same ch. as previously, then work 6 s. c. under



SHELL LACE.

under ch. 4, ch. 5, fasten back under same ch. as before, turn, work 8 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 6, fasten back as before, turn, work 9 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 7, fasten back as before, turn, work 13 s. c. under ch. 7, ch. 9, fasten under same ch. as previously, then work 6 s. c. under



CENTERPIECE WITH MALTESE BORDER.

Sent in by Mrs. W. M. Knoer.

ch. 9, ch. 4, and work 16 more s. c. under same ch. (making 22 s. c. under ch. 9), ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 7, ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 4, ch. 2, shell on each shell, 1 d. c. under chain at end of previous row, ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—Shell on each shell of last row, * ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next loop of ch., repeat from star 12 times more working 1 d. c. under each loop of ch., and 8 d. c. into top of scallop of s. c., skipping every other single, ch. 4, turn.

5th row.—1 s. c. in top of last d. c., * ch. 7, 1 s. c. in 3d st. of 7 ch. (this forms a p.) ch. 2, 1 s. c. in center of ch. 3, repeat from * 11 times more, ch. 3, shell on each shell, 1 d. c. under ch. 5 at end of row, ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—Shell on each shell, ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—Shell on each shell, 1 d. c. under 5 ch. at end of row, ch. 5, turn.

Repeat from third row for length required.

When working the first two picots on second and following scallops, join with slip stitch in the last two picots of previous scallops.

VERNA E. SMITH.

Mouse Lace

Make fifty stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 7th ch., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 2nd ch. from 7th, this makes a sp. Make 14 sps., then 3 d. c. in 3rd ch. from last d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same st., this makes a shell. Make 4 shells in all, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—Like first row, except at end, make 1 d. c. in 3rd st. of 7 ch., ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., make 6 sps., d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 7 sps., 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

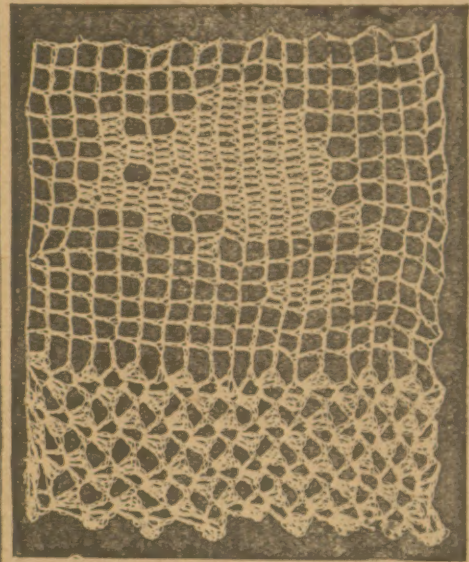
4th row.—4 shells, 7 sps., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., repeat for 2 sps., finish with 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

5th row.—4 sps., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., ch. 2, 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c. finish with 5 sps. and 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

6th row.—4 shells, 6 sps., 1 d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., 4 sps., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—3 sps., d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., 10 d. c. on next 10 d. c., 7 sps., 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

8th row.—4 shells, 5 sps., d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c.



MOUSE LACE.

under sp., d. c. on d. c., 2 sps., 10 d. c. on next 10 d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

9th row.—2 sps., 13 d. c. on next 13 d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., 6 sps., 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

10th row.—4 shells, 6 sps., 19 d. c. on next 19 d. c., 2 sps., ch. 6, turn.

11th row.—2 sps., 19 d. c. on next 19 d. c., 2 sps., 2 d. c. under sp., d. c. on d. c., 3 sps., 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

12th row.—4 shells, 3 sps., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., 2 sps., 16 d. c. on next 16 d. c., 3 sps., ch. 6, turn.

13th row.—4 sps., 10 d. c. on next 10 d. c., 3 sps., 4 d. c. on next 4 d. c., 3 sps., 4 shells, ch. 3, turn.

12th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 17, p. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, n. 5 times, o. n., o. k. 4.

14th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 22, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

15 row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 8.

16th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 17, p. 1, k. 5, o. 2, p., k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

17th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 8, n., o., n. 6 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

18th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 22, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, n., k. 1, n., o., n. 6 times, o., n., k. 3.

20th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 17, p. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

21st row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 6, n., o., n. 6 times, o., n., k. 3.

22nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 20, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

23rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 5, n., o., n. 6 times, o., n., k. 3.

24th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 19, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

25th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4, n., o., n. 6 times, o., n., k. 3.

26th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 18, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3. Repeat from 1st row.

Diamond Edging

1st row.—K. 5, n., o., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o., n., k. 2, o., n., k. 3.

2nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 4, n., o., k. 3, o., n., k. 4, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, o., n., k. 2, o., n., k. 3.

4th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2, k. 16.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, n. o. k. 5, o. n. k. 3, o. 2, 2, k. 4, o. n. k. 2, o. k. 3.

6th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

7th row.—Sl. 1, n., o., k. 7, o., n., k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 5, o., n., k. 2, o., k. 3.

8th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 12, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

9th row.—Sl. 1, n., o., k. 9, o., n., k. 1, o. 2, p. 2, k. 6, o., n., k. 2, o., k. 3.

10th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 13, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o., k. 3, n., o. 2, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o., n., k. 2, o., k. 3.

12th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 11, p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 8, p. 1, k. 7.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o., n., k. 5, n., o., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 5, n., o., n., k. 2, o., n., k. 2.

14th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 12, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

15th row.—K. 5, o., n., k. 3, n., o., k. 5, n., o., k. 1, n., o., k. 3.

16th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

17th row.—Sl. 1, k. 5, o., n., k. 1, n., o., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, n., o., n., k. 1, n., o., k. 3.

18th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 10, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

19th row.—Sl. 1, k. 5, o., k. 3 tog., o., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2, n., o., n., o., k. 1, n., o., k. 3.

20th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 9, o. 2, p. 2, k. 15.

21st row.—Sl. 1, n., o., n., k. 2, o., k. 3, o., k. 1, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 1, n., o., k. 3.

Repeat.

Baby's Yarn Lace

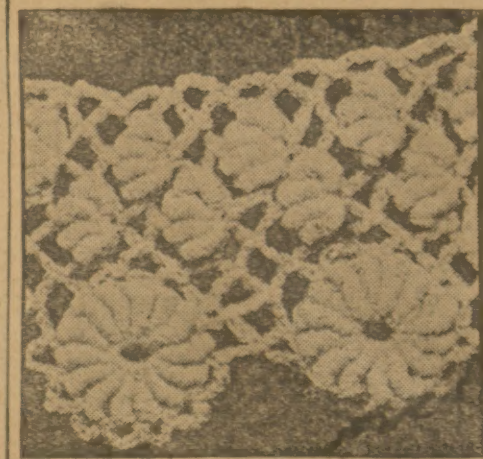
This is a handsome design for edging a baby's square flannel shawl, or flannel skirt, with the border left off it would be suitable for kimono and baby sack.

Make a ch. of 27 sts., a single in the 12th from the needle, a roll shell of 4 r. sts. o. 10 in the next 3rd ch., fasten down in next 3rd ch., ch. 5, a single in next 5th ch., ch. 5, a single on the end. This makes the foundation.

2nd row.—Ch. 10, take out needle, insert it in the fifth chain back and draw last loop through, this makes a tiny hole for center of daisy, ch. 5 and fasten back into the first of the ch. 10, now make 2 r. sts. o. 10 into the little hole for the daisy, turn and work on the border, ch. 2, and a single under first sp., ch. 5, and single under next sp., ch. 5, and single on center of shell, ch. 5 and single under the end space.

3rd row.—Ch. 7, single in first sp., ch. 5, single in next sp., a shell as before made in the next single and fastened on center of next sp., ch. 5, and single under the ch. 2 close up to the daisy, two rolls in the daisy, turn.

4th row.—Ch. 2, single under first sp., ch. 5, single in center of shell, ch. 5, single under next sp., ch. 5, single under end sp.



BABY'S YARN LACE.

5th row.—Ch. 7, single under first sp., shell in next single fastened on next sp., ch. 5, single on next sp., ch. 5, single under ch. 2, close up to daisy, now 10 rolls in the daisy and join to the first roll. The first daisy does not need any joining but the second, here you ch. 3 and sl. st. on the next row, again ch. 3 and sl. st. on the first sp. on daisy, then turn and ch. 3 and sl. st. between the first and second roll on second daisy, after this ch. 5 and a sl. st. between each roll but two, this finishes the daisy, ch. 5, and sl. single on first sp., ch. 5 and single on each sp. and the shell so there are four ch. 5.

6th row.—Ch. 7, single in first sp., ch. 5, then shell, and ch. 5 again and the single under the last ch. 5.

7th row.—Ch. 7, single under first sp., ch. 5 and single under each sp.

8th row.—Ch. 7, single in first sp., shell, ch. 5 and single, ch. 5 and single.

Now start again from the 2nd row.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Knitted Lace—Arrow Edge

Cast on twenty-six stitches.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

2nd row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 16, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4, o., n. 5 times, o., n., k. 4.

4th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 17, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 6, o., n. 5 times, o., n., k. 4.

6th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 18, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 4.

8th row.—O. 1, p. 2, k. 19, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 8, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

10th row.—O. 1, k. 20, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

Diamond Edging.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 8, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

10th row.—O. 1, k. 20, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 3.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2, k. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 2, o., n. 5 times, o., n., o., k. 4.

"MY LADY BETH" By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Silas Russell tells his daughter, known to her family and friends as "My Lady Beth," that he has a letter from Philip Walton. Upon his arrival from Japan he will renew his acquaintance and learn Beth's consent regarding a proposed marriage between them, made by her Aunt Eliza, who was in love with Philip's father, and cut out by her dearest friend. Unless this marriage takes place her money goes to the Board of Missions. As a child Lady Beth loves Philip Walton. She overhears Teddy Armstrong tell him how lucky he is to go to Japan and to have the fortune awaiting him on his return. The tall to the glittering kites is, he must marry Beth Russell, and the girl resents Philip's reply. Her father hopes Beth will carry out the conditions of the will, unless she does she may find herself homeless and penniless. Beth and her father go to Aunt Eliza's. Beth confides the story to her aunt, who will go to York Harbor and avoid the meeting. Her aunt advises her to remain and meet Philip Walton, or, if she prefers, write him a letter. In the meanwhile Mr. Russell is very sick. Philip Walton arrives in Boston. He receives a letter from Beth, absolving him from the compulsory marriage and asking him to confer the same favor. He is glad the proposition comes from her; he writes her he would not have her assume relations that would cause unhappiness—the money should go to her unconditionally. He will give himself the pleasure of seeing her and her father in a few days.

Philip Walton receives a call from Theodore Armstrong, who knows why Philip returns. Theodore understands the situation and throws light on the letter received by Philip, telling him Beth overheard the conversation the night before his departure. Whenever his name is mentioned she never talks of him and flatly refuses his picture. Philip wonders how he can make his peace with Lady Beth. He starts for New Hampshire. On his way to the train he prevents a young, ragged, half-starved Jew from stealing a watch from a handsome young woman. She begs him not to have the boy arrested. She enters an automobile and is whirled away. Philip arrives in New Hampshire where he is warmly welcomed by Mr. Russell and Aunt Eliza. He is disappointed Beth is not there. Mr. Russell regrets the stand Beth takes, regarding their union. If this money had come to Beth, she would lend him enough to put him on his feet. Philip has money to invest and they will try their luck together. Mr. Russell and Aunt Eliza write Beth of Philip's visit and the business proposition, and she realizes she must meet him. Beth visits Ted and Muriel Armstrong. The latter discovers that Beth is not happy. She confesses she is out of sorts and will go home. Mrs. Armstrong objects. She is to go a party. Beth takes little Philip Armstrong for a walk on the beach. Paul Lambert joins them. Beth cannot make him any longer and offers his love and devotion. She does not love him, and wonders why everything is at such cross-purposes.

Philip becomes involved in a tragedy. Motoring through Park Square he encounters the little Jew piloting his sister Zieba through a crowd. The little girl is run down, her brother shielding her all he can. Philip puts them in his auto and hurries to The Children's Hospital where they are cared for. In the meanwhile he writes Aunt Eliza to secure board for the children in her neighborhood. She will take them, and they are sent to her home. Philip reluctantly consents to be a guest at the Armstrong party. Stepping off the train he hears familiar voices and recognizes the lady he rescues from the fierce young Jew. An hour before the guests are expected Philip goes over to the Armstrong home. Muriel Armstrong is to sing, Beth to play the accompaniment. Philip, anxious to make it right with Beth goes to the music-room, and the vision of loveliness he meets is none other than the lady he rescues from the hand of the Philistine—"My Lady Beth." Philip tells her why he seeks her, and will she forgive the thoughtless words.

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

BETH's heart was very heavy. She could say she forgave him, and say it truthfully in so far that she would treasure no ill-will against him on account of it; but she knew that no such assurance would annihilate the pain that had been her bosom companion for so many years. But he must never know this; she would not add a single pang to what he had already suffered. So calling her brightest smile to her aid she frankly replied, "I certainly do. If you must have the assurance. And now let us go to Muriel. I am sure she will wonder what has become of you."

He studied her face for a moment with a sense of growing depression as he thought perhaps he had made too much of that old affair if she could pass it over so lightly. Nevertheless he responded gratefully, "I thank you Lady Beth, and now, even though you are kinder than I deserve, I want to beg that you will allow me once more to number myself among your friends. To forgive is to give back what has been forfeited, you know."

"I should be very sorry if I could not number you among my friends," Beth returned sweetly, but with a rising flush. "Now let me tell you how much I appreciate the inestimable kindness you have shown papa. I have no adequate words to thank you for that. I believe your help in this time of great need has given him a new lease of life."

"Do not speak of it. It has been my privilege, and just the opening for myself that I wanted," Philip replied, with an inward pang to have her slip so easily away from the main subject.

"But that does not detract one iota from my estimate of what you have done. And now you must go and meet Muriel before she becomes immersed in her duties as hostess. Come, and Philip, please don't look so very serious. They'll think I haven't been good to you, she concurred laughing and meeting his thoughtful eyes with a piquant look, her tone ringing with something of the old childish banter.

How lovely she was; how charming in manner as well as in appearance! He could scarcely believe this was the same Beth of long ago; yet, notwithstanding she had changed so wonderfully, there had cropped out as he talked with her certain characteristics which proclaimed her the loyal little friend of his youth. He was conscious, however, of a certain indefinable barrier between them of an aloofness, or ill-will, which chafed him sorely.

She led the way back to the library, chatting vivaciously with him, and remained to introduce her friend Miss Baldwin, joining socially for a few minutes in the general conversation. But, the moment guests began to gather in the drawing-room, she slipped away to her chamber, where for half an hour she fought a battle with herself that might have been very reassuring to Philip could he have witnessed it.

She knew she must not weep and so disguise her face, for presently she would have to go before again to the revelers. She walked the floor utterly bereft of her previously forced composure, her hands tightly clenched, her face colorless, her small white teeth locked together to keep back the sobs, which if allowed their way would surely have brought the dreaded flood with them. Philip's unexpected appearance in the music-room had been a great shock to her, had taxed her to the utmost. She had been sufficiently startled, upon turning, to find herself confronted by the knight who had rescued her from the hand of the Philistine in Boston. But to find that this mysterious stranger was Philip, had very nearly caused her to collapse. She had never dreamed they were one and the same, and yet she now recalled that once while they were together those few minutes, a familiar tone, gesture, or something, had caused her to catch her breath suddenly. She had never thought of it again until this moment, but she knew now that her heart had recognized him then if her eyes had not.

How handsome he had grown, how grandly he had matured in every way, how rich yet gentle, in spite of his astonishment, his voice had been as he had called her My Lady Beth! She loved him with all her heart. Her childish adoration had grown with her growth, had deepened and become more intense with her mental and moral development. She was conscious of it, nor did

she hesitate to own it to herself; she even secretly gloried in the fact, for had not her childish ideal proved to be all that her fondest imagination had pictured? Oh, if he had never said those terrible, scornful, repudiating words ten years ago, she would never have released him from that contract, at least not until she had tried to make him love her in return, and then she would not have sent him away as she had sent Paul Lambert the other day.

But, her delicate lips settling into a resolute line, he had said them, and he had accepted his release from their contemplated marriage without a protest, except to regret her loss of Aunt Eliza's fortune, thus tacitly admitting that the thought of such a union was as repulsive to him as she had said it was to her. Now "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could never make her show the white feather to him, or "wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at."

Then it suddenly occurred to her that Teddy and Muriel must have had a hand in this unexpected meeting. How else would Philip have been there at that hour and known where to look for her? At first she was inclined to resent it, but as she thought it over she saw she could not. Of course it would never do for them to ignore him in sending out cards for their party, and it was not for her to dictate nor criticize in such a matter. However, if they were in league against her, they might not reap so much satisfaction out of it, perhaps, as they had anticipated.

Gradually, with these diverting thoughts, she began to grow calmer, and finally, fearing she would be missed, she added a few little touches to her toilet, and forcing a brilliant smile to her lips tripped lightly down-stairs, with an air that seemed to indicate that she had not a care in the world, where she immediately became the center of an admiring group of friends.

Philip could not get near her with ever increasing fascination. "Who would believe it!" he found himself saying over and over. "No wonder Ted said she was a stunner. What a happy-hearted girl she is, too, and a prime favorite as well—there are lots of them," sure enough, as he told me—Aha!"

That exclamation was drawn forth on seeing a fine-looking fellow approach Beth, say a few words which brought a quick flush to her cheek, when with a smile and a nod she allowed herself to be whirled upon the floor to the measure of an alluring waltz. "That fellow loves her with all his heart," he muttered with a frown, after watching Paul Lambert's face a while. "No man ever looks at a woman in that way unless he is dead gone on her. Who is he, I wonder!"

But he bestirred himself after that, and the first opportunity that offered, boldly approached Beth and inquired if she had space on her card for his name.

She looked it over rather doubtfully, then smilingly passed it to him. "See if there is a place where you care to put it," she said. "There isn't a single waltz left," he observed in a rueful tone.

"No; I am afraid there is nothing but a two-step."

"May I have it?" he asked. "Certainly, if you wish," Beth cordially returned with a sudden heart sinking. Could she bear it and preserve her composure?

"Do you know you taught me to dance, Lady Beth?" he asked later when they were upon the floor together.

"Did I? I thought you attended Madam—'s classes," Beth observed evasively. "Have you forgotten?" Philip demanded reproachfully. "Don't you remember what a great clumsy boy I was, so awkward with my feet that Madam almost despaired of me, while you were light as a thistle-down upon the floor? I could run with the fleetest in athletic sports, but I never could have mastered those intricate steps at dancing school if you had not taken me in hand in your back-parlor, between lessons, and patiently taught me."

Didn't she remember? Could she ever forget those happy times—how she had laughed at and scolded him when he blundered, how she had encouraged him when he had declared in despair he could never learn, how proud and happy they had both been when he finally caught on and they had whirled about the room in triumph, whistling the measure together? She could barely repress a sob as it all came up before her.

But she smiled up at him archly as he swung her lightly in and out among the other couples around them, and returned brightly, "Well, you are a credit now to the instruction you received in your youth, whoever taught you."

"Thank you. If you had only saved me a waltz, I'd try to prove it," he sighed regretfully.

"You didn't ask me," she sighed. "I know—I was so dazed by the surprise I sustained in the music-room, so bewildered to find you and the lady whom I met in Boston one and the same, that it put all my wits to flight at that time; and when I next caught sight of you you were surrounded by such a solid phalanx of other admirers that I could not get within speaking distance of you."

"Other admirers," Beth knew he had said it without attaching any special significance to the words, yet, somehow, they thrilled her and told her that he had been watching her, but she merely replied with a demure smile, "You are very excusable."

"Can't you possibly give me another?" he pleaded as the music ceased and he was leading her to a seat.

"I am afraid they are all taken."

"Then will you go to supper with me?"

"Thank you, but I have already promised Mr. Lambert."

"Who is Mr. Lambert?" demanded Philip with another pang as he recalled the man who, he had claimed, was "dead gone on her."

"A friend, and he is right here," Beth smilingly replied as she paused before a gentleman whom Philip instantly recognized. "I want you to know him. Mr. Lambert, let me introduce Mr. Philip Walton."

"Ah! is this the 'best-fellow-in-the-world' from 'To-ko, Jam-pan' of whom I heard little Philip speak the other day?" Paul Lambert inquired as the two cordially clasped hands.

"Yes, the same," Beth laughingly told him, though her cheeks began to tingle at this reference to that memorable interview on the beach. Then she added, "Now will you two please entertain each other for a few minutes while I go to Muriel? She is beckoning to me." She did not wait for their assent but hurried away, and Philip found no opportunity to speak with her again that evening although he remained until every guest had departed, with the hope of at least bidding her good night. But Beth had slipped away to her room with her friend, Agnes Baldwin who, ever since her arrival, had been eager to confide to her a tender secret of her own; so Philip at last reluctantly returned to his hotel, after promising Ted to go to breakfast the next morning.

His thoughts were full of Beth—her beauty, her charming personality, her popularity; but more than all, her ill-will. She had been lovely to him in a way, cordial, friendly, grateful; but he knew that he had failed, as yet, to unite the broken threads of their old-time friendship. There was a subtle, intangible something that hedged her about like an impassable moat with the drawbridge up.

CHAPTER VIII.

It had been Beth's intention to return to New Hampshire the day after the party. She thought she had made this plain to Muriel so that she would feel free to invite Philip as soon as she chose. But Teddy, having wormed a half promise from his friend that, if he found York Harbor attractive, he would remain the week out, suggested to his wife that Miss Baldwin be also invited for a visit, and Beth pressed to prolong her stay to help entertain and make things lively for her.

When this plan was unfolded to Beth the next morning after the ball, the keen-witted girl saw through the whole scheme at once. She was at first half inclined to be angry, while at the same time she was secretly amused. But as she had already weathered the ordeal of meeting Philip rather creditably to herself she thought, she resolved to play the game out, especially as she could not refuse to remain, notwithstanding her threat to Muriel, without seeming to slight Agnes, since she had personally urged her to come for the party.

Evidently Philip had found the place attractive, even though he had seen little or nothing of it; for when he presented himself at the Armstrongs the next morning he said not a word about returning to Boston, and readily concurred in various plans suggested by Ted for the remainder of the week. Philip secretly vowed that he would raze the barrier between himself and Beth before the expiration of that time, but he reckoned without his host, for Beth had been urged to tarry and assist in entertaining her friend; hence, in the most apparently disinterested way, she threw her whole heart into the work of making things lively for her and others.

She was the life, the mainspring of everything.

She treated Philip with charming frankness and friendliness, exactly as she treated everyone else, but she would not allow him or anyone to monopolize her. She persistently avoided a tete-a-tete with any admirer to the exclusion of another; her bearing being that of one who had been delegated as assistant hostess, whose duty as well as pleasure, it was to fulfill her obligations to the letter. Hence Philip could never find an opportunity to see her alone, or talk with her except in the presence of others, and he chafed continually in view of his helplessness to make any headway with her.

The Armstrongs were at their wit's end in view of this failure of their conspiracy, even though they were amused as well as irritated by Beth's cleverness. They had never seen her so brilliant nor so tantalizingly illusive. Her resources for pleasure and entertainment seemed inexhaustible, and thus occupied, she gave them no chance to expostulate or question her attitude towards Philip. Both knew, in their hearts, that the girl belonged irrevocably to Philip, that she had loved him alone from her cradle up, and that there was an element of unswerving loyalty in her nature that would admit of no vacillation, hence no one else could ever win her. They could also perceive that Philip had surrendered himself completely to her charms, and as far as he was concerned, every obstacle to their long proposed union and to the consummation of Miss Crawford's hopes, together with the salvation of her fortune, could easily be overcome. But they found themselves helpless to change anything. Beth cleverly foiled them at every point up to the morning of her departure with Miss Baldwin, when, apparently, they found themselves no nearer the goal of their hopes than they had been at the beginning of her visit.

Philip went on the same train with them to Boston, where Mr. Russell was to meet Beth at the North Station for a little interview before she went on to the farm in New Hampshire.

It was a happy meeting, for Mr. Russell looked and appeared like a new man. He was full of courage, enthusiasm, and vigor, and Beth was almost overcome with joy as he clasped her to him in greeting.

"Little girl, it is good to see you again," he said in his old cheery tones. "I hope you have all had a fine time down at York Harbor," he added with a shy glance at Philip.

Beth caught the look and regained her equilibrium instantly. "Yes indeed we have. Muriel had a very nice house-party and has done everything to make it pleasant for us all," she returned impersonally.

"Hum—" said her father regarding her thoughtfully for a moment, then added, "Well, I suppose you will stay with Prue for the rest of the summer, and in the fall we will take a nice apartment here in town for the winter. I wish we could go back to the old home at Chestnut Hill, dearie, but we'll try to fix things better for you by and by," he concluded, repressing a sigh of regret, for the old place was to be sold at auction the coming week.

"The apartment will be all right, daddy dear," Beth responded with a brave smile, even though she also longed for the old home. "I can be just as happy there, with you well and strong again, and you are looking just fine. That is joy enough for me."

"I feel fine, dearie, and we must not forget that we owe it all to Philip. I should never have got my courage back if he had not given me this lift."

Beth's eyes suddenly drooped. "I know," she said softly. "It was splendid of him and I am very grateful to him." Then she changed the subject, and chatted until Philip, who had attended Miss Baldwin to her automobile, returned to take leave of Beth.

"Papa," she was saying as he rejoined them, "you will run up to the farm to see us, now and then, will you not? I can't do without you long at a time."

"Yes, for over Sunday every other week, perhaps. I reckon I'd better keep an eye on you too. I believe you've been getting a trifle thin of late," Mr. Russell responded as he playfully pinched one of her cheeks.

"No indeed, papa," she quickly returned, but flushing consciously as she caught Philip's grave look. "I am perfectly well, and you do not need to have an anxious thought about me."

"All right, I'll not worry, and you may tell Prudence I'll go up next week. And now," glancing at the clock as he arose, "you'll have just about time to get your train comfortably."

Beth shook hands with Philip with the same appearance of friendliness she had manifested ever since their first meeting, yet he was still conscious of a thus-far-and-no-further attitude between them.

He stood looking after her for a moment with a thoughtful, despondent air; then with a resolute uplifting of his head walked to the office and purchased a ticket for — New Hampshire. He was standing on the platform of the last car when Mr. Russell came into sight after having settled Beth comfortably for her trip.

"Mr. Russell, I'm going to — for over Sunday," he called out to him as the train began to move. "I want to know how my little Jews are getting on, and—I'll see Lady Beth safely up."

Mr. Russell smiled wisely back at him. "All right, my boy, and good luck attend you," he heartily replied as he waved him a good-by.

About fifteen minutes later as Beth was looking thoughtfully and rather dejectedly out of her window, some one slipped into the seat beside her. Turning with surprise, for she had expected to have the section to herself, she was amazed to find the object of her gloomy reflections smiling serenely down upon her. "Why! what does this mean? How came you to be here?" she questioned with fluctuating color.

"Well, at the last moment I thought I should like to go and see for myself how Nathan and Zieba are prospering, and besides—" holding her eyes with an earnest look—"it occurred to me that the long ride before you might become rather irksome without companionship. Does that sound very presumptuous, My Lady Beth?" he smilingly concluded.

She was on guard instantly. "That was certainly a kind thought, Philip," she said smiling frankly back at him, "and I am sure your young proteges, as well as Aunt Prue, will be very glad to see you. I can hardly wait myself to see them, especially little Zieba. Your description of her, and papa's, have attracted me strongly to the child."

She kept this ball rolling for some time. Then she talked at some length of Nathan, and of Philip's plans for him; afterwards of their recent visit and various incidents connected with it; of Teddy and Muriel, and their delightful hospitality; of little Philip and his precocious ways; of Agnes Baldwin, Paul Lambert, and various others comprising their recent house-party. She then began to ply him with questions about Japan and his travels through Europe. She kept him very busy. She was charmingly entertaining, brilliant and witty and wise by turns, and Philip marvelled at her versatility. But, with it all, she still kept him at a distance—he could not get one whit nearer to her en rapport with her. What was he going to do to overcome this decidedly uncomfortable state of affairs? Was it a hopeless task? Had she become so hardened against, so utterly indifferent to him that he should never be able to restore her old-time confidence in, and love for, him? Yes her love—that was what he wanted, that was what he was determined now to win. But how to drive the entering wedge, how to batter down that barrier—that adamant wall of impersonality which held him so relentlessly aloof? All at once the lines in his fine face began to stiffen, his firm chin settled aggressively, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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ANOTHER New Year and again the usual time for the making of new resolutions and the turning over of new leaves. This year, however, suppose we simply pledge ourselves to do each day some little kindness, and thus help bring the sunshine of happiness into the greatest number of hearts and homes possible.

Let us resolve to do something each day which is worth while, by making good our best impulses. So many writers express their sympathy for the less fortunate, but it should be remembered that words do not take the place of deeds, and the suggestion made that a subscription to COMFORT would cost little, but mean much to some lonely soul, did not meet with a very hearty response. Yet the sum required was very small, such as many of you would never have missed.

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If a dime or two cannot be spared for a subscription, pass along good magazines, as you are through with them, or if the postage for this even is too much, clip out the best articles and mail them to someone. A batch of clippings are always interesting and doubly so where there is a dearth of reading matter.

A bright letter, a postal or a few quilt pieces mean a great deal to one who watches in some lonely section, for the mail. Where there's a will, there's a way. The main trouble is, in this age, to stop to think of others as we should, and too often we forget that even a cup of cold water given in his name is not forgotten.

If we do live up to this pledge, the result will be great, for this is a big work made up of little things. You all know what a firm believer I am in the little things, and in the co-operative idea which seems to be epidemic and at present, like the wind storms of the vast prairies, sweeping at a great rate in every direction.

COMFORT is one of the great co-operative undertakings as I have said before and it is only with the individual help of each reader that it has become what it is. But still greater things we can do, dear readers, you and COMFORT. Did you ever realize that together we can accomplish almost anything we undertake, and much can still be done to brighten the life of the shut-in and broaden that of the household. We only need to use our power, you and COMFORT. Think of it. Will you not each help all you can and in every way that you can that this year's work may be better and bigger than ever before?

Now we must turn our attention to the mail which continues to come in like an avalanche and though skilled hands and heads care for it to my regret, the good, helpful letters for this corner, pile up and have to await their turn.

To be unable to answer all the cordial letters, and to pass without recognition the effort of each loyal friend who has helped the editor of this corner, ever so little, may seem, but I can assure is not, like lack of appreciation, but rather of time.

COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT so many years, I can scarcely remember when I did not receive its welcome messages of love and cheer. While we may not agree with one another's views on the different subjects discussed in these columns, still we can find something here in the many letters written by the sisters to suit our various tastes and no one need take offense.

While I am not a woman suffragist in the real sense of the word, still I would vote if I could and enter my protest against this horrible scourge of child labor and end it as soon as possible.

Our Master tells us, "Inasmuch as you did it to one of these little ones you did it unto me," and "if ye offend one of them it were better for him a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea." Now if it is not an offense to sentence these children to a life of misery what is it? Do you think the Master approves of us standing idle if we can help in any way, the sins of omission are sometimes as great as the sins of commission, and if we have not done our utmost for the Master's little ones we are guilty in more ways than one. Now sisters let us face this problem right and get out of the rut of thinking that men only are fit to decide the destinies of our nation. I know men who are anything but fit.

As I have seen so many requests for an asthma cure, I think it my duty to help if possible. My husband was an awful sufferer from that disease, and nearly died with it, in fact he suffered a hundred

deaths in the awful paroxysms he had in trying to get his breath. He finally found something that effected a permanent cure and if you write me enclosing stamp for reply, I will give you full information. I have nothing to sell. I know it sounds doubtful to make an assertion of a permanent cure for asthma, but it is true, and the sooner you begin, the sooner you will be relieved from that horrible disease. No one knows except the sufferer and those around him, what a human being can suffer and still live. With best wishes to all for a bright New Year.

MRS. GEO. SCHAEFER, 713 Emerson St., Goshe, Ind.

I am inserting your offer Mrs. S., feeling that I can rely on you and that you truly have nothing to sell. In too many cases however, it has been otherwise so, of late, much that might have proved helpful has been omitted from these columns as many have sent in letters with purely a mercenary end in view.

DEAR SISTERS:
I cannot refrain from adding my note of information and experience. I have always found all your letters very helpful and COMFORT is doing all great good, by enabling us to meet, through its columns, and exchange ideas, and experiences.

Any sister wishing to gain more flesh can do so by taking one tablespoonful of olive oil after meals, take a pinch of salt as soon as oil is swallowed and there will be no disagreeable taste left in the mouth. The oil is very easily digested, and is especially fine for small, weak children. My oldest child, a boy of three years had no appetite and lost flesh rapidly. I began giving him olive oil two months ago, now he eats heartily and his face is like a full moon. If mothers nursing little ones will take olive oil once or twice a day, they need not lose their flesh and look skinny as I know many do while nursing and I speak from experience in this line.

Weak little infants can be greatly strengthened by rubbing their bodies with warm olive oil at night time, when ready for bed or right after their morning bath. Olive oil feeds the body through the pores of the skin. I want to tell you sisters of the East, how delighted we are with this country. We had lived in snowy, cold Minnesota for seventeen years, when we decided to come West, so we settled in Roseburg, Ore., simply on what we had read and heard of it. We moved here a year ago last August. We found fruit of all kinds growing here, also almonds, walnuts and figs. July and August are the driest months so we were told, but we found everything in good condition, and decided we would try and buy a small tract and make our home here, of course we had heard a great deal of the coming "rainy season" and looked forward to being housed up, and up to our knees in mud. We imagined that when it once began to rain, it would continue for three months, imagine our surprise when the latter end of September came, we had a fine gentle rain for three days, then the sun came out and shone as bright as ever, and so it continued on through the winter, well we did not call it winter as it seemed like spring to us, everything was green and I saw roses and chrysanthemums blooming in December and January. In February we began planting our peas, lettuce, radish, onions, etc., and such glorious weather I have never seen as we had all summer, some days were a little warm, but the evenings, I simply cannot describe them. Our garden has been and is still for us a complete success, and our field corn is finer than any we have ever grown before. We are very happy and contented and from the fullness of my heart flow these words.

MRS. MAGDALEN CLARK, Roseburg, Ore.

Will readers help this girl if possible, but in suggesting remedies for anybody be very careful not to recommend anything unless you know it to be harmless as well as beneficial.

I am fifteen years old and was born with eczema, doctors have helped but have failed to cure me. Can COMFORT sisters help me? I have it at present in my hands and feet. Please write me and accept my thanks for help in advance.

MISS ELLA BURGER, New Cambria, R. D. 1, Kans.

DEAR SISTERS:
Several years ago I wrote you from Christy, Mo., and each month since then I have enjoyed these columns. Now when my burden seems to weigh heavily I am turning to other mothers for help. I have a boy in the insane hospital; he was an editor and unusually smart. It almost broke my heart. Dear mothers remember me in your prayers and those of you who can please send my dear one a few lines, valentines would please him. Address Charlie H. Goss, State Hospital, No. 3, Care Supt., Nevada, Mo.

I have been working for the Master many years and I try to feel that I have not more than my share of trouble, but still at times life seems dreary and the heart grows heavy. Uncle Charlie is such an example for us to remember and not murmur. Whatever is, is best. God bless you all.

MARY D. GORLON, 1242 Ohio Ave., Kansas City, Kans.

I am sorry your letter couldn't have appeared before this, as you wished for surely such a trouble as yours is hard to bear. From the readers of this corner I hope you will receive the sympathetic letters and the help and cheer you certainly deserve.

Ruth Hilliger. You will find the directions for the work you wrote of in the Dec. number.

DEAR SISTERS:
I am having my trials while young, and also all in a bunch. I am twenty-two and the mother of three little ones. My husband has to be away in Canada and I live here with my mother seventy-six years old, who has a broken hip. I have all the work to do for her and three brothers. So you see I have my hands full.

COMFORT is truly one of my greatest comforts and in our little settlement of only six families I am going to try and induce many of the sisters, think I have written before but now that I am so lonely and tied down feel that letters from any of this dear band would be good. Please write.

MRS. S. H. STEVENS, Saginaw, Mich.

"A long lane that has no turning" is an old saying and for many the lane is long and the way hard. Mrs. D. S. Grogan, Spencer, Va., is one of these. For twelve years she has been an invalid and often confined to her bed. Being poor she has to suffer for the comforts and medicine which she needs. Here is an opportunity to cheer and brighten a lonely, helpless sister. Will not many of you respond at once with reading matter, quilt pieces and letters?

Address everything as above and not to me.

DEAR SISTERS:
I am another of the silent readers, but I enjoy COMFORT more and more each year. I agree with the sister who recently wrote about migrating before fully investigating. California is a fine place in many ways, but surely not the place for a poor man unless he is master of some good trade.

We have a lovely ranch of three thousand acres; on high land, the view of the valley below, is grand. I dearly love this country. I notice few writers from California. Does not COMFORT come so far? Speak up sisters, all those who are here in this sunny West land. I would like to hear from those living near by. Wishing all health and a prosperous year.

MRS. JENNIE LOUIS GREENE, Box 143, Buena Park, Orange Co., Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:
After reading Mrs. Lee's letter in October I can't keep still any longer. This government claims to be "a government of the people by the people and for the people." Does that exclude women? By no means. And from now on women will play an important part in the affairs of the nation. For the wives and mothers are awakening to the fact that their influence is needed to ensure pure air, pure food and pure water in the homes. She is needed to close the gambling halls which wait for her girls and boys. And to do this she does not need to don overalls either, for at present there are over four million women wage earners in the United States and they are still in petticoats.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE CHILDREN and for grown folks too, in the Valentine talks in February COMFORT. Subscribe immediately so to make sure of it.

Courageous, progressive women are beholding a new vision for women they see that love and duty are broad as life itself, not bounded by four walls. We do not wish to fill a man's place but our own as a man's equal. And any man who is worthy of the name can't help but respect and admire women who are anxious to make their influence for good in the community. Yours for the emancipation of women.

MRS. LYDIA WRIGHT, Benedict, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have at last made up my mind to write to this corner. I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was ten years old, now I am twenty-eight. I love the



How they shone—those old folks—
at a function or reception—
But oh! what they missed
in their lack of all
conception of a food so good as

Uneda Biscuit

The Soda Cracker that makes
our days the best of days.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

sisters' page best of all, and Uncle Charlie's witty answers next.

Now let me tell you about this wonderful Twin Falls country. We live on a ranch just thirty-five miles from the city of Twin Falls, which is our nearest town at the present, but won't be long. Four years ago when we came here, no one lived nearer than five miles. But now the land on the Salmon river project is beginning to be settled and I can stand in my kitchen door and look down in the desert and see hundreds of tents, in which the people live who are working on the canal. The dam on little Salmon is just six miles away, and it is surely worth a person's while to go and see the great work going on there. It is certainly wonderful to see all this country, which less than six years ago was nothing but a vast desert of sage brush and ranches from two to twenty or thirty miles apart, now dotted with beautiful cities of from five hundred to five thousand inhabitants, and invaded by the railroad, where formerly only the stage used to make its two trips a week. Our dear old state is coming to the front at last. We are also just half way between Twin Falls and Contact, Nevada, the great copper camp which is now booming. Although our post-office is in Nevada, we live in Idaho, eight miles from the boundary line. It won't be long however before we will have a little station within two or three miles of us, as the railroad will be completed to there about a month.

I dear Mrs. Hillard and Mrs. Kent. I can sympathize with you, as I have had my share of sorrow in the last four years. A dear aunt was taken from us first and just three months after, the dear Lord took grand-

THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY is slipping past you. If you have not entered COMFORT'S great subscription cash prize competition, enter now for January, the third month.

ma to him. Then nine months ago, how long they have seemed, my father was called home, and oh, how hard it was for us to give him up. It is so hard for poor mother to get along without him and seems harder every day. But we must all remember our dear Heavenly Father does everything for the best and try to be comforted.

Now for a pen picture of myself, as is the custom. I am five feet, two and one half inches high and weigh only one hundred and eighteen pounds so you see I am not much in size. My hair is dark and my eyes blue. Am married and like many of the sisters, think I have the best man living. We have two dear children, a girl of four and Willie five months old. What is home without children! I do enjoy the mothers' letters, they are so helpful.

MRS. THERESA CLIVE NEER BAILEY, San Jacinto, Nev.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Doubtless many of you remember that my other letter was written concerning the management of my R. I. Reds and White Wyandotte chickens. Although I am interested in poultry raising I have time for many other things. I am only a girl but would like to say a word about children for I have always loved children and studied their nature. I have seen more than one parent treat their children as though they were not endowed with a good mind and had not the least particle of reasoning faculty. I think this is entirely wrong.

Just think a minute and see if you cannot recall a time when even a horse or dog resented cross words or cruel and unjust treatment. Surely little ones will do the same thing, in thoughts if not in words and "as we think, so we are."

"Children are creatures of imitation." When they are placed in the mother's arms, fresh from God, they are little waxen images that the mother can mold in any form of character she may desire. And with the amount of respect you treat your child you will receive the same in return. What else can you expect? From whom can it so well take lessons of life as mother? To whom does it always look for guidance? Mother. If mother speaks and uses brutal force to control it, is it not right for the child to use the same words and means with its sisters and brothers or playmates? I think it is, for undoubtedly mother will not do anything that is not right for the little ones.

Is there anything or any disposition more repulsive than an overbearing person? Often I think they are not wholly to blame for if we only knew, at home perhaps they are not taught loving forbearance and politeness. If they are taught this by being treated in that manner from the cradle how do they know any other mode of action? It really becomes a part of themselves without their ever realizing that a real lesson of life was being instilled within them. Consequently it is not better to treat them as equals?

Some parents, because they have the physical strength and parental right, rule only with the rod and precept, then when old age creeps on they wonder and grieve because of the neglect of their children.

Dear fathers and mothers try, for example, for example, to mother your children for if we only knew, at home perhaps they are not taught loving forbearance and politeness. If they are taught this by being treated in that manner from the cradle how do they know any other mode of action? It really becomes a part of themselves without their ever realizing that a real lesson of life was being instilled within them. Consequently it is not better to treat them as equals?

I would like to write, or rather to continue this subject some time, if the editor thinks best, and give

a few incidents that have occurred of which I am personally acquainted.

To all the COMFORT friends who have written me I will say thank you kindly, for it is possible that I did not answer all letters as I was not at home last winter.

Dear J. A. Hughes. If you see this will you write me? It was no fault of mine that you did not receive those letters for they were surely sent. I registered one from Milan, Tenn., but it came back. I have now many dear friends through these columns and, oh, how I love them all! Long live the dear old COMFORT. MISS GERTRUDE PARRISH, Trenton, Tenn.

DEAR READERS:

Since my letter appeared in July I have received a number of letters, those that had postage enclosed were answered, but oh, the letters that did come asking for quilt patterns, I presume we will have grape-cluster quilts in every home before long, for we sent the pattern in every direction, but I cannot possibly answer those who didn't enclose postage.

Two very kind ladies paid my subscription for a daily paper, for which I cannot express my thanks. How did they know I was a book worm? I really can't get enough reading material. I often burn the midnight oil reviewing old magazines, unfortunately these two dailies happened to be the same, but I had one changed for a three-year subscription to Beautiful Homes.

"There is no place like home," this motto has hung over our door ever since my parents were granted their home, which is some thirty years ago. Since those days a wonderful change has come; my father says it was nothing to walk from fifty to seventy-five miles to see a brother, and he would walk sixteen miles every week to get the mail. Soda fountains and dimes were scarce in those days, even water wells were, the people when away from home were glad to quench their thirst from a pool in which the buffaloes had cooled their tired feet, and enjoy a night's sleep on the prairie.

There was no Oxford in those days, and droves of buffaloes would camp around their little sod houses while the proprietors were absent from six to ten days taking their products to market with an ox team, now to make a long story short, farmers take a two-mile trip to the city in autos.

Now sisters, home is what we make it. It really was a noble creature in the form of a woman who could make home pleasant in those days. Still there is a crying need of more real home-makers, and one is sometimes led to conjecture as to whether all of this wanted higher education of girls to old women has enured of the home-making elements in it.

Mrs. H. W. Cochran, did you find your brother?

Will someone help make Christmas a merry one for Mrs. Carrie Phelps, Rock Creek, Ohio, she is a poor crippled widow, and supports a three-year-old daughter by selling post cards.

I wish to add my small voice in gratitude to Julius Folger's letter in April COMFORT in regard to our moral character.

How did Josephine Linden's hint in June COMFORT strike the sisters who are longing to become law makers? Perhaps they had better keep cool in this corner on the subject, or they'll be considered an improper housekeeper. We ought to practice more kindness in place of law, for it even acts better than reins on dumb animals.

Half the unhappiness of the world comes from blaming the wrong person. A good share of the other half comes from withholding deserved words of praise. One throb of gladness is worth more to the living heart than a wreath of costly blooms laid, however tenderly, above the dead one.

Loving words will cost but little
Journeying up the hill of life.
They will make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
You may count them only trifles,
What to earth are sun and rain,
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

Will add a few hints: Clear up as you work, it saves time afterwards.

Toast is more inviting when cut into strips or triangular pieces.

Pies will be soggy if set on top of a hot stove after being baked.

Pies baked without an upper crust should have a double rim.

Will Miss Downey in Iowa, who has my name and address in her COMFORT quilt please write me? I sent her a stamped envelope for reply about three years ago, but never heard from her. My mother would like to know if your parents are some of her old-time acquaintances.

Now, I have a few favors to ask. I am going to start a flower garden next spring entirely with seeds and bulbs from COMFORT sisters and shall be very grateful for a few seeds which anyone of our readers

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmslea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes his niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Walles Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmslea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Mischief lurks in every movement and Elva will not try to cut Amy out. Her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage. Walles Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for Amy and settles an annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmslea more comfortable.

CHAPTER V.

IT was a very interesting little family that settled down at the seaside cottage, Amy, Clemence and Mott. Clemence busied herself with making the cottage more comfortable and attractive and preparing the humble chamber for Amy. She went to Brighton, and by the sacrifice of a rich pearl brooch, she procured money to buy her materials and send them home. And the next day all her improvements were so quietly made, as not to attract the attention of Amy. It was near evening, when the room was finished, and Clemence stood with her cheeks glowing with exercise and satisfaction, contemplating her work. Her unspoken conclusion was endorsed by Mott, who said:

"But Lor', Gimmil! It is no use, as far as she is concerned! Ten to one she'll ever see that these Marcelline quilts are not the same ugly old blue counterpanes. It's all thrown away on her. I declare to the Lord it is right down discouraging, to see her everlasting laid out on that sofa like a dead-corp!"

"We must have patience and leave her to Nature a little longer. I have the greatest faith in Nature, Nature, you know, 'is the handmaid' of the Lord!"

"Is she? I never heard of that before; but some handmaids neglect their duty, and maybe that's what Nature is doing of now, and leastways, if Nature doesn't get Mrs. Brook out of here very soon, I'd try something else, indeed I would."

Clemence smiled, and they went below—Mott to get tea, and Clemence to sit down by Amy's couch.

"Will you look at the baby now, dear Amy?" and Clemence raised the infant in her arms.

"Oh! no, no—I cannot—I cannot!" said the invalid, turning away and covering her face with her hands.

"Please look at the poor baby, Amy, won't you? Please kiss her, and bless her and then I will take her away."

"Oh! don't ask me! Oh! I cannot now—not just now—when I'm feeling—if he'd lived—how fond—how happy—" here the voice gave way and the low sound of weeping was heard.

Clemence crossed the room, and laid the little one in her own bed.

But Mrs. Mott was scandalized, was indignant. "Humph! So Nature is the handmaid of the Lord, is she? Well! for my part, I do think she's a good-for-nothing, neglectful hussy, as ever I see, and ought to be discarded; and I mean to tell our minister so the next time I see him."

Clemence laughed her low musical laugh, saying:

"Indeed, Mrs. Mott, if it were not for your company, I don't know how I could keep up my spirits all the time."

Upon the eighth day Amy sat up in her easy-chair, Clemence had wrapped her tenderly in the new soft white nannel dressing-gown that she made for her, and had laid her gently back among the pillows of the chair. Then she combed out the silken tresses of her hair turning the slight flossy black ringlets around her fingers, until they fell like raveled silk each side the pearly forehead, and played in wavering shadows over the thin, fair, spiritual face. Clemence thought she had never seen so lovely a face. And she took a little hand mirror from the dressing table and held it before Amy; but as soon as the young widow caught the reflection of her own face—she suddenly threw up her hands and hiding her face in the pillows, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

Clemence stood by Amy's side, patient and cheerful as usual, until the storm of grief had passed, and then she said:

"Let me help you, dear Amy. You know your aunt will be here in a very few moments now, and it would give her pain to see you this way."

In the course of half an hour, Mrs. Rock arrived, and was much inclined to scold Clemence for not having sent her word of the "event" till the evening before.

"But you know, Mrs. Rock, I had no one to send but Mrs. Mott, and it was impossible to spare her for the first three days. Besides Amy was doing very well, and it is just as pleasant to you to come now and find her sitting up."

And then they entered Amy's chamber. The young mother sat as Clemence had arranged her. Upon her lap lay the baby.

Mrs. Rock was very tender-hearted and this touching sight of the widowed young mother and her newborn babe, impressed her to tears. She went up very softly, however, and kissed Amy, and sat down and after a little while took the baby on her own lap.

"And what is to be her name, Amy?" inquired Mrs. Rock.

Nobody had thought of that. Clemence could not tell. Amy did not answer.

"She must be baptized, you know."

"I had not remembered it."

"You had better call her 'Clemence', I am sure there is no one who so well deserves the compliment."

"No—Clemence is my good angel—but—Clemence! what was his mother's name? strange! I never knew—he never chanced to tell me; but then we were so short a time together, and his mother must have died before his recollection," said Amy, her voice almost drowned in unshed tears.

"She did. Her name was Isa."

"Then let my child be called Isa," said Amy.

Mrs. Rock had brought her carriage packed full of things. And now she went down-stairs accompanied by Clemence, to overlook the packing away of the presents.

Mrs. Rock spent the whole day with Amy, and went away in the evening, well-pleased with her visit and with everything she had found at Beach Cottage.

Amy recovered slowly, but surely, yet Clemence kept the baby at night.

"It is better for you and for the child, that I should keep her," said the young nurse, "for you are not strong, Amy. You need unbroken rest to restore you."

So the baby slept in Clemence's bosom, not only then, but always.

And as Amy lay in her bed at night, between asleep and awake, she would hear the young girl soothing the infant, and would wonder at the maternal tenderness that filled the maiden's heart

for the baby. In after years, in the dark and tragic hours, Amy remembered these days and nights with a soul wrung with remorse, to think how little at the time she had appreciated the lovely, self-devotion of the young girl.

CHAPTER VI.

"Aunt! I am going to see Fair Amy's baby," said Elva, following Mrs. Rock as she went through the old house, opening windows, that breezy spring morning. "Do you hear me, aunt? I am going to see Fair Amy's baby."

"But I cannot give you leave to do so, Elva, your uncle's orders are peremptory upon that point."

"I didn't ask leave, Aunt! and as for Uncle's orders, you didn't mind them when you went!"

"That is a very different thing, Elva, of which you are not competent to judge. Justice and humanity required that I should for once disregard your uncle's will, because it was not right. But remember this Elva, that if your uncle is not always exactly right, it is because no human being possibly can be perfect—and he is not, upon that account, the less entitled to your respect and obedience."

The imp swallowed a rising yawn, and said:

"Well, I don't know whether it is 'justice and humanity,' but something requires me to go and see Fair Amy's baby, and I think I, too, shall disregard uncle's wishes, because they are not right, and go, as you did, Aunt. 'What's good for the gander is good for the goose!'"

"Yes, but Elva, what's good for the goose may be fatal to the gosling, as disobedience often is to a child."

They had by this time reached the door of the room formerly occupied by Amy. Mrs. Rock unlocked the door and entered, followed by Elva. Mrs. Rock then raised all the windows, and threw open all the shutters, and a flood of

holiday to go to a May festival to be held in a neighboring park.

Everything favored Elva's plan. About noon she found herself in sole possession of the house. Her own maid, Betty, was the only servant left within doors. Tom the "odd boy" the only one left without doors.

This last-named individual, was remarkable only for a stupid, machine-like quality of implicit and literal obedience—a dangerous gift when orders are issued, carelessly by the wrong person. Upon this bright specimen of intellect Elva relied for a safe instrument in effecting her purpose.

She waited until she thought the visiting party had got a mile or two away, and then she went out of the door to look for him. She found him on the front lawn trimming the grass.

"Hi, Tom! what are you doing there when you ought to be getting up the cart?"

"The cart, miss?" repeated Tom, staring.

"Certainly! You had better not let your master come back and find you haven't got the cart up."

"Oh! yes, miss. What is I got to do?"

"Put Samson, the draught-horse to the cart and bring it up to the door!"

"Yes, miss," said Tom, without the slightest misgiving, and ran off to do her bidding, while Elva entered the house to equip herself for a ride.

Betty was mending her own clothes in her mistress' room. Elva called to her:

"Betty, you have just got to come down here and help, and to pack up these things that uncle—I mean Aunt, is going to send to Fair Amy—I mean Mrs. Brook."

"What things, Miss Elva?" asked the maid, leaning over the balustrade.

"Those things in her old room. Didn't you see Aunt take me in this room, this morning, and point them out to me?"

"Yes, Miss, I saw you and missus go in there."



"NEVER MIND! GET UP—AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AS WE GO ALONG."

light poured in, filling every nook and corner of the room.

The place remained just as Amy left it nearly twelve months before. Here, in addition to the heavy furniture, were articles that should have been considered Amy's own peculiar personal property. A small bookcase with a well-selected set of books; a small writing desk furnished; a pretty work-box; a low sewing chair and foot cushion; small framed picture on the walls; and statuettes on the mantelpiece.

Elva had not entered this chamber since Amy's departure, and she looked around with curiosity, and then turning to Mrs. Rock with surprise, said:

"Why, Aunt, I thought Uncle had sent all Fair Amy's things to her the day she was married?"

"He sent her wardrobe and jewelry, but these other things he considers belong to the room, and not to Amy."

"But didn't he buy them and give them to her?"

"Yes, but not to take away, he says."

"Oh, that was so—" mean she was going to say, but Elva sometimes restrained herself.

"Aunt, why don't you just have them packed up, and sent right over to Amy?"

"Because I have no right to do so. Your uncle insists that they are not Amy's—and they were not purchased with my money, therefore, I have no right to send them, as I had to send the other things."

"Why don't you ask Uncle let you send them?"

"I did, Elva, and he refused."

"I'll go and ask him myself! I just will. He'd better not refuse me!"

And Elva flew to find the captain. She might have been gone ten minutes. Mrs. Rock was about to leave the room, when Elva came flying back, her fair brow flushed, and her blue eyes stormy with indignation.

"Well, Elva, did you find your uncle and ask him?"

"Yes, I did."

"And what did he say?"

"He like to have bit my head off! An ugly old snapping-turtle. But I'll pay him for it."

Mrs. Rock did not fail to reprove the "little vixen" for her irreverent threats, and then the aunt and niece separated for the time—Mrs. Rock to make her old soldier presentable in company, and Elva to meditate a plan that she had in view and meant to attempt to carry out during the absence of the elders of the family, who were that day going to dine with friends some six miles from Elmslea.

Upon the same day also the servants had a

"Well, then come along and help me to pack the things she wants to send to Beach Cottage."

The maid came down without the slightest demur, so much was she carried away by the assured manner of her little mistress.

By the time they had wrapped up all the statuettes and vases and taken down all the pictures, and packed up all the books in a large box, they heard the sound of the horse-cart drawing up before the door. Then Elva went out and called Tom in to help to lift all the furniture out. The bookcase and the writing-desk and the work-box, the sewing chair and the footstool, the box of pictures, the box of statuettes, and the box of books, were all taken in turn, and carefully packed into the cart. It was a light load for a strong horse and when all was put in, Elva locked the door, hung up the key, and told Betty to help her up into the cart, as she was to go with the things.

Here, for the first time Betty made some objection.

"You mustn't go, indeed, Miss Elva. You know you've got cold a ready."

"My cold is well. And I'd like to see who'll stop me!" said Elva, leaping, with Tom's assistance up into the cart.

Tom vaulted by the side of the horse, cracked his whip, and the cart started, leaving poor Betty behind in doubt and uneasiness, not at all upon account of the furniture and the books, but on account of Elva's whim of accompanying them.

The cart proceeded on its way tolerably well until they got into the bad road leading through the wood. Now, poor Tom was a miserable driver, and there is no knowing how soon their necks might have been broken, had they not chanced to meet their cousin, Augustus Summers, on his way to the hall.

"Oh, Gusty, Gusty Summers! I am so glad to see you. I just want you to help me in a splendid piece of—of—"

"Mischief!" said Elva indignantly. "You always think—mischief. No—a piece of good work, sir."

"Tom had better let me get up there in his place and drive—he'll smash the cart and endanger your life, yet."

"That's just what I want you to do; but—were you going to the hall?"

"Yes!"

"Well, you can just let Tom take your horse, and lead him to the house, while you drive on to Beach Cottage."

"Is it there you are going?"

"Yes."

"Now what did you say 'whew' for? Get up—and I'll tell you all about it as we go along."

Gusty threw the bridle to the boy, and sprang upon the seat near Elva, and drove on.

When Tom was left far behind, Elva explained to Gusty the business she was upon.

Gusty looked very grave for a while, and then—

"Elva," he said, "this looks v-v much like—not exactly shop-lifting, but house-lifting, if one might call it so."

"It's no such thing. Aunt and everybody thinks Amy ought to have them, because they know Uncle did give her the things, though now he wants to withhold them out of ugliness. But never mind, Gusty. If you don't want to go with me—if you are afraid, you may just get down and go back, and I'll call Tom—he's not afraid."

"Elva, it was not myself, but you I was thinking of! You to dare your Uncle's anger so!"

"Yes! I know he'll be awful! But I don't care! So long as Fair Amy gets her things, how much he storms at me! But Gusty, don't you let on how Uncle didn't send them. Fair Amy will think that either he or Aunt sent them, of course, and you just let her think so. And if she asks any questions, leave the talking to me."

"Oh! of course you'd take the floor, whether it were given you or not."

By this time they were out of the wood and into the open country and good roads.

"Now make Samson travel! You know he'll have a good time to rest at Beach Cottage and no load to bring back."

"Except a load of sin!" said Gusty, as he put the whip to the powerful horse and they moved rapidly on.

They soon came in sight of the seashore, and soon after came upon the little cottage, now half concealed in climbing and clustering vines; azure morning glories, flowering peas, and scarlet running beans, climbed up and shaded all the windows, and overran the little lattice-work over the door.

In the yard before the cottage were blooming damask roses, and white lilies, golden-headed daffodils and jonquils, blue hyacinths, variegated tulips and other sweet spring flowers.

In the door, canopied more royally than a queen by the over-arching vines, stood Clemence, with her white dress and amber-hued tresses fluttering in the breeze.

"Oh! my! how pretty! Did you—did you ever see anything near so pretty?"

"Which do you mean, the cottage, or the young lady?"

"Oh! both," exclaimed Elva, as they pulled up before the gate.

Clemence, from her position, had recognized the blue cart, and Samson, the horse, from Elmslea, which had been at the cottage twice before to bring things sent by Mrs. Rock to Amy. And now it was with more pleasure than surprise that she saw it once more stand well-laden before the gate. She could not however, recognize either of the young people whom she had never seen before. Nevertheless as soon as the cart stopped she came down the walk smiling, and holding out her hand to the little girl who jumped off the cart and jerked open the gate, and rushed into the yard, exclaiming eagerly:

"Where's the baby?"

"Who are you, my dear?" inquired Clemence, catching her hand to restrain her, yet smiling kindly on her all the time.

"Oh! you know! Elva! Uncle's niece. There's the cart with some things for Amy. Oh, for goodness sake, let me hurry in and see the baby."

"Stay, my dear, here comes the young gentleman—we must stop for him."

"Oh! that's only Gusty Summers, Gusty! Gusty! why don't you come along? What makes you so bashful? I declare if you aren't blushing like a hollyhock."

And, in truth, Augustus was blushing, and had been holding back a little, awed for the first time in his life by the beauty of a young girl.

Then Clemence invited them into the house.

Amy, fully recovered, sat in her easy-chair with the baby in her lap. Elva was about to fly to her, but the fragile appearance of the young mother, subdued her impetuosity, and she came softly to Amy's side and knelt down, and looked at the baby some time, lightly kissing its forehead several times, and saying:

"Oh! Fair Amy, I do love your little baby so much! May Gusty come and see it?"

"Oh, yes," said Amy.

"Oh! Gusty do come and see the wonderfulest little beauty you ever saw in your life!"

And Augustus came, and took and pressed the hand that Amy held out to him, and then to conceal the tears that came rushing to his eyes, he stooped and tenderly lifted the infant from her lap, and carried it off to the window, Elva following him and saying:

"Isn't it a beauty? Oh! Gusty, isn't it a beauty?"

Augustus choked down his emotion, made believe to joke and pinch its cheek "to see if such a queer little thing would cry," and then as soon as he had gained self-command he went back and laid the child on the mother's lap. Happily also Mrs. Mott entered the room just then and had to make her joyful greetings. And then Augustus, assisted by Mott went out to unload the cart. The things were brought in, and Clemence, aided by Augustus, unpacked and arranged them. Meanwhile, Samson was unharnessed, watered, fed and turned out to grass until the afternoon. Then Mott kindled the fire and put on the tea-kettle for a coffee dinner. There were besides, nice light bread and fresh butter, a broiled chicken, cold ox-tongue, and preserved peaches and cream.

Elva and Augustus heartily enjoyed seeing the meal prepared under their own eyes on the neat little hearth, and Elva assisted Clemence to set the little round table, and spread upon it the snowy cloth, and placed on that the semi-transparent white service, that she declared looked like consolidated moonlight. The meal was so impromptu, and the party that gathered around the table so youthful, so keenly alive to pleasure, in every form, that even Amy's pale cheek brightened into smiles.

Soon after dinner, Augustus went to speak to Elva, who sat by the baby's cradle.

"Elva, had I not better harness the horse to the cart, and get ready to go home?"

"No!"

"But, my dear Elva, what will your Uncle say to you?"

"Why, he'll storm at me dreadfully, and that he'll do anyway! I like to have the worth of a scolding, if I am to get the scolding. I know there'll be a tremendous storming up at home, but I intend to earn it, every bit of it, and then it will be such a satisfaction to know I deserved it, and it was all right."

As the imp said this, her malicious blue eyes blazing with mischief and defiance, met those of Clemence fixed upon her—fixed most intently upon her—and most strange was the effect of that mutually encountering gaze upon the beautiful young girl. While yet unable to withdraw her fascinated eyes, her cheeks were overspread with paleness, and sweeping her hand across her brow, as though to dispel some baleful vision, she sank into a chair. So sudden was her pallor and her sinking, that Amy and Augustus sprang to her side.

"You are sick, dear Clemence, what is it? Will you lie down?" asked the former, while the latter brought a glass of water.

"Thank you, how very strange and foolish," said the young girl, taking the glass and drink-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you. Well, here we are again, boys and girls, in the same old place. Old Father Time has handed each of us a new deck of three hundred and sixty-five cards, and the old gentleman as he went hiking down the pike of eternity whispered message in your ear, even if you did not hear it: "Boys and girls, play those cards right, and play the game of life fair! and squarely. Don't try to cheat yourself or your neighbors, but play the game honestly and honorably or maybe I'll come and take the cards away from you, and cut your life game short, and dump you on the shores of eternity before you know it, a lost soul in a realm of gloom and despair."

in a fellow's good and happy life. There are only three hundred and sixty-five virgin days lie before us. How are you going to live them? Wrong or right, selfishly or unselfishly? How many of those days are you going to waste utterly and how many of them are you going to make really worth while—days well spent instead of misspent, days that loom large with honest endeavor and creditable achievement, days that shine with the golden record of kindly deeds. Remember you can't squander time as you can squander money. Fate will not let you run an inexhaustible bank account for any man. The year's credit in the Bank of Time grows yearly smaller. Time's account is one we can diminish, but never replenish, so, my dears, spend well the time that is given you, for there is only a limited supply on which you can draw.

MORE INTERESTING FACTS about Washington and Lincoln, the two American heroes after whom we should pattern our lives. Read it and enjoy it in February **COMFORT**. Look after your subscription and be sure not to miss it.

new trials, undertake new duties and meet with new opportunities and new responsibilities. You say, "1910 will be a happy year for you, and so it will be if you do one thing: *Do the best you know how.*" Ask Providence to guide and direct you through every trial and tribulation, over the thorny path of difficulty, up the rocks, heights of adversity, and through the darksome vales of sorrow, suffering and despair. Never let go of that hand which though invisible, is still ready to lead you ever onward and upward triumphantly and gloriously to better and nobler things than you have known in the year right. If after a week of honest endeavor you make a muss of things, don't be a quitter and a whiner and hand all the rest of the unspent year over to the devil. Begin all over again and take another grip on that invisible hand, from which, though you may wrench loose a thousand times, is ever ready to lovingly clasp your hand again and lead you in the right way if you will only follow. Don't let one or two or a dozen failures dishearten you but keep on trying, keep on trying. Once I spent two years trying to sell a single poem. I sent it out twenty-eight times before I sold it. I made up my mind somebody had to buy that poem if it took me ten years to sell it, and finally I sold it to a magazine in Boston for over thirty dollars. The majority of you are ready to quit at the first frown of fate, the first sockdolager that misfortune lands you with. The solar plexus finds you shivering like a sick kitten. Remember that in the fiery furnace of trial and tribulation that God tries us out and we emerge from that trial purified and strengthened a thousand fold, broadened in our sympathies, quickened in our understanding, deepened in our love, and ennobled in all that makes men, men, and women, women.

... would like to ask you all how you spent your Christmas, but it will be after Christmas considerably by the time you read this. I know you all hope as fervently as I do that COMFORT's League of Cousins will expand and prosper during this year of grace, 1910. You have no conception of the amount of good this League has done by COMFORT's reading group, especially and this League in particular. The help we have given, or rather that you have given, has not only brightened the lives of hundreds of poor souls, but has kept scores of them from absolute want and in some cases, even from starvation and death. If we were to discontinue our shut-in list, and you were to discontinue your help, scores would find the only thing which makes life bearable for them, and even gone, and you would suffer for that would ensue. You would see something deplorable. I want you to realize exactly what your relationship is to these poor tortured brothers and sisters of yours. In nearly every case you are their main support, their bread and butter, the one gleam of sunshine in their dark lives of suffering. Don't begrudge the few dimes you send them. Remember it is more blessed to give than to receive. Maybe some day you'll stand at the judgment seat of God, and you'll be asked, "and you ever do any good with your money on earth?" The majority of you will scratch your heads and do some tall thinking when that question is asked you, and then as a drowning man clutches at a straw, you will say: "Yes, when I was a COMFORT cousin I sent ten cents to a poor old woman who was dying of cancer," and you will also remember you wouldn't have done that if I hadn't hammered it into your head that a kindly word, a smile, a high school angel, and the wrath of the avenging angel would prove your passport to that better world where most of you want to go, and which darned few of us (including myself) have any right to enter except on suffrance and by the grace and forgiveness of God.

Now that the snows of winter lie like a funeral pall o'er the land, many of you whose work takes you afield, have little to do except hug the stove and read. There is one book you all ought to have and would not part with for a gold mine if you had it, and that's Uncle Charlie's Poems. You who didn't get it for Christmas should secure it now for either a silver mine or a New Year's gift. Start the New Year right by making somebody happy. If you want a book something that will keep you happy all the year through, hustle round, and get a club of four twenty-five cent, one-year subscriptions to COMFORT and secure Uncle Charlie's Poems. The biggest and best book of funny verse on the market today, according to the press of America. The third edition will be out by the time this reaches your eyes and in it you will find not only all the old screams, but a bunch of new ones as follows:—"The Sump's Dream,"—"The Pain of Parting,"—"Ereus' Sandpiper,"—"The Diary of a Platantane," and the "Harvest Poem" which appeared in our October issue last year. Everything that art, money and brains can accomplish in the way of making a perfect book has been brought to bear in the creation of this volume. There is not a single one who has secured this book who would part with it for a gold mine, and there is not one of you who would not give a gold mine to get it if you knew

what was in it. One hundred and sixty pages of rib-ticking fun with just enough pathos to sweeten the swan, and free you from exploding with laughter. Ribbed silk cloth, a lovely lilac shade for the girls and brilliant scarlet for the boys—that's the way the book is bound. You can have either binding. Every volume sent out is autographed by your uncle, a biographical sketch of whose life and half tone pictures of him in various stages of his career (also one where he is dictating to Maria) will be found in the book. This premium is worth at least a club of ten, but remember a club of four secures you forty-eight glorious copies of COMFORT and a superb book for just one dollar, representing four one year subs. to COMFORT. This is the greatest bargain ever offered by any magazine in the premium line. Mr. Gannett's kindness alone makes it possible.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book can be obtained for a club of only two subscriptions at twenty-five cents per year. It's the dandiest song folio ever placed on the market. There is not a publishing house in the world that puts out its equal at ten times the price, or for that matter at any price at all, as these songs are unique in their way. They cover the entire gamut of popular music—songs, ballads, lovely and comic songs, sacred songs and story ballads that bring tears to the eyes. The cover design is by the famous artist, R. F. Outcault, and on it you will find four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie taken previous to his invalidism. These pictures are equal to photographs. The book is printed on the finest paper procurable and the whole get up of the book is elegant and artistic. Between its covers you will find five dollars' worth of music, twenty-eight songs, all new, funny, musical and inspiring. Whether you have a piano in the house or not you need this book. You can obtain it by sending your own and the subscription of a friend. If you have already subscribed get up a club of two subscriptions amongst your neighbors. Clubs for both these books count towards the cash prizes. If you possibly can, you should send a club of six and get both. There are few persons in this world that are as good as they are represented in this beautiful Niagara and Lake Erie landscape point view. The two books however are fifty times better than your wildest imagination could conceive—work for them and see. Those who have them are entranced and delighted with them.

towards premiums. Please don't send me manuscripts of either stories or songs to criticize and sell. I am not a literary bureau. Send them to a literary bureau, and they will soak you about a dollar a page to go through them. One lady sent me a story of nearly two hundred closely written pages (it would have taken me two days and cost me ten dollars to have gone through it) and ordered me to read it, criticize it, make suggestions for improvement (it could be improved) and market it if possible. When I wrote the lady that it was utterly impossible for me to comply with her request—physically and financially impossible—she wrote me a sassy letter, and said she guessed nobody would ever *go* any of my time unless they paid for it, a contemptible remark, cruel and false, as more than half of my time is given to the mercy work, work that is of course unrequited. At the time I got that letter my routine work which keeps the roof of my chicken coop over my head, owing to sickness, was two or three weeks in arrears. Nothing had passed my lips for ten days but beef juice, and I had a temperature of one hundred and two, and a pulse of one hundred and twenty. There are a great many people I regret to say who have absolutely no consideration for others. They forget when they send me a manuscript that there are hundreds of others doing the same thing, and what I could do for one is impossible to do for thousands. There comes a time in every man's life when he must decide whether he will do his own work and support those depending on him, or work for other people for nothing and starve to death. Just at present I don't feel inclined to starve to death to oblige anybody, *etc.*

less, selfish, heartless people. I want to live for the sake of you dear souls who have hearts and who do *think*, and who want me to live and continue this work, and who don't care to have me buried by a thoughtless bunch who want to grind their axes on my tombstone. I want to help everybody in the world as far as I can, but the strength of one lone invalid is terribly limited. I can do so much and no more. I am already working twenty-five hours a day and the Lord hasn't arranged it so I can work forty-eight or a hundred, so be merciful and show me some consideration.

Now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I wonder if you will allow a little Mexican lassie from the far Southwest to enter your charmed circle and chat for a minute with some of the cousins that she admired for so long a time.

the admission of a little girl five feet high and weigh one hundred and ten pounds and as you naturally expect have dark eyes, dark hair and dark complexion.

As our people have been greatly slandered by the interested politicians of the East, during the recent statehood campaign, I would like to be allowed to say a few words in their defense and incidentally in my own, as I am sure that this is a far of the country.

Let me first acknowledge consinship with one of my race. Like all people there are good and bad, educated and illiterate, and dense and intelligent beings among our race and yet considering their almost complete isolation from the rest of the world for several centuries, the large amount of almost compulsory intermarriage for such a long time, and the unnecessary disadvantages under which they have suffered since their inclusion in force in our present federal government, I think that we will compare very favorably with any race of people on the globe today, situated in like circumstances.

Among our people there are two classes, which on account of superior means have become more distinctly divided as the several generations have rolled by. In the first settlement of the country by the original Spaniards, there were then naturally two classes, the official aristocratic class, composed of some of the best

and foremost families of Spain, and as a matter of course only the most vallant and hardest of these, who having settled in the new world, were able to send back to Spain for their families, and the soldiers and poorer class, who without means and pride of family settled in the new world, intermarried with the native people, descendants of the ancient Cliff Dwellers—and which are the direct progenitors of the more numerous common and poorer class of people, commonly called Mexicans today.

As there were but a few of the first families inter-marriage was necessary—as is evidenced today by the very few family names among the leading families of our people, and the almost universal relationships of all the leading Mexican families. Being possessors of means and with nothing to lose, naturally these first families have managed to retain their prominence through all these long centuries, and point with pride to their descent from the oldest and best families of Spain. There are but few instances in the history of the world, where a class of people have settled in the heart of a continent, and managed to escape from the coast, and with naught but overland communication, through savage, infested deserts, over almost impassable mountains and across vast plains of an unpopulated, almost untraversed and unmapped continent, have retained their purity of race, purity of speech and slowly advanced in civilization, notwithstanding their almost total isolation, as have the Mexican people of the Southwest.

people of the Southwest.

So do not be deceived, in a Mexican and proud of it, and although only a little girl, I am very much interested in bettering my education in English and would like to correspond with some of the Eastern cousins.

I wonder if the cousins know that New Mexico was originally divided into vast grants of lands, that were given to the men of the Spanish and Mexican times, the younger generation sometimes hold title to vast tracts of land, covered with immense coal and oil deposits and virgin forests, that as soon as the country is settled and properly developed, will make many of us millionaires? If this has the good luck to escape the waste basket I may come again and give you some interesting details about the Pueblos, the last remaining vestige of the ancient Cliff Dwellers, their peculiar religion and traditions and carefully guarded secrets, that many old gray-headed scientists have failed to discover, but which are common property of the now illiterate and unlearned Mexican people.

Now good by, from your Mexican girl and cousin,
F. LUCILA TRUJILLO.

Lucile, your letter is most interesting, and I am only too glad to have you say a word in behalf of your illustrious race. It used to be the custom to despise every other race except our own, but thanks to constant travel and the drawing together of the nations of the earth by cable, telegraph and swift lines of steamships, we know more of each other than we did, and are more tolerant of each other's peculiarities. When aerial navigation permits us to become acquainted in a few days with all the countries and races of the earth, racial prejudice will be greatly lessened. Nearly every race has its virtues and its vices, and in some cases the virtues exceed the virtues and vice-versa. Climate and environment invariably decide and account for the racial peculiarities of a people. We of the Anglo-Saxon blood have been especially favored, but we have no right to lord it over others less fortunate. We do not choose either parents, race or country. That is a matter entirely beyond our control. If we had been born Mexicans, we would do as the Mexicans do. If we had been born South Sea Islanders we would show our Christian instincts by making a people of the first missionary that came along. I have never lived for any length of time among Mexican people, Lucile, and so do not know.

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there is any real grounds for prejudice against your race. I do know however, that there are few girls in any state in this union that could write a better letter than yours, and I am confident all Mexicans were as well educated as you are, and had your ideals and point of view, there would be no racial friction in your territory. I have no doubt the little red schoolhouse will eventually straighten out all racial differences and difficulties. Life is too short and strenuous for us to quarrel and fight. I think that each brother humans who happen to differ from us in some trifling way. One thing, however this nation must insist on and that is that all people within its boundaries obey

its laws, and try to live decent, wholesome, cleanly lives, becoming good and helpful citizens, and trying to attain to the highest possible standard of civilization. We will never tolerate a race, that, by accepting a lower wage and by a lower standard of living, drives American labor from the field, and which by vicious habits and unspeakable immoralities (as in the case of the Chinese) becomes a menace to public morals and the well being of our people. I am confident, Lucile by the hundreds of letters you will receive that you will find your American cousins regard you as one of their own, worthy to live, and if necessary fight for the Star Spangled Banner which though at present owned by practical trusts, will in a few years time again become the property of the masses of the people, when they have been soaked a little more, and are ready to wake up and take the running of the country back into their own hands.

NEWKIRK, OKLA.

DEAR COUSINS AND UNCLE CHARLIE:

What grand work you are doing Uncle Charlie! I am sending in three subs. to be credited to the wheel-chair club. You and I can both get very big credit for you. You do enjoy my good health. I am five feet and eight inches tall, have dark brown hair, and brown eyes, and was twenty-five last January. Now how is that for an Okla. girl? Newkirk is the county seat of Mayes county and has a population of 2000 to live. Wheat harvest begins so early here. We have five churches. We raise good crops, although the fruit was destroyed last year. The famous 101 Charlie was not very far south of here. I have seen the famous quarries here and the Arkansas river is just six miles east of Newkirk. They have a ferry, as the bridge was washed away during high water. They are digging for money for the war. I have heard where the Indians or Mexicans hid it years ago. They say they had an underground barn for two hundred head of horses, so I suppose it must have belonged to a band of thieves. They claim there are forty tons buried there. Wishing success to you and comfort.

MISS ETHEL E. PERKINS. (No. 23,210.)

Ethel, yours is a sweet breezy letter, and you're a dear, good girl to take such an interest in our shut-ins. You say that we are digging for money six miles from your Ethel. We are all digging for money up in this section, but it is mighty little of it we find. The billionaires scoop up all the gold there is to be got, and say there are "forty thousand buried" in that underground thieves barn, and your letter most distinctly indicates that you mean forty thousand thieves. There are about four hundred thousand more thieves left, that I would like to take to the choice collection buried under that barn. No matter how many thieves we try to throw out, they always springs up to take their place, and always will to help us replace competition with co-operation, and manufacture for use and not for profit. The general good must be considered before the individual good. From each according to his ability, to each according to his need. That is the slogan of the thinking world, of that advanced civilization to which economic evolution is gradually rolling us. A world in which a man has to beg another man for the opportunity to work and get a right to live and keep his elevation, never appealed to me. The government which can't supply work to its people when they are willing to work, is no government at all, it's a farce. I am glad you raise good crops in Oklahoma. I know you'll be astonished to hear that there is a lighthouse here in New York, standing on a bare wave-swept rock and yet the people in that lighthouse raise everything they want for their needs. They raise tomatoes, peaches, corn, flour, peas, beans in fact everything you can imagine. Some of my relatives and friends will say: "Ah, there is Uncle Charlie, fibbing again." No, he isn't, he is not even romancing. You will ask how can these men raise all these things on a barren rock? Well, they do, they have a long rope, and raise them out of a boat.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have dark skin, also dark hair and eyes. My height is five feet and two inches, my weight is eighty-four pounds. I will be sixteen years old the 5th of next August. I will have my birthday?
I live on a farm. I like farm life fine. I have been picking up corn stalks. How many of the cousins like to pick up stalks? I don't like it very much.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Danderine

GROWS HAIR
and we can
PROVE IT!

A lady from Minnesota writes:
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

I have three brothers, I am the oldest and the only girl in the family. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, but guess I won't get to go today as it is raining. I have only one chum here, her name is Neal Fisher. We surely have some good times together. We are having a singing school at our schoolhouse now. We had music and singing together, last night, it sure was fine. How many of the cousins like song cards? I do. I have one hundred cards and a large album. I would like to exchange cards with the cousins. With love and best wishes to the cousins and Uncle Charlie, your niece,
WILLIE JOHNSTON. (No. 28,681.)

Miss Johnston, you say you didn't go to Sunday school because it rained. Don't let a little rain keep you away from church or Sunday school. Fair-weather Christians aren't much account in this world. If your shoes are in good condition, and you have an umbrella and rain coat go out and face the rain. It will do you good. Strange how people are scared of a little rain. Let the rain beat in your face, it is a dandy thing for the complexion. I'm very much interested in that singing school of yours. I've heard a good many singing men and singing women, singing birds and singing cats, but I don't think I ever heard a school that sung yet. We had a singing machine that was a Singer, but we never had a school that had any vocal ability whatsoever. I hope you will teach your singing school to render some of Uncle Charlie's songs, they are the real goods. I remember the first time I ever sang in public. Did I make a hit? I should smile, I made the hit of my life so did the audience. I was hit all over. I had been instructed before I went on the stage that if I got stage fright and forgot my lines I wasn't to stop singing, but was just to sing la, la, la, or tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, any thing so I could keep the melody going, and not come to a dead stop and make a jassack of myself. Well, I had stage fright all right, had it

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all over, and after I had sung bar or two, something happened, then I remembered about the la, la, la, and the tum, tum, tum. I guess it would have been all right, but the song I was singing, "She wore a wreath of roses," was about the worst thing that could have been selected for me, as you will see later on. With throbbing heart and shaking knees I faced the audience and sang

"And she wore a wreath of roses
Around her—tummy, tum tum."

That was my finish. Miss Johnston (I decline to call you Willie, as I think W. is the height of foolishness for a girl's name, I would just as soon call myself Susan) let us know when you're singing school is singing, and we'll all come to hear it. I hope if it sings the song I did that it won't break down in the middle and have to finish up with its tummy, tum, tum. Miss Johnston says they had singing and music together at her school. I'm ever so glad to hear it, as singing without music is sure death for anyone who hears it. I always get me pains on the regions of the tummy tum tum.

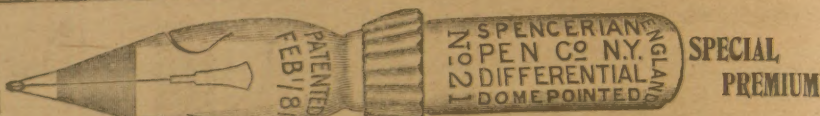
CLINTONVILLE, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I received your card and button some time ago and am very proud of them. Say Uncle I would like to learn a good trade and I'd like to have you tell me which you think would be the best profession in the world. I would like to become an inventor. I am five feet and six inches high and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and celebrated my twenty-first birthday the 15th of Oct., 1909.
How many of you like music? I am a great musician. I play on the organ, guitar, zither and violin and am a bass singer, having studied singing in the Illinois Conservatory of Chicago. Uncle, if ever you come to Wisconsin I will take you out to the Indian reservation and let you listen to one of the best Indian quartettes in the world. I know some, if you heard them sing one of their beautiful sacred songs you would never go back to your chicken coop again but would stay right here in Wisconsin forever.
Your loving nephew and cousin,
ARTHUR JAMUSCH. (No. 29,314.)

Arthur, you ask what is the best profession in the world. In these degenerate days I should say there is more money in being a billionaire than anything else. If you can't be a billionaire, why you might try being a millionaire. There is not so much money in being a millionaire as in being a trillionaire, but still being a millionaire, is quite a paying and agreeable profession. If you are a billionaire you can do lots of nice things. You can practically run the United States any old way you like. You can hold the nation in the hollow of your hand and squeeze every one of our free-born American citizens till there isn't three cents left in their pockets. You can control the United States Senate. You can order the appointment of judges, defy laws, commit murder and once every four years you can let the people vote for a president and jolly them into the idea that they are having something to say in the government of their own country, while as a matter of fact you, and two or three more brother millionaires will be the ones that are running it. Oh, there's no doubt of it, Arthur, if you want to take up a profession, the profession of American billionaire beats anything we have got in this world. Ask Oily John D. Hoot Mon Kiltie, Library Carnegie, Thomas (Miss) Fortune Ryan, who owns New York in conjunction with Tammany Hall. Ask the sugar trust Havemeyers who have taxed the American breakfast table mercilessly for years. Ask the beef trust bunch in Chicago if the profession of billionaire does not beat any profession in the world. I am sorry to say it's a business I never was able to get into. I had a conscience and a heart, and a man who possesses such things can't be a millionaire and in fact as a rule a man can't even make a respectable living. Billions can only be made by grinding the faces of the poor and sweating labor of its last dollar. So you want to become an inventor, Arthur, do you? Well, you wait a little while, and they will have a correspondence school of invention. All you will need to do will be to send in five dollars for a six-months course, and you'll be able to invent anything you want under Heaven, except these few things. You will never be able to invent a machine that will keep a man from rubbering at the girls when they lift their skirts to cross over a muddy street. You will never invent a machine to make a woman tell her correct age, after she gets over forty. You will never invent a machine that will prevent two rival Arctic explorers from calling each other liars; or a machine to make a woman quit looking her neighbors. If she does not think those neighbors are all they ought to be or a machine that will make a woman quit asking if her hat's on straight; or invent a set of false teeth that won't wobble when you're cracking nuts. And you will never invent a machine that will make the American people quit electing a lot of political grafters, whose one mission in life is to rob them. In conclusion I may also say you will never invent a machine that will provide you with sufficient money to pay your board unless you go out and hustle for it with good honest labor. Inventors are born, not made. You cannot become an inventor. I am the greatest inventor in the world, for I have invented a little page in COMFORT and sunshine for six millions of people every month, and I'll be darned if there is any invention in the world that brings such good results as that for two cents a month.

You say if you took me out to hear that Indian quartette sing I would never go back to my chicken coop. I can quite believe it, Arthur. I suppose you would bury me right on the spot where the singing took place. Most white quar-

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tettes are fatal to those who hear them, so I should imagine an Indian quartette would be sure death. Arthur, let me live a little while longer please.

GLADY, CARE WHEELER, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE:
I always enjoy reading the cousins' letters very much, especially your answers to them. This is a very pleasant little town in the heart of a forest. The only industry here is lumbering. There is a large sawmill here, and two at Gladly. Wheeler is three miles from the railroad, but the company that owns the mill has a "dinky-engine" which goes to Gladly every day and brings the mail. We have very little amusement here except Sunday school and preaching. This is a nice cool, healthy place to live. I received Uncle Charlie's Poems for a birthday gift and must say I would not part with them. I don't think there is anything on earth will do you more good, when you are feeling blue and out of sorts than to read "When Father Carved the Turk," or "Little Willie's Diary," they will make you see, and either one is a sure cure for the blues. All the cousins ought to have a copy. I will not tell you anything about myself, as my letter is getting too long already, and I would rather leave that to your imagination anyway. So I will close with love and best wishes to Uncle and all the cousins. Your loving niece,
ZULA O. DELLINGER. (No. 28,244.)

Zula, I'm so glad you enjoy this department. Mighty good thing you do and everyone else does, or I should be hunting a job, and good jobs are scarce. There is one remark you make in your letter that rather astonishes me. You say: "We have very little amusement here, except Sunday school and preaching." This is the first time that I ever heard Sunday school and preaching referred to as an amusement. You must have a very strange Sunday school and a very queer preacher, if they merely afford you amusement. I hope you were not serious when you made this remark. Strange things, however do occasionally happen in church. Colored preachers especially often adorn their sermons with stories and anecdotes that would make a brass monkey scream. I remember a preacher once who was waxing eloquent upon the subject of the creation. "Brethren," said the colored preacher, "de Lawd after He created de world, look around and survey His handiwork, and den He say: 'Dat am splendid-ferous.' Den de Lawd reached down to de ground and scooped up a handful of clay, and He worked it in His right hand, den He worked it in His left hand, den He form it into de shape of a man, and breathe into it de bref of life, and sot it up against de fence to dry. An de Lawd called dat first man Adam, and de Lawd contemplated His handiwork and say 'First class.' Den de Lawd He scooped up anoder handful of dirt and work it in His hands and breathe into it de bref of life, and sot it up against de fence to dry, and called it Eve, an dat was de first woman. And de Lawd contemplated His handiwork and said 'Splendiferous.' Now redren Adam and Eve was de first people de Lawd put on de earth." Just then a voice rang out from the back of the church: "Say brother Johnson, who built de fence?" Some of the stories told about colored preachers needless to say are not based on fact but the following one is. An old colored preacher after a more than eloquent sermon on a very hot Sunday, called to the officers of the church to take around the plates and gather up the usual collection, and then in the loudest tones he could command shouted: "Brethren and sistren, remember deis, de waters of life am free, but yod done got to pay for de hydrant." So glad, Zula, that you like my book of poems. I wish I could recite some of them so that all of you could hear them. I often dream I'm in a big theater; one bigger than the Forum at Rome, a building that would seat everyone of COMFORT's six million readers. Time and again in my dreams, I see COMFORT's vast family facing me, and I shout: "God bless you, God bless you all." Then I have a heart-to-heart talk with you all for an hour or so, and I can hear you laugh, applaud and cheer. Billy the Goat says he can see you throwing eggs, but I don't believe you would, unless he was there. Then I'd recite and sing for you and after the performance you'd all come up on the stage and we'd shake hands, and I'd be every one of you, even if I got my lip knocked off and my face pushed in for getting too confectionary. I'm the most affectionate cuss that ever lived. I love everybody—everybody's that good. Maybe though if you care to hear my voice I might speak a piece into a phonograph, or sing a song. I must take this matter up with Mr. Gannett. Where nature fails, science steps in, and after all I may yet be able to talk to the cousins in California and Texas, and points thousands of miles away. That is if you care to hear me. We'll see.

COPY, KY., Aug. 21, 1909.

COMFORT, AUGUST MAIN
DEAR SIR.—I receive your paper every month but I see my letters have not printed you will please tell me why you don't print them I have never received anything from you I get your paper all O K but have not my letters in it so let me here from you and tell me what to do
Yours respt
ALLIE JOHNSON

Allie I humbly apologize for not having put a letter of yours in print, because anyone who has such a marvellous command of English and who is such an expert at punctuation, diction and orthography not only deserves publicity, but a bunch of medals that would not only cover every portion of the body, but girdle the globe, and put a ring round every star in the Milky Way. You address COMFORT at "August Main." I am sorry to say there is no such state in the Union, and no such city. There is an Augusta, Maine, but no August Main. You mention the fact that you receive your "paper." We don't issue any paper, Allie, though we do publish a paper, and we don't publish letters, though we do print letters. I am sorry we "hant" printed one of yours, with the accent on the "hant," but we don't guarantee to print anyone's letters, and we should certainly never print letters that gave evidence of shocking fillety, except for the purpose of awakening our legislators to the fact that there is a crying need for more schools and teachers, and a better system for imparting knowledge in certain sections of our country than exists at present. You further state with exquisite literary finish, that "you hant never received anything from us." Now, Allie, what did you expect to receive from us. You paid for your paper, twenty-five cents for twelve issues, and are getting a publication worth double the amount of your outlay. Now what more do you expect from us? You have received all that your money entitles you to. If you went to the store and paid a quarter for a dozen eggs would you sit down and write to the storekeeper and tell him that "You hant received anything from him." No, you wouldn't be so foolish, and if you did write to the storekeeper, he would imagine you had taken leave of your senses. Now, COMFORT gives just as good value, and a great deal better value than the storekeeper, for out of a dozen eggs you might find half of them bad, while you never find a bad issue of COMFORT. You are evidently under the impression that your quarter not only entitled you to all the space you wanted in our

columns for your exquisite literary products, but that you were also entitled to a steam yacht, an automobile, a bushel of diamonds, King Edward's monocle, an airship, a thirty-story house and lot, and a nomination for the presidency etc., etc. Now Allie, I'm not running this department for the benefit of any single person, not even yourself. I get more letters in a day than I can print in ten years and I've only space for ten or a dozen monthly and not you or any one else except COMFORT's publisher and myself, will decide what is to go into these columns. Great Heavens, who do you think would want to read this paper if I filled columns after columns with letters that looked like the alphabet on a flag. You must remember that I have to consider the millions of people who pay for COMFORT and who expect good literary matter, and not cater to the vanity of anyone person. If I had humored your whim, and the whims of thousands of others whose letters expose nothing but the ignorance of the writers, our good publisher would be in bankruptcy and the whole COMFORT family would rise up, and come to either "August (or September), main," and dynamite the COMFORT building and leave me a clammy corpse, weltering in my juicy and poetic gore. Now let this lesson be a warning to you and to all of you. Nothing but merit or some other quality of item of interest in a letter that I think of as certain our readers will ever induce me to print it. Those who insist on having their letters printed can write to our advertising manager who will publish any quantity at our usual rate, five dollars per line. In conclusion, Allie, you say "let me here" (you mean hear don't you?) from you, and tell me what to do. Now my dear child, I will tell you what to do, and tell you in all kindness and all seriousness. You are a citizen of the best country on earth, a country that needs strong, earnest, educated men and women. Ignorance is the curse that has blighted the world, and put a sword in the hands of powerful and unscrupulous men with which to smite the weak. Now read, study, write, think, learn to spell, learn something about punctuation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Eggs for Hatching

PEOPLE who are going in for early broilers will be starting their incubators soon, now, so a few general hints about the care of the hens which are to produce the eggs, and the eggs themselves, will be of interest to many of our readers. First of all, select your very best hens, and mate them with the very best male bird you can afford. Remember, the sire is more than half the flock, so must be true to shape and color of his breed, even if the hens are only ordinary specimens of their kind. If you are keeping Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, or any of the other heavy breeds, don't allow more than ten hens with each male. With Leghorns, Minorcas, and any of the light, active breeds, fifteen to twenty hens can run with one rooster. If it is possible, it is best to give all breeding stock free range, as plenty of exercise insures their offspring being strong and hardy. The eggs should be well shaped and of fair average size, and it is better to keep them as short a time as possible whilst collecting the quantity necessary to fill the incubator. Keep them in an even temperature of about sixty degrees. Our plan is to fill shallow boxes with bran, and then stand the eggs small end down. They should be turned every day until used. If you send for eggs from a distance, unpack them when they arrive, and stand them up in boxes filled with bran. Leave them undisturbed for twenty-four hours before putting into the incubator. This is to allow the yolk to resume a perfect balance in the center of the egg, which is necessary after the shaking and jolting of the railway journey. When a new incubator is purchased, study the instructions which are sure to be sent with it, and master them thoroughly before attempting to run the machine. General points which must be remembered are as follows: The machine must stand perfectly level. A light, dry cellar is a good location for it, but if it has to be run in a room, it must be where there is no fire or heating apparatus of any sort. Light the lamp and test the machine for twenty-four hours before putting the eggs into it. Trim and fill the lamp at the same hour every day. After the second day, turn the eggs every twenty-four hours until the nineteenth day. After the morning of the nineteenth day, don't open the door of the machine until the end of the twenty-first day or the morning of the twenty-second day, according to the rate at which the eggs are hatching. An egg which is only a day old when put into the incubator will hatch several hours earlier than eggs which were five or six days old. Be careful to wash your hands after trimming the lamp before turning the eggs, as any grease on the hands will injure the eggs. Eggs should be tested on the seventh, eighth and fifteenth days. When the air space at the large end of the egg is small, there is too much moisture. If, on the other hand, it appears too large, more moisture is needed. The condition can be noted easily when testing the eggs. A little experience will enable you to judge correctly. The air space is one of the best indications of a fresh egg, for it is almost imperceptible until the egg is a day old; from then on it grows very gradually if kept at the temperature of sixty degrees. But when placed in the incubator, or under a hen,

RHODE ISLAND REDS.



and sell for setting. Many people buy for table use at ordinary market prices, and then use them for hatching. How can I stop it?

A.—The only way to prevent people practicing such economy at your expense is to keep part of your hens in a separate house and yard for market eggs, keeping no male birds with them. It is what the large poultry people are compelled to do. You will find that as soon as customers in your neighborhood know that there are no roosters allowed with the stock kept for table use, they will mend their ways.

E. D. B.—Please tell me what to do for chickens, old and young, who have pip. Some look as hard as their toenails. Nearly all die when the pip is taken off.

A.—Some authorities say that pip is not really a disease in itself, but merely a symptom of a diseased condition, which is liable to appear during an attack of cold or feverish indigestion. The pip is really only a dried condition of the tongue itself, caused by the bird's hot breath passing over it. Touch the tongue several times a day with glycerine. Keep the bird in a small coop, and administer a small dose of Epsom salt, twenty grains twice a morning, running. Lewis Wright, poultry expert, recommends removing the pip with your nail or some sharp instrument, and anointing with honey and borax. Give light nourishing food for three or four days.

F. V.—I had eighty chickens, hatched under eight hens. Now I have only forty-seven, the oldest only six weeks old. Most of them do nicely until two weeks old, then they all have diarrhea. Some have diarrhea only the weakness. They are kept warm, they have good beds, are fed with moistened corn meal and pepper, and after two weeks, scratching food.

A.—Moistened corn meal is not good food for little chicks. It is too concentrated and heating, and upsets the digestive organs, which causes general weakness and frequently diarrhea. Use the chick-food from the beginning. It is much safer. Also be sure to supply sharp grit in chick size, and if they are confined to a restricted space, animal and vegetable food of some sort. Read the beginning of this month on brooding and feeding little chicks. Be careful in the quantity of animal food you give them at first. There should not be more than half a teaspoonful for each chick, divided into three feeds.

A. M. C.—I have lots of chickens, and they refuse to eat whole and cracked corn. What can I feed them?

A.—I have never known chickens to refuse corn if they are hungry. Perhaps you feed too much. I am supposing, of course, that you refer to mature chickens. Whole corn, and even some cracked corn, is too large for young and half-grown chicks. Wheat, barley, buckwheat, kafir corn, and hulled oats, are all good poultry foods. Wheat and buckwheat and hulled oats in equal parts would be a good mixture for the winter months.

F. D.—The machine you inquire about is no longer on the market. Soon after the article to which you refer was written, the manufacturers refused to reply to them to the New York dealers, saying that they had lost money on the entire output.

E. G.—(1) We wish to know what is the proper time to put roosters with the hens for hatching. (2) Will the roosters from the same hatch as the pullets be all right? (3) Are pullets' eggs better than old hens' eggs for hatching?

A.—(1) The flocks should be made up about three weeks before eggs are required for setting. (2) If you are quite sure that the parent birds of your present stock were in no way related, it would not do much harm to use the cockerels that you have raised. But if you are not quite sure, it would be safer to sell the males you have, and buy new birds from entirely different families. (3) No; pullets' eggs are no better; in fact, I prefer eggs from two or three-year-old hens, as I am convinced from experience that they produce larger and stronger birds. If you cannot dispose of your cockerels and buy others, mate the pullets with the parent rooster, and the cockerels with the parent hens, rather than the cockerels with the pullets.

P. N.—Where can I get foreign stock—White-Faced Black Spanish, Blue Andalusians, White-Crested Black Polish?

A.—I cannot give breeders' addresses in this column. If any of our correspondents are keeping the birds you ask for, and they care to send me a description of their birds, give me your address and enclose a stamp, and I will forward the same to you.

Mrs. C.—Are egg-shells, roasted and broken fine, good for chicks; and if so, how often should they be fed?

A.—Egg-shells need not be roasted. Just break them up moderately small. Birds can have any quantity. Mix with the oyster-shells a quantity of which should always be before hens.

B. S. W.—What is the matter with our chicks? Between the ages of one and three months they commence to get dumpy. Their feathers hang down, they get so they won't eat; just sit about with closed eyes, and don't move when we approach, and soon die. We feed Johnny-cake until old enough to eat corn.

A.—Indigestion, ending in acute liver complaint. Banish the Johnny-cake, and depend entirely upon dry grain. Cracked corn, wheat and oats, mixed with kafir corn and millet. Or buy the ready-mixed chick-food, several brands of which are on the market.

R. P.—I started to keep chickens last spring, and I had fairly good luck until now. I had a hatch from an incubator last May, and two others from chicks. I have not lost any of the chickens while real small, but now they are dying. They seem to be all right when they come out in the morning, but when I feed, or toward half-past seven, I find two or three staggering around. This seems to be the case with all the chicks, and they can't get around from one place to another only by floundering. And then in about two hours they are dead. I feed mash in the morning and at night I give them barley, wheat and crushed corn. I don't know much about chickens, but I would like to learn, as they interest me. Is boiled potato-peeling good

LARGE POULTRY FARM.

where the heat is sufficient to start it, the growth of the air space is quite rapid, and will occupy about one fifth of the shell by the sixteenth day. The instructions sent with each different machine give specific orders about the method of supplying or decreasing moisture, and they should be followed carefully, as every make has its own peculiarities. Don't be in a hurry to take the chicks out of the incubator. They need neither food nor water for twenty-four hours after hatching, so a few hours running possibly hurt them. Have the brooder running steadily at ninety-eight degrees before putting the chicks into it, and see that they go under the hover in the evening, for it sometimes happens that they will crowd into one of the cold corners and become chilled, until they learn to realize where the warmth is located. For the first feed, cover the bottom of a pie-plate with sand or bird-gravel, and scatter a little finely-chopped hard-boiled egg over it, then they are sure to get a percentage of sand with their first feed, which is most important, as it is needed to help them digest the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen just before they break out of the shell. After the first day, depend on dry chick-food, and scatter it on the floor of the brooder, which should be thickly covered with cut hay. Feed only in small quantities every two or three hours, to insure their having to scratch for their living, which means health and good digestion. A small pan should be kept in the brooder, filled with fine grit, charcoal and bran, and fresh water in a vessel that they can only get their heads into. They should have vegetable and animal food once every day. Lean beef or liver, chopped fine, to take the place of insects. Lettuce leaves, tops of green onions, or clover, are good vegetables. Follow the above hints, closely, and you will have strong and healthy chickens.

Correspondence

A. D.—Will you tell me how to make eggs useless for hatching? I keep first-class Rhode Island Reds,

when mixed in mash? I read your column in the paper every month, but I do not understand the diseases of poultry. Kindly give me some information. I enclose stamped and addressed envelope for a personal letter.

A.—First, there was no addressed envelope enclosed, and only initials signed to your letter, so I could not possibly answer by mail. I think the only explanation is possible. Chickens hatched in May. Which has shown the heat of the season, and so some other possibility at this stage. Rough on birds, or some other reason that description must have been used about your place. Postscript: are all right in small quantities for laying flocks, and in larger quantities for birds which are being fattened for table.

G. S. H.—Comb should be large and upright, with solid points. Face, wattles red, ear-lobes white.

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Give immediate relief in cases of Hoarseness, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and Asthma. Fifty years reputation as an article of superior merit, free from anything harmful.

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TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new

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The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

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It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

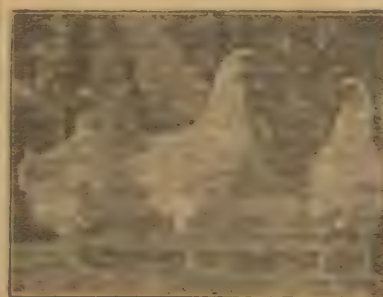
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are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler almost without any loss, and the broilers are of the best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

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in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEP-

THREE POUND ROASTERS TEN WEEKS OLD
E. R. PHILO, PUBLISHER,The Birth of the New Year
A Watch Night Story
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

give this night, the last in the old year. As he has to forgive you much, so has he to forgive me still more, for I have been your shepherd, and a poor one I have proven. In the days when I first came here I was fired with the true spirit of the gospel. My words burned and inspired. Such outpourings of grace as we then had, are not witnessed now. Perhaps the times have changed and we are less sincere in our protestations of faith and devotion to Christ but God has not changed. He calls us today just as He did forty years ago. Friends, old friends do not let your preacher's shortcomings keep you from living the kind of life you are created to lead."

The city girl began to tremble. She realized that this old, bent man had seen behind the cosmetics with which she smeared her face. "You're in wrong, and it's right today just as it was forty or four hundred years ago, or for that matter, two thousand. No excuses of a broader outlook or a better understanding of life excuse that which is sinful." Mary Wilson understood what he meant, and she looked with disgust upon her gleaming diamonds. They seemed like evil eyes which had looked on much that was wrong in her poor, useless life.

"We are all under obligations. We cannot afford my friends, as a plain business proposition to yoke ourselves to a broken life, a saddened heart." How the blood rushed into Sim's face. This old pastor knew how to stab, to hit hard, but none of it was done from behind.

"I have talked long to you. I have saddened these last moments of the old year for you, friends, but I have felt it necessary for you are in my charge, I must answer for you to my God. There is so much good in you all, every one," and his kind eyes rested for a moment upon the crimson face beneath the richly plumed hat, "that needs only to be brought forth. It is never too late as long as life lasts, but we all must die just as this year is dying. Friends," his voice rung out like a trumpet call, and leaving the platform he strode down the aisle, and fung open the door, "come here," and he passed out on the steps.

It was an impressive scene. All about the little village, some of them had never left all their lives, lay brooding in the solemn stillness of the midnight hours. A snowy mantle covered the ground, lay on the roofs, and even on the tower of the town hall. High in the sky rode the full moon, which bathed everything in its softening light. It lit up the rugged face of the tall, gaunt, white-haired old preacher; the excited face of the girl in her fashionable attire; the time-worn face of Elizabeth Simpson and the worried one of her husband; the crafty one of the Ezra Corrie the money lender, and the young, sad one of little Emmie, the deserted sweetheart. Standing in the door was Sim who had done his best to break her heart, and with a new expression on his implacable face was Jack Frey who was beginning to realize that life holds something better worth while than unkind pranks directed against others.

The pastor raised his hand and pointed to the town clock.

"My people in five minutes more the old year will be dead, gone beyond our recall. Are you willing to let it pass before you have thrown off the garments of unrighteousness? Are you willing to take your sins into the new year with you? I have shown you, come on back with me. In three minutes more the hour of the New Year will strike. It may be the last on earth for many of us. Decide," and then turning he brushed past them, and on back to the platform, his people blindly following him, their forms shaking, their eyes streaming.

As he reached the platform, he cried: "Let us pray," and kneeling his congregation listened to the bells pealing in the New Year.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Why not keep in style? Make your light mustache a rich brown or black. Use

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ING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 16 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

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One of our secrets of success is to save all the chicks that are fully developed at hatching, much better in they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents each.

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Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply, any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

Our New Brooder Saves 2 Cents on Each Chicken.

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. E. B. Philo, Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 30, '09.
Dear Sir:—No doubt you will be interested to learn of our success in keeping poultry by the Philo System. Our first year's work is now nearly completed. It has given us an income of over \$600.00 from six pedigree hens and one cockerel. Had we understood the work as well as we now do after a year's experience, we could easily have made \$1000.00 from six hens. In addition to the profits from the sale of pedigree chicks, we have cleared over \$500.00, running our hatchery plant consisting of 66 Cycle Hatchers. We are pleased with the results and expect to do better the coming year. With best wishes, we are,
Very truly yours, Mrs. C. P. Goodrich.

Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1909.
My Dear Mr. Philo:—I want to tell you how pleased I am with my use of the Philo System during the past year. The fowls laid exceptionally well in the new Economy Coop, much better in proportion than those in my old style house. The fireless brooder has solved the problem for me of raising extra early chicks. I am going into your methods more extensively this coming year.

Wishing you success, I am,
Sincerely yours, (Rev.) E. B. Templar.
Send \$1.00 direct to the publisher and a copy of the latest revised edition of the book will be sent you by return mail.

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If ordered together we send both for \$10. Freight paid east of Rock-Is. Hot water, copper tanks, double walls, double glass doors. Free catalog describes them. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 24, Racine, Wis.

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And Almanac for 1910 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickdom. Only 10c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 700, Freeport, Ill.

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Pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and incubators at lowest prices. Send for "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10c. for postage. J. W. Miller Co., Box 200, Freeport, Ill.

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in all. Address all orders to
NEEDLECRAFT, 14 Chapel St., Augusta, Maine.

"My Lady Beth"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and his eyes glowed with the fire of battle that
was habitual to him when he found himself on
the verge of dealing with any critical problem.
He waited patiently, until she paused to draw
breath in the midst of a vivacious description,
when he arrested her with a gesture, and looking
straight into her eyes he said resolutely yet
gently, "My Lady Beth, it won't do. You and I
are keeping up a game at cross-purposes. You
know, as well as I, that we can never feel at
ease with each other, can never settle down to
anything like real friendliness, until we have
freely discussed a certain subject and had it out
with each other. I mean Miss Crawford's will
and plans for us, and that is just what I am
here for now. It was my only chance, for you
know I have not been able to get a word alone
with you during the last week. It is true you
wrote me frankly on the subject, asking me to
release you from the long contemplated union,
assuming that the idea of it was as repulsive to
me as it is to yourself, and—"

"Of course," Beth here interposed, her cheeks
like scarlet geraniums. "Could it be anything
but repulsive—that scheme to coerce two people
to marry each other just to secure a fortune?"
"That part of it I grant," gravely replied
Philip, "is a repulsive scheme. I think it was al-
most a criminal thing to do, for there are men
and women in the world who would agree to
it just for the sake of the money, without regard
to compatibility of temperament, or any other
conscientious consideration, and be miserable ever
after. With that view of it I immediately signi-
fied my willingness to do as you suggested, reserv-
ing, however, the privilege of discussing the sub-
ject further with you. But as I thought more
of the matter, especially after Teddy opened my
eyes to certain things and I found you had
evaded my visit by going to York Harbor, I be-
gan to think there must also be a personal re-
pulsion on your part so deeply settled that you
could not even tolerate meeting me. Tell me,
Lady Beth, am I, personally, repulsive to you?"
he concluded in a tone that trembled in spite of
his manhood.

Beth's nether lip was fiercely gripped between
her small white teeth. This sudden intrusion in their
con-versation had taken her wholly by surprise,
and nearly deprived her of her poise. Philip per-
sonally repulsive to her! Oh, if he had even a
suspicion of the truth, where should she go to
hide her mortification? Then her quivering soul
sprang to arms. He had no right to probe her
thus, and her only refuge was to break down the
taboo upon himself. She sat erect and raised a
pair of blazing eyes to him. "Can you ask me
that?" she demanded, and then could have
shrieked with agony at what she had done.

He went white to his lips; yet he did not
flinch a hair. Looking straight back at her he
quietly replied, "I understand, and I see it was
a presumptuous question. Still, you have been
so kind to me during our visit to Ted that, with
th assurance of your forgiveness, I began to
hope you would eventually forget that rash
speech. But I see it still rankles in your heart,
and I cannot blame you either." He paused but
Beth remained silent. She knew if she attempted
to speak, she would burst into violent weeping
and shamelessly betray her secret then and there.

"I cannot blame you," he presently repeated
in the same quiet, repressed tone. "It was a
dreadful thing to say, no matter what the provo-
cation; but surely, Beth, you do not believe that
I deliberately gave expression to an actually ex-
istent state of thought or sentiment. You can-
not believe that I was so disloyal, so hypocritical
towards the child of whom I was really so very
fond in those old days. See here," he interposed
with a slight start as he drew a wallet from his
coat and began to search its pockets. "You
would not write to me; you would not even send
me a message through others; you would not
allow me to have a likeness of yourself during
all these years, so I have had to content myself
with this one, poor little memento of the past."

He had found a yellow, time-worn envelope
from which he slipped a small photograph, and
showed it to her. It was a picture that had been
taken of her only a few months before he went
away. It showed a child of about twelve years,
in a short dress, her hair drawn straight back
from her forehead and woven into a massive
braid that hung over one shoulder. The face
was plain, the features irregular, the nose a de-
cided pug, the brow and upper part of the head
being too large in proportion to the lower part
of the face; the figure undeveloped, the pose stiff
and awkward; and judged by a disinterested
person, or at that moment by Beth's sensi-
tive, lazarized pride, it was the likeness of a very
unattractive child that seemed to mock her fresh
with cruel memories of that never-to-be-forgot-
ten experience amid the dense foliage of the old
beech. Every nerve in her body prickled as from
the shock of an electric battery at the sight,
goaded her to renewed indignation against, and
unjust misinterpretation, of the man sitting be-
side her.

"So you preserved that as a reminder," she
began with curling lips; then would have
snatched the picture from him to reduce it to
atoms and annihilate forever the last souvenir
of that "freckle-faced fright" of long ago.

But he was too quick for her. He arrested her
hands, captured and slipped the picture back into
its envelope and out of sight, thus preserving it
from destruction.

"How you misjudge me," he said reproachfully,
"but, let me tell you, I have kept that picture—
always shall keep it—because I had and could
get no other, and—"

his voice suddenly soft-
ened—because I loved that little girl not for
her beauty as you have said, but for her
moral worth, her unimpeachable loyalty to her
friends, and to principle, young as she was. She
had her faults,—oh, yes—a temper that could
cut and slash at times for one thing; but from
the day she became My Lady Beth to the boy
who meddled with her doll, he never really
swerved from his allegiance to her. Now have I
proved to you that I never had any personal re-
pulsion for you, in spite of that one cruel bit
of evidence against me?" he concluded with an ear-
nestness that thrilled Beth with secret rapture.

She had turned away from him and was again
looking out of the window, for his assertion that
he had loved that little girl had evidently made
her shy and afraid to meet his glance lest he
should suspect the truth.

"Do you believe me, Lady Beth?" he ques-
tioned appealingly, as she did not respond to his
previous question.

"Will you prove it?" she asked, her eyes still
fastened upon the fitting landscape outside.

"I should be more than glad to do so. How
can I?" he eagerly inquired.

"Will you give me that picture? It is hide-
ous."

His face fell. "No," he said gravely after a
moment's thought. "As I told you, I shall keep
it always. I am sorry though, if that is the
only convincing proof I can give you of my
loyalty."

Beth's heart bounded within her. She could
almost have shouted with joy at his refusal. The
very fact that he would not part with the hide-
ous picture at any cost, was better proof to her
that he had never experienced personal repulsion
for her, than any he could have offered or she
demanded. She suddenly turned a bright face to
him which rather belied her deprecatory tone as
she said, "How childish you must think me,
and I have broken our compact to put the past
behind us. I have no reason to doubt your word,
Philip, and I promise I will be guilty of no
more unpleasant reminders in the future. Now
tell me—"

"Yes there is one thing more I want to tell
you just here," Philip hastily interposed as he
realized she was about to switch him off upon
some subject that was wholly foreign to what
they had been talking of. "It may seem prema-
ture and even more presumptuous than what I

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have already said. I told you I loved that little
girl as a boy loves a loyal friend, but during the
week we have spent together I have learned to
love you, Beth, as a man loves the woman whom
he wishes to make his wife. Can you believe me,
dear? It has come to me suddenly, this awaken-
ing, but it is none the less true, none the less
absorbing. Will you let me try to win you,
My Lady Beth?"

But Beth suddenly froze again at this amazing
avowal, her proud and sensitive heart taking in-
stant alarm as the thought suggested itself that,
possibly Aunt Eliza's fortune might hold some
temptation for him after all, and she never,
never would marry him for that money. "No—
no—we have settled all that, Philip. It is not
to be thought of," she faltered tremulously.
He scanned the flushed downcast face earnest-

ly. Could she have seen his eyes he must have
won. "Beth—I love you," he pleaded. "Have
you nothing to give me in return?"

"Please, please drop it," she said with a
queer catch in her breath. "It—it is impos-
sible."

"Impossible!" he repeated with a sudden tight-
ening of his lips. "I will not believe that—yet."
But Beth had taken refuge once more at the
window and was mute, and the disappointed
suitor was also obliged to hold his peace.

Presently he excused himself and went into the
smoker, and Beth, glad to be left alone, laid
her head back upon her pillow, closed her eyes,
and revelled in those blessed words, "I love you
now as a man loves the woman whom he wishes
to make his wife."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

For roup in chickens, use equal parts of lard and sulphur.
For ring-worm, break a stalk of milkweed and rub the spot and it will disappear in a few days.
A few letters would be gladly welcomed by a snowed-in sister.

Mrs. A. MONETTE, Emily, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

While we have been subscribers to COMFORT for several years, and enjoyed all its different departments, this is my first letter to the Sister's Corner. I live on a homestead with my husband, five miles from Pine Bluffs and like the country fine. We have one child left us, a girl of six years old, having lost our baby girl last fall. We came here a year ago last March from Iowa in order to get land and since that time a great number of Eastern people have located here. The climate is delightful, the nights always cool, no hot winds and no severe storms. We can raise anything here that can be grown farther East and it brings better prices. We have corn, millet, potatoes and all kinds of garden vegetables. And in addition to farming, stock raising is extensive. I raise lots of chickens and we now have a nice start in cattle and horses. There are lots of people coming here right along and buying deeded land and relinquishments, as the homestead land is mostly taken. Deeded land sells at from twelve dollars to twenty dollars an acre and relinquishments at from eight hundred to two thousand. Price depends on location mostly. Should any of the sisters be interested in this country I will gladly give information to all who send stamp for reply. I would like to hear from the sisters.
Can any sister send a recipe for pumpkin butter like our grandmothers made when fruit was scarce?
Mrs. E. E. ROLAND, Pine Bluffs, Wyo.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

May God bless you all for your kindness. Folded away in the portfolio of my memory will always be the recollections of the beautiful letters, cards and little gifts. I prize them as the choicest mementos and cannot tell you the pleasure they gave.
To the dear patient shut-ins all I can say is trust in God. He doeth all things well. I am very anxious to have and wonder if anyone could send me "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe. Thanking you all again and sincerely,
Miss Ida E. WAKE, Fullerton, Balto. Co., Md.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I come to thank all who responded to my request which appeared in these columns. I moved from Boswell, Oklahoma, and only a part of my mail was forwarded, but I certainly appreciated all I received and replied to as many as I was able to. My affection is neuralgia of the heart and at times I am a great sufferer, but still not as badly off as some. I enjoy all the letters and should be glad to hear from any reader at any time.
Mrs. PATTIE B. DUNKIN, Bokchito, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

My theology is long in coming to those who so kindly wrote me and never received any answer or even a word of thanks. I have not been well for a long time and I do not know what ails me. I have tried many remedies but all fail. From personal experience I know God answers prayer, and now I desire to trust to his healing hand and ask the prayers of all who have the faith to believe.
Will some sisters who know give us a list of brain, nerve and blood foods, or information as to where such could be found. May God bless and prosper everyone of you, protect you and keep you in his loving care is the wish of
Mrs. LAURIE K. HAYGOOD, Atlanta, Ga.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

How to Cook a Steak

The ordinary way is to put the frying pan on the stove and dump into it a large chunk of butter, when this is hot enough to begin to crackle the beef is put in. The cook never thinks of covering it and the smoke and steam of its cooking are a real nuisance. When it begins to look like an old rubber shoe sole, it is called done but there is no more taste to meat cooked that way than there is to a chip.
Now if you want a good bit of steak, have a good clear hot fire, set on your clean pan, pound your steak and when your pan is very hot, lay in your steak and cover quickly. As soon as it has crisped enough to let go its hold on the pan, turn over, and cover quickly, then turn again as at first and continue to do so about every two minutes until you have turned it about six or eight times. Have a hot buttered dish ready for it and lay it in. Add a sprinkling of pepper, salt and a little sugar (though the sugar may be omitted if preferred), and cover the dish tightly.
Now if you wish a gravy put a bit of butter in your pan. When this is hot, rub in a pinch of flour, and add a small teaspoonful of boiling water. Let it boil a few minutes, then put it in a gravy boat, instead of instead of your beef to draw out the juice. Just try this way of cooking steak and you will never return to the old way. The recipe was given me by an old butcher who was noted for liking the good things of earth.

Two Clear Lemon Pies

Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water and stir in one and one half pints of boiling water. Keep stirring until it thickens. Just before setting it away to cool add one teaspoonful of butter. Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of two lemons, and stir in with about a cup and a half of sugar. The quantity of sugar must be governed largely by taste as lemons vary so much in size and juiciness. Before the corn starch is fully cold, add to it the lemon and sugar. The pie plates, prick it to prevent its rising unevenly, and bake. Fill these crusts with the mixture and return them to the oven until thoroughly heated, then spread over them a meringue made of the whites of three eggs. Brown it delicately and cool the pies gradually. They should be entirely cold when served.

Delicious Cream Puffs

Put one cup of boiling water and one half cup of butter in a large saucepan and set on the stove. While this is boiling stir in a cupful of dry sifted flour. Stir rapidly until all the ingredients are of a smooth paste. Take from the stove and when lukewarm stir into the mixture, one at a time, three eggs not beaten. Stir all this together into a smooth paste, taking ten minutes to mix properly. Butter a large pan heated hot and drop the mixture on in tablespoonfuls, leaving room between. Bake twenty or thirty minutes in a hot oven, rapidly as possible with the burning. Avoid opening the oven door as much as possible. When cool make a slit in the side, with a pair of clean scissors, and fill with a nicely flavored custard or whipped cream. When made as here directed these cream puffs are even more than delicious. N. P.

Cold Cabbage Slaw

Take a good-sized cabbage and chop up fine, then prepare a dressing as follows: One cup vinegar, one scant teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful mustard, one cup good thick cream, two eggs well beaten. Put the vinegar, salt and sugar on to warm and just before it boils stir in the mustard which should be well mixed, then the eggs, and then the cream. Let all boil and pour over the cabbage, drain off and warm again. Do this several times until the cabbage is well scalded. Mrs. T. CHUR.

Egg and Vegetable Salad

Eight large potatoes, six eggs, hard boiled, two onions, medium size, two beets, medium size, two cucumbers, medium size. When potatoes have cooled chop together with eggs, onions, beets and cucumber, reserving two eggs to slice for top of dish. Then use for a dressing a half pint cream seasoned with salt, butter, three eggs to thicken the same and one quarter pint of vinegar and one third cup sugar. If less of the dressing is preferred use two eggs, one quarter pint of cream, one third pint nearly of vinegar and of sugar one quarter pint. Ella M.

Sweet Cakes

Three cups of flour, a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix well with the flour, then beat one egg, a cup of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and one quarter teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the cream, egg and sugar and then mix with the flour to a stiff dough, add a little more flour if needed and flavor to suit taste. I always flavor mine with vanilla, and think they are fine. N. S. W.

Hamburg Apples

Pare large, tart apples, remove the cores, fill the cavities with quince jelly and sift powdered sugar on thickly. Have as many squares of bread, with

crusts cut off, as there are apples, and place a filled apple on each. Arrange them on an earthen pie plate, moisten well with little jelly dissolved in water, cover closely and bake in rather quick oven till apples are done. Serve with whipped cream.

Snow Tart

Bake an open crust, and then fill with whipped cream, sweetened a little and flavored with vanilla. Sprinkle this with grated cocoanut, and dot with bits of currant jelly. Mrs. DAVID BROWN.

Nice Cheap Custard

Four eggs, one quart of milk, two thirds cup of sugar, pinch of salt, little nutmeg and piece of butter. Cooked in hot oven in pan of hot water is much nicer than if simply baked.

Ginger Cake

One cup of molasses, piece of butter size of an egg, stir as stiffly as possible with flour, then add one cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger. The batter will seem thin but will turn out all right. LAURA POWELL.

Vinegar Pie

One cup of sugar, one and one half cups of hot water, one tablespoonful of sharp vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon and bake with only one crust. Mrs. A. SCHREIBER.

Ventian Egg

One quart can of tomatoes, butter size of an egg, salt, pepper, one cup of chopped onions, and one cup of grated cheese, boil all together hard for fifteen minutes, then set on back of stove and just before serving hot, add very slowly one well beaten egg. Serve with toasted crackers, very nice. LUCINDA HALL.

Black Bean Soup

Soak one pint of beans over night, in the morning drain off and cover with fresh water, bring to the boiling point, drain, then add two quarts of cold water and simmer slowly for an hour. Then add medium-sized onion, eight cloves, little cinnamon, white pepper, salt, one stick chopped celery, and let boil gently for an hour. Press through a colander, dilute with hot milk or water if necessary and add a generous amount of butter. Serve hot with chopped hard-boiled eggs or toasted bread. O. F. P.

Raisin and Nut Cakes

One third cup of butter, one cup each of sugar and buttermilk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and soda, a little nutmeg, one cup chopped raisins, same of nuts of any kind and two cups of flour. Drop on buttered tins. Mrs. A.

White Liniment

This is good for sores. Take two eggs, beat up well, fill the egg shells with vinegar, add to the eggs and beat. Then add the same amount of turpentine and beat all together.

For Piles

Take horse chestnuts and crush, put in a stone or iron dish and cover with good lard, put on the back of the stove and simmer very slowly till nuts are very soft, mash frequently.

For Rheumatism

For first attack take small teaspoonful of Rochelle salts once a day. Sometimes this will help old cases.

For Tape Worms

Take a dose of Castor oil upon getting up in the morning, then in two or three hours eat one third of a quart of shelled pumpkin seeds. At noon eat half of what are left and for supper eat the rest. Eat nothing else all day and drink as little water as possible. On going to bed take a big dose of Castor oil. This will bring results in almost every case.

Mrs. J. L. R. try this remedy for warts: Have a druggist put up one half pint turpentine, one half pint alcohol, one ounce corrosive sublimate, one ounce camphor, one half ounce blue stone. Shake well and bathe warts thoroughly once or twice a day.

Requests

Miss Lois K. Fuller, Henderson, E. D. 5, N. C., would like a calla lily bulb.

The next wishes to hear from residents of New Mexico and also from anyone knowing of a cure for wheezing in a baby's throat. She doesn't seem to have a cold but wheezes badly, especially when asleep.

Mrs. Ada Horkins, West Plains, Mo.

Mrs. Trenton Beard, Vilas, S. Dak., who has recently moved to a new home, would greatly appreciate quilt squares or pieces for quilt making.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER. THE LEACH SANATORIUM, of Indianapolis, Ind., has published a book on cancer, which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer; tells what to do in case of pain, bleeding, odor, etc., instructs in the care of the patient, and is in fact a valuable guide in the management of any case. This book is sent free to those interested who write for it, mentioning this paper.

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Is Your Father a Drinking Man?
Is Your Son on the Downward Way?

YOU CAN SAVE HIM

Write to This Woman Today

She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used. The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today. She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON.
775 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.
Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.
Name.....
Address.....

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

EASY TO EARN This Beautiful Illustrated Family Bible, 10 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches, 888 pages, for selling one dozen boxes Famous Vossena Healing Salve, the world's greatest remedy for healing Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Skin Diseases, Sore Feet, etc. Big surprise offer with each 25c box for your customers. When sold, send us \$3.00 and the Big Bible is yours. Other big premiums. Send us your name and address. We take back unsold goods. Write at once to **VOSENA CO., 630 Vossena Building, Washington, D. C.**

WORK AT HOME Men, women or young people can make good money at home taking subscriptions for our magazine. Splendid money-making proposition. Write quick for our offer. **Des Moines Monthly, Des Moines, Ia.**

WHAT SHALL WE NAME THE BABY? A little book containing 1000 names of boys and girls, with their meanings, sent free to mothers. Address: **Mothers Dept., The Housewife, New York.**

A \$15.00 Watch for \$4.95 Give us eleven Jewelers' Watches worth \$15 to any one who requires an absolute reliable timekeeper and a watch that will last a lifetime. Look over our list of watches and select the one you like best. We will send you the watch you select. Packed in heavy cardboard boxes and insured against loss. One watch and works absolutely guaranteed for four years. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Send for our catalog and see for yourself. We will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our large cash price \$15.00 and express charges and it is yours. Order today. Address: **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 828-836 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.** Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Warm Flannelette Skirt.

Seasonable undergarment made of finest twisted Flannelette, perfect fitting, perfectly made. Complete in every detail and more than a claim for them as a perfect undergarment. These Handmade Flannelette Skirts come in all the new colors, rich and soft, some stripes, plain and fancy plaid effects. Finished with scallop edge complete with silk double button-hol attachment. Every seam is felled, the bodies are all shaped extra full and wide flounce. Nothing finer could be made in these warm comfortable and extremely popular Undergarments. Lengths 27-29 and 31 inches. From our illustration you get no idea of the beauty and quality of these Skirts. When ordering a state length and color. **CLUB OFFER.** We you one of these guaranteed Flannelette Skirts for only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Exquisite Table Cover In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed Outline for Embroidery

Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Now you can't think, "How do I get a guest?" We will send little
you a card with a name and address of a guest to THE WELCOME
GUEST at each. The Welcome Guest, Dept. 2 R, Portland, Me

Our Publisher's Annual New Year's Call

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS:
According to my established custom, at the opening of the new year, I take this page for my annual call to give you the season's greetings and do myself the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance by a heart-to-heart talk with you.

Hoping that you have enjoyed a Merry Christmas, I sincerely wish you all a Happy New Year.

I extend a cordial welcome to the thousands of new friends that have joined COMFORT's happy family during the past year, and I am pleased that so many of my old friends have reenlisted under COMFORT's banner.

This is the twenty-second year that I have published COMFORT, and during all that time I have done my utmost to make it the people's family monthly, a cheering, uplifting, instructive, entertaining, educational and religious influence in your homes. That my efforts are appreciated are attested by the kind and complimentary letters with which very many of you have favored me during the past year expressing your approval of, and warm friendship for COMFORT; and as I could not find time to answer them individually, I take this occasion to reply to them collectively and to thank you all together.

I am agreeably surprised to learn that so many of you have been loyal subscribers to COMFORT for years past,—quite a number ever since the first year it was published,—and that some have prized it so highly that they have kept and bound a complete file of every number.

In our April number we printed a coupon requesting your opinion of COMFORT, and, as I promised some time ago, I now give you extracts from a few of the many letters which I received in reply, as they illustrate the general feeling of our subscribers. I will begin by giving you Mrs. Bolin's entire letter:

Among the many letters which show how highly COMFORT is prized and how the back numbers are treasured, the following extract from that of J. R. Dame is especially touching in its mention of COMFORT as one of the serious losses in connection with the burning of the home and all its valued contents:

"In October my house and all it contained went up in smoke, COMFORT with the rest. Can you send me the last six months' numbers? At the present time I need a good deal, house, furnishings, books, pictures, in fact, the accumulation of years."
"Yours truly,
"J. R. DAME, Mansfield, Mass."

The following brief extracts give an idea of how highly our old subscribers regard COMFORT:

"I think I am not mistaken in saying I have read COMFORT ever since it was first published."
"MRS. GRACE E. SHERMAN, Lineboro, Md."

"I consider COMFORT the best magazine I ever read, for its pages are full of interest and information. I have been a subscriber for 20 years."
"MRS. HIRAM A. PURDY, Colborne, Ont."

"It is hard to tell how COMFORT can be improved, it contains so many good things for every member of the family. I have been a COMFORT subscriber 17 years and three months."
ALEXANDER CARR, Kelley, N. C."

Besides the entertaining stories and useful departments COMFORT's editorials and special articles contain a great deal of valuable information; for instance, read what a school teacher has to say:

"BUSBY KNOB, Mo., April 6, 1909.

"EDITOR COMFORT:
"DEAR SIR:—I consider COMFORT not only a clean, healthy paper alike for youth and adult, but a very instructive one.
"I am a teacher, and such articles as 'Inaugurating a President,' 'Easter,' etc., are of much value to me. They are told concisely and help me in letting the children read them, or else form a text for me to talk from.
"The pathos and humor of Uncle Charlie's articles can scarcely be surpassed.
"The editorials are timely and useful.
"Your own 'Wheel Chair' offer is beautiful.
"Only good words for COMFORT.
"Respectfully yours,
"MRS. LULA LORD."

How the elevating moral influence and inspiring Christian sentiment of COMFORT is regarded is well expressed in the following:

"SAULTE STE. MARIE, MICH., April 5, 1909.

"DEAR MR. GANNETT:
"Allow me to intrude just a moment on your valuable time with a few lines to show you how highly I appreciate Easter COMFORT's beautiful picture, the 'Resurrection Scene.' I never heard a sermon or gazed upon a picture that seemed to impress my memory or picture the scene so plainly to my mind.
"Yours very respectfully,
"MRS. P. FROST."

During the years that I have devoted to publishing COMFORT it has been my ambition and my effort to give the people the most and the best for their money. I have kept the subscription price as low as possible and have given our subscribers many times the worth of their money, and I am gratified to learn from many communications like the following, that my labors are appreciated:

"COMFORT is the best magazine in the world, a great educator, and I simply can't keep house without it. I have been a subscriber five years and should continue to take it even if the price should be raised to one dollar a year."
"MRS. CORNELIA C. GORDON, Conyers, Ga."

Before I raised the subscription price of COMFORT a year and a half ago, I promised you improvements in the magazine. I have tried my best to make good and very many commendatory letters like the following assure me that I have:

"I enjoy reading COMFORT so much that I look forward from month to month for its arrival. On all sides I hear comment on its improvement. I have been a subscriber 18 years."
"CORDIE McGHEE, Morristown, Tenn."

P. S. Please address all letters to "Publisher COMFORT," same as on subscription coupon which you will find on page 2, so that they will be delivered promptly at my publishing house. Don't address W. H. Gannett, as mail so addressed goes to my residence in the outskirts of the city and then has to be all sent back into the city and makes delay. In sending silver in letter wrap it in paper and tie between pasteboard.

I find that in many homes COMFORT is the only periodical, and as such, of course, is highly prized by the entire family, I have given you a larger paper the past year, and I think you will see that it has improved in interest and value.

Taken COMFORT Sixteen Years Has 192 Copies Bound

Kings Creek, N. C., April 2nd, '09.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:

Dear Sirs: Inclosed find "Prize Question Coupon" which I trust is filled satisfactorily and correctly.

COMFORT has been a welcome visitor at my home for sixteen years. I have 192 copies which I have neatly bound. My son "Bert Frazier" renewed our subscription for two years last week. I am taking seven monthlies and several weeklies and COMFORT is the most welcome of all. It is a clean paper, reliable advertisements, good paper and good print.

Upon the whole it is a first-class magazine well worth one dollar per year, and while it is published (or while I live) it shall be numbered among our periodicals. I feel sure there is not another subscriber that can say they have taken COMFORT sixteen years and have every copy. I wish dear old COMFORT, its editors and readers much happiness. I am very respectfully yours,

MRS. LULU BOLIN, Kings Creek, Caldwell Co., N. C.

including the children. To illustrate, read this letter from a youthful subscriber:

"YOAKUM, TEXAS, April 3, 1909.

"DEAR MR. GANNETT:
"I learned to read and count from COMFORT when it was my only book. It has been a welcome visitor in my home for a long time. I am satisfied with COMFORT as it is and do not want any changes for the sake of improvement for fear they will spoil it; but I am a little girl only fifteen years old, and so my feeble estimation will not count for much among so many wiser heads.
"Your sincere well-wisher,
"MISS B. M. JACKSON."

Even those who have the means to subscribe for a number of other papers and magazines find COMFORT indispensable and even place it at the head of the list:

"We take three high-priced magazines, but COMFORT ranks above them. I have been a constant reader of COMFORT since I was seven years old and it is more of a comfort as time goes on."
"MRS. R. S. PIERCE, Crooksville, Ohio."

"We take a number of other papers and magazines, but I think COMFORT is better in most ways than they are. There are few ways in which it can be improved."
"MARY J. MILLER, Wheaton, Minn."

The wife of Judge S. H. Patrick of Jackson, Tennessee, writes under date of Oct. 1, 1909:

"MR. W. H. GANNETT:
"DEAR SIR:—I consider COMFORT a fine paper for the price. I take about \$20.00 worth of papers and magazines regularly, but am not willing to do without your paper, if I can get it regularly. I am much interested in poultry, and Mrs. St. Maur's articles are fine—more than worth the price of the paper; besides I am interested in the sunshine, or shut-in department. I always ask my husband when he comes home from the office, 'have you got COMFORT?'
Very truly yours,
"MRS. S. H. PATRICK."

While I have tried to make COMFORT interesting to every member of the million and a quarter families to which it goes each month, it has been my special endeavor to appeal to the young whose minds are unfolding and whose characters are developing, that it might be to them a guiding and elevating force in shaping their lives for higher and more useful manhood and womanhood, and I am gratified to learn by letters from very many second and third generation subscribers that in thousands of families COMFORT's helpful influence is traditional. Children and grandchildren of old subscribers that delighted to read it in childhood now subscribe for COMFORT as a household necessity and are bringing up their children under its wholesome tutelage. The following show how they express themselves:

"I must congratulate you on COMFORT, which was our household companion from my earliest recollection and still occupies a warm place in the affections of this third generation."
"JAMES R. McNAUGHTON, Fitchburg, Calif."

"COMFORT has been in our family for twenty years, and I must say it is all that its name implies."
"MRS. JOSEPH GERMAIN, Rudyard, Mich."

"I have been a subscriber only a few months, but mother was a subscriber and so I always had dear COMFORT to read and am very fond of it."
"MRS. LEWIS T. YANCY, Meltons, Va."

But here is a good letter from a family in which four generations subscribe for COMFORT, and the great-granddaughter is bringing up her child under COMFORT's influence as an expected fifth generation subscriber:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 22, 1909.

"PUBLISHER OF COMFORT:
"DEAR SIR:—Grandmother, mother, myself and daughter all take COMFORT, and now I am the grandmother of a nine-months old baby who will undoubtedly subscribe as soon as she is able to read. This will mean five generations of subscribers in one family, so naturally we feel deeply interested in our favorite paper and very happy to be able to help in the slightest degree. I have read COMFORT each month for twenty years.
"Wishing COMFORT success,
"Respectfully yours,
"MRS. LIDA M. DEARBORN."

COMFORT certainly has a distinctive and peculiar quality which touches the hearts of its readers and holds its subscribers year after year and generation after generation; something more than the mere literary and artistic merit displayed in cold type and pretty pictures by the high-priced magazines; COMFORT is so pervaded by the soul and conscience of its publisher and editors that the helpful influence of their personalities is felt by its readers who recognize in every issue the throbbings of a sympathetic heart that inspires their confidence and wins their affections as no other publication does, and I am frequently reminded of this by receiving letters like the following:

"I wish COMFORT would give us more of those practical heart-to-heart talks from our publisher and editor. That personal note of friendship and good will which distinguishes COMFORT from other publications is what holds us fast, making us feel that its publisher and editor are our helpful friends."
"MISS S. M. FARNUM, Crestview, Tenn."

The "Home Dressmaking" department is a new feature that is proving very helpful and popular, especially with the mothers who find that the useful information they get from it is worth many times the subscription price of COMFORT in making or making over their own and their children's clothes.

The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, and St. Valentine's day coming in February render that month notable, and I shall make it the occasion of putting out a large and unusually interesting number like our much appreciated Washington and Lincoln COMFORT last February.

March is the month for spring housecleaning, repairing, painting and refurnishing, and for that month I shall give you a very large COMFORT which will be called the "House-Furnishing" number and will contain interesting articles of great value on the subjects of repairing, renovating, improving, decorating, furnishing and ornamenting your homes and dooryards. Everybody has more or less of this to do and March COMFORT will not only tell you how to do it in style and good taste but how to accomplish the best results at the least possible expense—how to do much of it yourselves with little or no expense.

In April I shall give you another Easter COMFORT fully equal to that which was so admired last spring. Easter comes on March 29 this year, just about the time our April number will reach the most of our subscribers.

I shall put out an interesting number every month, but, like last year, the following will be special occasional numbers: Wedding number for June, Mid-Summer Short-Story number for August, Harvest number for October, Anniversary number for November, and Christmas number for December.

I give you all this for only a quarter of a dollar, about two cents a month, or if you subscribe now, before the first of February I will give you fifteen months of COMFORT for 25 cents.

While most papers and magazines hold out the most flattering and attractive inducements to win new subscribers, it has been my policy to favor old subscribers on their renewals; this seems to me only fair. So I have held the old subscriber's two-year renewal rate at 25 cents for two years, although the yearly subscription rate was advanced from 15 to 20 cents in May, 1908, and again from 20 to 25 cents last May. But this two years for a quarter is too low, and so in October and again in November and December I announced that the old subscriber's two-years-for-a-quarter rate would be advanced on the first day of January, and so it will. On and after New Year's day, and until further notice, old subscribers will pay 30 cents for a two-years renewal. This is an advance of only five cents, because I wish to give my old subscribers the benefit of as low a renewal rate as possible. I am going to try this rate of 30 cents for a two-years renewal through January, though I may find it necessary to raise it again:

Many of you who have not renewed your subscriptions will receive this paper before New Year's day, and that will give you a last opportunity to renew or extend your subscriptions two full years from expiration for 25 cents if you get it into the mail before the first day of January. In order to show no partiality to those who happen to receive this January COMFORT before the rest, I will renew or extend the subscription of any subscriber two full years for a quarter, provided the order and money are sent in by return mail after receiving this paper. Of course this only saves you five cents, but you might as well save it by attending to it at once.

I still have some of those beautiful 1910 Calendars left, and as long as they last I shall send one free to everybody that subscribes or renews.

You all know what a great charity work COMFORT is doing both through its League of Cousins, so ably and kindly conducted by Uncle Charlie, and through the Wheel Chair Club. As these matters are treated in another part of this paper, I will merely commend them both as deserving of your hearty support.

Now is the most favorable season for raising subscription clubs. COMFORT's new catalogue offers the best premiums, and these in connection with our great subscription Prize Offer, the same as that which proved so popular and profitable to canvassers last year, presents a rare opportunity for any man, woman or child to turn their spare time to account most profitably this winter in getting subscribers for COMFORT, especially this month of January while you can offer 15 months of COMFORT and the lovely Calendar for 25 cents.

I have paid the November cash prizes and you will see the names of the winners elsewhere in this paper; I am about to pay the December cash prizes, and some of them will be doubled, no doubt. Last year some of the winners doubled and thribbled and won grand prizes, too, with comparatively little effort. Remember, you get your club premiums anyhow, which pay you well whether you win a prize or not, and the cash prizes are that much extra, a good, fat bonus thrown in.

Now I have to pay all these cash prizes each month, and I want to see my old subscribers win them, as they can if they will only just rouse up and bestir themselves.

Start the new year right by utilizing your spare moments in this way, and earn some nice premium or premiums that you want and win a cash prize, too, this January and then double it next month.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year,

Your sincere friend,

W. H. GANNETT,

PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

(there is not a single punctuation mark in your letter), and be a force for the uplift of your country. Only by education can you rise to higher things, and by rising, point the way to others about you, so that they, inspired by your example may rise, too. Do this dear and don't bother editors to publish letters that could by no possibility interest anyone but yourself, and only serve to make you ridiculous in the eyes of millions of people.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.
DEAR COMFORT COUSINS:
I am making a Sunday morning call on Uncle Charlie, and at his request am going to give you a brief account of a trip I have just taken almost around the entire world.

Like most boys I had a longing to go to sea, and a greater longing still to see something of the world, so my father, who is one of the best known lawyers in New York and a man of considerable influence, got me a job as apprentice on board a British tramp steamer, the "St. Patrick," a steamship of close on three thousand tons, capable of carrying ten thousand tons of cargo.

The remuneration given on British ships for an apprentice is the magnificent sum of two dollars and fifty cents a month. We left New York last March, and our first port of call was Algiers in the Mediterranean Sea. Fortunately I was not sick, and the weather was quite favorable, Neptune letting me off easily for the first few days.

Our next stopping place was Port Said. We had a pleasant trip through the Mediterranean, getting a good view of Malta, Crete, and saw the site of the ancient city of Carthage, and we also passed near the Greek Archipelago.

Port Said is only interesting from the fact that it is on Egyptian soil, and has the reputation of being the wickedest city in the world. We stayed there two days, and then went through the Suez Canal, and experienced there the first rain shower they had had in forty-five years, at least that is what I was told, and it certainly did rain.

We saw Mount Sinai famous in Biblical history, where Moses received the Ten Commandments. At the other end of the big island of Cyprus, the British house and took on more coal. At Suez I had a camel ride amongst the palms, and got a glimpse of the sandy desert of old Egypt.

From Suez we went down the Red Sea, and my, but it was hot. I had to change my shirt five times a day. We passed by Aden and Zeylan, at the southern extremity of Arabia, and into the great Arabian Sea, and then into the Indian Ocean—there it got better still if that was possible. The decks were so hot it was painful to walk on them. Our next stopping place was Sebang. It took us twenty-five days to make the trip from Suez to Sebang, which is on the coast of the big island of Sumatra. We made about two hundred and fifty miles a day, so you can see ours was a long trip of several thousand miles. Sebang is a tropical island, thinly populated, belonging to the Dutch. The labor here is all done by Chinese. They get about three cents a day.

We went ashore at Sebang and went into the forest, which is swarming with monkeys. We made faces at the monkeys and they pelted us with coconuts. The monkeys get furious if you make faces at them. This is the only method by which you can get the coconuts. We now went north around Achin Head, the most northwestern point on the great island of Sumatra, and then steamed east down the Malacca Straits to Singapore. Here were gathered the ships of all nations, though our American flag is scarcely seen. Here we discharged our Malay crew of firemen, and took on a new bunch. We stayed there five days. Singapore has a mixed population of all Oriental nations, and is one of the great stopping places for ships. We then went on northeast up the China Sea to Hong Kong, a trip that took about eight days. Hong Kong is a British settlement in China, has some fine buildings, and is quite an up-to-date city. The European settlement has street cars, and other modern conveniences. The Chinese part of the city is quite crowded. It is all walled in. A party of twenty of us went into it at night. We were all armed. The Chinks do not like the foreigners, and some under their breath called us: "Foreign devils." We unloaded part of our cargo, which consisted of gun powder, dynamite, ammunition for the American army in the Philippines, also boxes of cotton baling powder, and cigars. We stayed in Hong Kong six days and then started for Shanghai, where we put off more cargo. Shanghai is in northern China on the Yangtze-Kiang river. From Shanghai we went to Kobe and down to Yokohama where we stayed three weeks.

Yokohama is quite a beautiful city, one mass of flowers, and very frequent earthquakes. I saw a lot of Jap girls who could give our girls pointers on beauty. They looked awfully cute dressed in their kimonos. We had glorious weather. The harbor was full of ships of all nations, and eight American men of war were there. We discharged more cargo and men, and loaded up with return cargo. This was our last port of call, and we resumed our homeward journey, stopping at the Island of Formosa, then covering the same route as on our journey out, stopping at Singapore to take on return cargo.

We had some frightful weather in the Indian Ocean and also in the Harbor of Hong Kong. We had to run out to sea and fight a typhoon for three days.

When off the coast of Africa on our return, owing to a fog we lost our bearings, and if it had not been for a rift in the fog that gave us a chance to take an observation, we would have run on the coast of Somaliland, amongst cannibals, not far from where Roosevelt landed.

Though this trip of mine was very interesting, it is the last experience I want of the kind. Most of the time we lived on salt pork and canned goods, specially prepared by Swift of Chicago. The canned meat was so vile I could not eat it, and preferred the salt pork and that is like boiled shoe leather. Water, being carried in steel tanks gets almost boiling hot in the tropics and having no ice one suffers terribly for a cool drink. Roaches, red ants, and good old-fashioned bed bugs make life a misery. Crickets too sing their siren songs and refuse to shut up. We had plenty of rats too. It was my duty to see that the cargo was safely stored in the hole I found three tarantulas when we unloaded our home cargoes in Boston and New York, and oh, New York did look good to me, and Staten Island, my home looked best of all.

I had Uncle Charlie's Poems on the ship, and that was about the only thing that kept us alive. I am seventeen years of age this month, January 29, and shall be glad to receive letters from all the cousins, though I cannot promise to answer all. I am six feet in height, and have brown eyes and hair. Guess I'll try farming or ranching next. Anyone want a nice boy? With love to all the cousins, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR MICHELL.

Arthur, yours is a most interesting letter. I must congratulate you on the splendid remuneration you received on your rising and now exploring trip to the Far East. It seems incredible that that British steamship company could have paid you the magnificent sum of two dollars and a half a month. I hope they paid with a check. If they had paid you in gold or currency it would have sunk the ship. It's wonderful how generous some corporations can be, and still live. Eight cents a day is entirely too much pay to give a young man. Such a princely sum would probably lead any young man into a reckless expenditure and finish up by ruining him entirely. Arthur I hope you'll hand at least half that pay back. It is entirely too much for a young man of your tender years to have all at once. It should be given to you in installments and only small installments at that. That must have been the Tightwad Steamship Company all right. Arthur you say that Port Said has the reputation of being the wickedest city in the world. It is evident that you never heard of Augusta, Maine. You never saw a real wicked place until you came here. I have good reason to know that Port Said is a dry place. Years ago some guy told me I could make a pile of money if I opened an umbrella stand there. I waited there twenty years trying to sell umbrellas, and finally quit in disgust without selling one. The day after I left it rained for three weeks. Just my luck! If you had to pay ten cents every time you got your shirt

laundered in the Red Sea, Arthur, I'm afraid you did not have much of that two dollars and a half left to buy automobiles with. I hope you had more than one shirt along with you. If you didn't the one you had must have had to sit up all night working overtime. When I was at Sebang I went into the forest too, and made faces at the monkeys expecting to get some coconuts. I must have made a beautiful face, for directly I turned the corners of my mouth up, and contorted my countenance, all the monkeys dropped off the trees dead. The boys on the ship told me I should go back and put a sack over my head. They said there was no monkey could look me in the face and live, so I returned next day to the forest of Sebang with a gunny sack over my head, and then put a barrel over that. This made the monkeys so mad, they pulled the island up by the roots and threw it at me. I never had any success as a cocoanut hunter, though people all tell me that I'm nutty and swear that the nut I've got looks as though it was handed me by a "monk." I quite well remember those earthquakes in Yokohama, Arthur. Everytime I tried to plant flowers an earthquake would come and upset the flowers. They used to ring a bell when an earthquake was coming, and that was a signal for us all to run out in the garden and sit on the flowers till the quake was over. It was the only way to keep them in their place. If you had been wrecked on the coast of Somaliland amongst cannibals, all you would have needed to have done would have been to have given them a can of that Chicago canned horse. I'll bet that would have put them out of business all right. I suffered from hunger too when I was in the Indian Ocean, but fortunately one day the wind blew in puffs, and you bet those puffs tasted good to me. Later on we struck a choppy sea and had another feast, and that with the ship's rolls, and the ocean rolls and the eggs we got from the main hatchway we did very nicely. I am glad you had some crickets aboard Arthur to sing you some songs. I trust they were songs from Uncle Charlie's Song Book. Arthur I trust your next venture in life will be more enjoyable than your last. You might take the balance of that two dollars and a half a month and buy a couple of railroads and a steam yacht. If you have anything left, I hope you won't forget your Uncle Charlie.

CROMWELL, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will tell you a few things which I saw at the Alaska, Yukon Pacific Exposition. First I went to the California building which had the finest and best exhibits of any of the buildings. There was the largest book in the world, three feet square and two feet thick. All who wanted to could register their names and addresses in it, and of course everybody wanted their name in the largest book in the world. Next I went to the Utah building, Arctic Brotherhood building, Idaho State building, Spokane, Washington building, and the Seward House which was a room of the house which Seward lived in. Seward was the one who purchased Alaska from Russia for the United States. We call him the Father of Alaska. Next I went to the Yakima Co., Washington building, Hawaiian building, Oriental building, which represented the European countries, and on the Oregon State building, Washington building, Washington State building, and the Forestry building, all of which are built of Washington native timber. The pillars are up to six feet in diameter and from thirty to fifty feet high. Everybody that has seen this building says it is the grandest of all the buildings at the exposition. Next I went on through the King County, Washington building, Foundry building, Electric Power plant, Agricultural building, and Alaska building, which are a grand sight to see. In the middle is a cage of steel bars, like that of a lion's cage, and in this cage were gold bricks and nuggets to the value of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Further on I went through the Canadian building, Machinery Hall, Manufacturing building, Washington Educational building, and the Japanese Exhibits, in which are exhibited the most wonderful things you can think of. Then on I went to the Building of Mines of all kinds, Grand Trunk building, and the Swedish building.

Then on to the building of Fine Arts, where are exhibited the finest art works collected from all over the United States, and last the United States Government building which is worth seeing. There are shown how money is made, models of all the war ships, actual reproductions of how the submarine mines destroy the ships and lots of other wonderful things worth seeing. The Exhibition has the greatest floral display of any exposition of its kind.

There was a natural theater which holds fifteen thousand people, and a natural music pavilion, which has a seating capacity of twenty thousand. The stage exhibit contains the finest stock in the West. The fair lies between two of the most beautiful lakes, Lake Washington and Lake Union. There are trees which measure sixty feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height. Isn't that some "big sticks" for you?

Now for the "Pay Streak" where you get your money's worth. First you come to the giant Ferris wheel; then to the Human Roulette Arena, the Cave of the Winds, the Eskimos. There are three different kinds of Eskimos in the world: The Arctic, Alaskan and Siberian. This Exposition is the only fair that has been able to get the three different kinds of Eskimos together. Then we come to the Battle of Gettysburg, which is most wonderful and also the Monitor and Merrimac. Then comes the house where there is no way out, the Streets of Cairo, Human Laundry, the Bug House, the Temple of Mirth where you have to laugh if you were even crying, the House Upside Down, the House Jack Built, and the Scenic Railway which goes up and down steep mountain sides and is most wonderful. The Exposition was all lighted up with electric lights, so in the distance at night it was a grand sight to see.

I would like to exchange post cards with any of the cousins, especially the girls. I promise to answer all favors. I am twenty-three years old.

Your nephew and cousin, BERT L. BERTSON.

Bert, I'm sorry I didn't get your letter earlier. It didn't reach me until the beginning of October, and by that time even my December copy was written? If you could only have sent us this interesting account of the fair five or six years ago, we could all have saved up our money and paid it a visit. Now, Bert, all we can do is to visit the fair in our imagination with you for a guide? I should have liked to have seen that big book they had in the California building. It would have made an elegant vest pocket diary for Billy the Goat. I should also have liked to have visited the Arctic Brotherhood Building and watched Peary and Cook bliffing each other over the coconuts with the butt end of an imitation North Pole, the real one as you well know was discovered by Uncle Charlie, and such sections of it as Billy the Goat did not eat, now grace the woodpile in our back yard. There is nothing wonderful anyway in discovering the Pole. Give the women of America the ballot and the right to vote and you'll find everyone of them will be at the poll. I'm surprised, Bert, that they put the gold bricks at the Exposition in a steel cage. Here we keep our gold bricks loose all the time, so that we can sell them to the first chin whiskered Rube that hits the town. I should have liked to have seen "Machinery Hall." Machinery is my business, and if I could get a good mashing machine, I would be able to mash a thousand girls, where I can now only mash one. Won't you please, Bert send me a bunch of that machinery? Making love by machinery ought to be all kinds of fun. I presume Cupid turns the wheel and supplies the girls and love does the rest. I'll bet there will be a lively demand for these "machines" now that I've given the matter publicity. I should have liked to have inspected the United States Government building, and got a few pointers on how money is made. If the government can show me a way of making money without work, I'll have more respect for the bunch of political thugs who run this country than I have now. We want a government which at least will give us all an equal opportunity to make it. At present we have a government which shows us how politicians can make money and how the plain people can starve. Oh, for a government that will let us make money and better still keep the trusts from swiping it after we have made it. I am glad you inspected the Pay Streak. There are a bunch of magazine publishers I know who ought to interview a pay streak. COMFORT is one of the few magazines which has a never failing pay streak—most of the others pay in wind. I've only met one of the three varieties of Eskimos, but that gentleman carried on his carcass no less than one hundred and

seventy-three varieties of fleas, so I wasn't very anxious to meet any more of his friends. When I was on my last Arctic Expedition, we lost all our dogs, and I was quite broken hearted, not knowing how I was going to reach the Pole, when one of my Eskimo companions, a native of the Pine Tree state, said: "Never mind, Uncle Charlie, flea pull 'em," and the fleas did pull 'em. Bert you forgot to include the Maine Eskimos in your ethnological collection. I regret very much that they are still fighting the battle of Gettysburg out in Seattle. I thought they got through with this scrap over forty years ago. I should not have much use for the human laundry, Bert, but if I could only have locked Billy the Goat up in the Bug House that would have been worth the price of admission to me. Now, Bert, the next time you have an exposition out your way, tell us all about it before it begins, not after it is all over.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

All appeals from shut-ins must positively be accompanied by written references from a physician and local postmaster. Letters without references will be destroyed.

William H. Crocker (55), 142 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Blind, bedridden and helpless. Can't feed himself. Send him cheery letters, and put something substantial inside them. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Ellen is a poor, deformed cripple, and depends largely on the charitable for her means of support. Send her money for food and fuel. Mrs. E. S. Mead,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



You, Too, Should Have This Grand Edison Phonograph on a

FREE LOAN

Yes, an absolutely free loan, the world's greatest phonograph, our new No. 10 model, 1910 outfit, now offered on a free loan.

This outfit includes the great Fireside Edison machine, the new machine on which Mr. Edison has been working for several years—the climax of this inventor's skill. It eclipses all former phonographs, it has improvements all its own never before seen in a talking machine. You must get one of these phonographs on a free loan to learn what Mr. Edison has accomplished in perfecting the greatest, the most wonderful talking machine ever made.

When we say free loan, we mean free loan. We will ship you a machine without a cent down, and without any C.O.D. payment to us, so you can take it right to your home and play the music there. You can hear vaudeville sketches, minstrel shows, comic operas, grand operas, waltzes, the old-fashioned hymns, all kinds of comic and serious music and songs right in your own home. All this on a free loan. Then when you are through with the free loan, simply return the phonograph outfit to us at our expense.

Is there a catch in this? No, there isn't a catch, but I will tell you my reason for this extra liberal offer. For I have a business reason, aside from my desire to see the great, new invention known among the public. I feel that when I ship you a phonograph on a free loan, you will help me advertise it, by letting your friends and neighbors hear the great concert. I do not ask you to sell any machines for me, in fact, we do not have any agents. But I know that when your friends and neighbors hear the machine, someone somewhere will want to buy one of these phonographs, perhaps several people will want to buy. I am, consequently, very keep it if you want to on terms of \$2.50 a month, and absolutely at the rock-bottom price, the lowest possible price at which this outfit can be sold anywhere. But I do not ask you to buy it, I simply want you to get it on a free loan, and help me advertise in that way. It is the quickest and easiest method of introduction that I can find for this great, new phonograph.

Don't you want your wife, and your children, and all the family to have the benefit of these grand concerts? Remember, we charge you nothing. We put you under no obligations at all to help us in any sales. We just want you to hear the phonograph right in your own home and have a few of your neighbors and friends hear it, too. Your children will appreciate the trouble you take in ordering the phonograph on a free loan, and we will ask nothing of you.



Mr. Edison Says:
"I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home"

The phonograph is his pet and hobby, and it is true that there should be no home in the country without this grand and magnificent entertainer. At any rate, you ought to seize this opportunity to have a phonograph free for awhile and hear all the music at least a few times before shipping back the phonograph.

And remember, please, you can't imagine what a talking machine is like, what the latest improvements mean, until you have heard our outfit No. 10. It is so far superior to the ordinary talking machine you may have heard in your town that there is absolutely no comparison. Convince yourself on this free loan offer.

NOW Write For the Free Catalog!

I want to send you absolutely free our great new Edison catalog, containing the list of records and a full description of the new Fireside Machine. I ask you as a favor to me to read this catalog anyway, even if you should decide that you would not want a free loan. After seeing the catalog, you will perhaps select a list of records you want on the free loan, then you will want a free loan. But anyway let me send you this catalog today, absolutely free, prepaid, without any charge. I want you to see what Mr. Edison has accomplished in talking machines. I want you to appreciate what the talking machine means to the farm home and the village home.



Sign the Coupon

with your name and address—no letter necessary; or, if you want, you may send a postal card or letter instead of the coupon—either way. But let me have your name and address today. Will you write at once?

FREDERICK BABSON

Edison Phonograph Distributors

Dept 201, Edison Block, Chicago

CANADIAN OFFICE:

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Without any obligation on my part, please send your Great Edison Talking free and prepaid and your Free Loan Phonograph

Frederick Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors

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Just fill in this coupon; no letter is necessary, and we will send you the great FREE LOAN.

All the Early Winter Fashions

A Friendly Chat about Patterns

By Geneva Gladding

As requested by a sister, Children's Creeping Apron pattern is included in this month's patterns, No. 2688. This easily-made little garment may be made from ten- or twelve-centingham and besides keeping baby clean, it holds its skirts closer to its body and thus adds warmth. It requires one and three quarters yard of material thirty-six inches wide. Also Children's Empire Dress No. 2413 to embroider. The shallow yoke, band above hem, belt and sleeve band may be done in eyelet as suggested, or in single sprays that are fine and childish.

Winter Fashions in Coats, Skirts and Dresses

The prevailing styles are little changed from the early part of the season. As shown in No. 3135, coats do not fit tightly but are close fitting and designed to collar the shoulders. This model is designed to wear as suit coat or separately and comes in seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure. Size 38 requires two and seven eighths yards 54 inches wide. Designed for the girl or misses No. 3135 is made with one seam at center back, two-piece sleeve and turned-back cuffs and shawl collar which may be worn standing and lapped in front. It reaches to the bottom of the skirt, and de-

Boy's Russian Suits and Knickerbockers

and seven gatus yards, 54 inches wide. The knickerbockers No. 2375 have superseded all other styles of rowers for boys of all ages. Their loose fit means durability, while the cutting to the knees gives warmth and protection. Measure the size of waist and then compare with pattern before cutting. Next measure for length making them blouse well at knees, and equipped with these two correct measurements, there can be no drawbacks to turning out a neat and well-fitting garment. Eight sizes, two to 16. For 10 years three quarters yard 54 inches wide is required.

Hints on English Long Cloth

cotton cloth, chiefly among these is its good wearing quality and because it is free from the usual amount of dressing which makes cloth so hard to sew. It is the most all-around satisfactory cotton cloth one can use for making women and children's underwear and night-dresses, and is fine and pretty enough for many other purposes, such as aprons, pillow cases, pillow shams, small embroidered or hemstitched table covers or infants' wear. After once being washed it looks even finer than before, irons easily and smoothly and does not yellow. Ladies' Cover Cover No. 1589, Girls' and Children's Night Drawers No. 2682, Girls' and Children's Underwaist and Drawers—two patterns in one—No. 2421, Ladies' Night Gown No. 2111, Men's Sack Night-Shirt No. 1631 are all adaptable to English Long Cloth. Ladies' Slip No. 2631 is a very useful and comfortable silk or satin wear under net, in white outing flannel for extra warmth, or in English Long Cloth when worn as a protection waist. Infants' Set No. 2778 consists of eight patterns, in one, and includes cloak, cap, dress, white petticoat, flannel petticoat, bib, bootee and kimono, and portions to be made from white cotton. English Long Cloth will be daint- and serviceable.

Questions Answered

FITTED CORSET-COVER.—No. 1589 MRS. E. D. DEARBORN illustrates corset-cover with darts in front. By boning all except the curved seams each side of back you will get considerable support, and it will be well to use a heavy twilled cotton. The dotted lines indicate three different styles of neck. Cut in eight sizes, 32 to 46 bust. For 36 bust the cover requires one yard 36 inches wide.

YOU CAN BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

You can have soft white skin, natural pink cheeks—lovely shell pink complexion—without the slightest made-up appearance. Pleasing, healthful application. Any woman's girlhood face restored. Any girl made handsome. Her secret never discovered. Samples 10 cents. Chemical Wonder Co., 2 Rector St., New York, Desk "M."

MAGIC NEEDLES

FREE

13c for your name in pin and we will send as free present, package of the better grade post cards. Satisfaction guaranteed. Greely Jewelry Co., Portland, Me.

Farmers Sons Wanted

Positions Wanted—A graduate of a college of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Such offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

ALL THE NEW SONGS & MUSIC 10c

STAR MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

Develop Your Form 50c Package FREE

For 10c. stamps or silver we will send you a 50c. package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm, also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." She used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patient's bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write today.

Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 300 E. Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE TO YOU

LORD'S PRAYER BANGLE PIN.
We mean what we say. We will
send to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE**
THIS LOVELY BANGLE PIN with
the entire Lord's Prayer engraved
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Watch, Ring **GIVEN**

Watches and Chains Given

A genuine American movement Watch, beautifully designed case, fully warranted timekeeper also sparkling Set or Plain Ring, given to Boys and Girls or any party for selling 100 Timepieces at 10c each and paying \$2.00 each.

Needles FREE with each Timepiece

Easy to sell. When sold send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send the beautiful Watch and Ring Chain for quick work.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 78, CHICAGO.

DO YOU IMPROBES?

If so, don't fail to write for our free 192 page illustrated catalog. It will save you money and give you all the latest ideas in Needlework. Illustrates full line Stamped Linens in Eyolet, Wallachian and Silk Embroidry, Pillow Tops, Hemstitched Linens, Towels, Braids, Perforated Patterns and Needlework Supplies.

FREE Write postal today for this **FREE** catalog.

FRED HERRSCHNER, 6475 Marshfield Ave., Chicago

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS
MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF
or the CHILDREN

From your Own patterns and ideas of fine quality
ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



Suggesting some of its practical uses.
Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality **ENGLISH LONG CLOTH**, of fine and sheer in quality and texture which is made of factured cotton. This material is perfect for what you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites, or Chemise, or for Baby's undersuits, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for most of the above mentioned supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, for it is a smooth and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

CLUB OFFER. We shall send one twelve var piece of this First quality **ENGLISH LONG CLOTH** for a club of only eight yearly subscribers to **COMFORT** at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Remember to each subscriber will be sent free a **COMFORT** Calendar and Home Almanac lithographed in colors, taken from life. Everybody who sees this wrapped in **COMFORT** subscribers only, get it. Address **COMFORT**.



A WOMAN CAN EARN \$5000⁰⁰ A YEAR

DIRECTING THE BUILDING
OF A MODISH GOWN.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPT.
WHERE THE WORK OF
20,000 STUDENTS IS
DIRECTED

YOUNG LADY GRADUATE
MAKING HER OWN DRESS
ES. SAVES ENOUGH ON
ONE SUIT TO BUY ANOTHER

A GRADUATE DRESSMAKER
ENTIRE TIME IS TAKEN
UP EMPLOYING ASSIST-
ANTS AND DESIGNING

AN AMERICAN
COLLEGE GRADUATE
MAKING HER CHILDREN'S
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The Book tells how

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LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME BY MAIL

We Will Teach You To Your Own Satisfaction

MANY women nowadays are earning \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer in Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Become a graduate dressmaker. The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. These lessons will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties. This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines—McCall's, Pictorial Review, Harper's Bazar, Paris Modes, etc., etc.

Make Your Own Clothes

SAVE MONEY by drafting your own patterns, by doing your own sewing, and enable yourself to dress far better at one-third the usual cost.

SAVE TIME and the worry of having to wait on dressmakers in the busy season of each year.

What Are These Lessons Worth?

OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS:—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take \$50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones)—all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmakers' bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for \$100."

The Children's Dresses

Every mother wants her children to be well dressed. Many are not able to have the sewing done by a capable garment maker, and the ready made garments are far from satisfactory. Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

The Author of this Course

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago, Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystallizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not however of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "HUMAN LIFE" published at Boston, Mass.

A Practical Demonstration.

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:—

I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me.

When I started taking your lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well.

Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking and have been very successful, having made a silk shirt-waist suit, two fancy waists, two skirts, two jackets and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed today, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much.

After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student,
Miss Emma J. Pierson.

BROWNVILLE, VT.

OUR HANDSOME BOOK SENT FREE.

Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great interest to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it.

This book illustrated above will be sent to you Free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these copy-righted books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESSMAKING, and while they last—will send you a copy FREE. Write for it to-day. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

American College of Dressmaking,
561 Commerce Bank Building,
KANSAS CITY, MO., U. S. A.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING

561 Commerce Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

Please send me free book and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City or Town _____

County _____ State _____

Box No. _____ R. F. D. No. _____

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Helen M., Idaho.—We do not think your husband's second marriage was a legal one unless there had been a divorce previously granted to either him or his first wife; he should investigate the records and find out whether the decree of divorce was ever granted. If it was not, he should get the lawyer who had the matter in charge to enter it and then he could remarry.

C. C. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a man can disinherit any or all of his children.

E. J., Wisconsin.—We do not think the boy you mention has a legal right to carry firearms without permission of the proper authorities.

E. B., Maine.—We think your remedy is to proceed against the people who annoy you, for trespass.

D. P., Minnesota.—We think your public authorities can force your neighbor to turn over his land for a public road, but that he can collect pay for the same.

G. A., and C. H., Oregon.—We do not think that a girl is of age in your state until she arrives at the age of twenty-one years, as to property rights.

Mrs. M. B., Alabama.—We do not think you can force the grandfather of the child you mention to turn over to the child the property you mention.

H. S., Pennsylvania.—We do not think it necessary for you to have a diploma in order to advertise to do the business you mention.

Greenhorn, Arizona.—We do not think you are entitled to any of the land you mention.

S. J. S., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: (1) that, upon the death of a man leaving no will, no widow, no issue and no father, his estate would descend one half to his mother and the other half to be divided among his sisters and brothers; (2) that, if his title to the land was a good one, the former owner cannot convey to anyone else; (3) we do not think possessory titles are very good ones as a rule.

Mrs. L. D. B., Washington.—We think a simple way to adjust your matter would be to sell the land and pay the money over as provided in the agreement. We think that, upon the death of your husband in testate, you would be entitled to one third of his estate after the payment of the debts.

X. Y. Z., California.—Communicate with the Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. H. W. J., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will and leaving no issue, you would receive one half of his real estate and the whole of his personal property. We think the wisest course for you to pursue, if you desire some other disposition of the property, is for your husband to execute a will, or have the property deeded to you both, as tenants by the entirety, so that upon the death of one it will go absolutely to the survivor.

Mrs. H. A. N., California.—In our opinion there is no way for the widow you mention to draw a pension from the government, unless she is a soldier's widow.

C. Y., Pennsylvania.—We do not think you can recover the money you mention.

Mrs. M. F., Michigan.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the woman you mention should receive income from the estate from the time of the man's death at whatever rate of interest the estate realized for the money set aside for her under the will.

N. A. C., Oklahoma.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that you can make a valid will.

A. V., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a married woman, in respect to her own sole and separate property, may carry on business in her own name, may deal directly with her husband, may make contracts in her own name, buy goods, give notes in settlement of purchases, etc., binding her own separate property, real and personal; and that practically all common law disabilities have been removed, except that in becoming surety she does not bind her separate property.

F. W., Missouri.—We think that A's heirs have very little, if any, chance of recovering any of the property you mention.

G. E. G., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion: (1) that the decree of divorce in Nevada would be valid in your state until the same was invalidated by a judgment of your courts; we think that some of the Eastern state courts decide against some of the Western state decrees of divorce when they are brought up before them; (2) we think that in all probability the person who did the swearing, if it was in a legal proceeding, could be convicted of perjury.

Miss L. McN., Massachusetts.—We think that, if your mother has an undischarged claim to some property, she should proceed to have the same adjusted in her lifetime, regardless of where the same may be situated.

M. F. H., Kentucky.—You should consult some other attorney in regard to your divorce matter.

Mrs. T. N. L., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, and upon the statements of facts as submitted by you, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will, his estate, after the payment of debt, would go, one half to you and one half to his parents.

J. L. E., Missouri.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think E's heirs have any interest in the property you mention.

A. L. M., Louisiana.—(1. We do not think you can. (2) We think you can procure the book you want from some local dealer in law books.

Mrs. W. S. M., Georgia.—We do not think there is much danger of your friend's being arraigned after all these years if he returns to his home, if he does not advertise the fact of his desertion, but we do not think it will ever outlaw against him as long as he lives away from the country. We think there is a possibility or legal chance of his being arraigned, if he places himself in the jurisdiction of the place where he committed the act, but that in his case the probability is remote.

E. F., Nebraska.—Upon the death of the man you mention, leaving no will, we are of the opinion that his estate will descend as follows: Dower of a one third interest for life to his widow, and the balance in equal shares to his children by both marriages, the issue of any deceased child taking its parent's share.

S. T. S., Kentucky.—You should consult some local attorney in reference to your inquiry.

Mrs. R. R., Nebraska.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that, in case the man you mention were to be divorced from his first wife, his first marriage was not annulled, as his first wife is not dead, his second marriage is in a legal sense a bigamous marriage, and that his second wife would have the right of inheritance from his estate except such as she was necessary to support a will, but that his first wife would be entitled to her share of the estate, and as such, her share of the estate can be cut off his child by the first wife by his will from any share in his

estate and that the will could not be upset on that ground; (4) we think that, if the child belonged to the man who subsequently married his mother, the child is legitimate and should bear his father's name.

Miss E. G., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the statute of limitations would run against a promissory note within fifteen years from the date of last acknowledgment of the debt, or from the due date in case there was no later acknowledgment by the payment on account of interest or principal, or otherwise.

C. S., Maine.—We do not think there is any inconsistency in the woman you mention, holding the two positions you mention, unless she was pay for both, and neglects to perform the duties of both, or either.

X. Y. Z., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property owned by you prior to your marriage, and all such as has since been acquired by you by gift, devise or descent can be disposed of by you by your will to your children, or otherwise, as you desire, without the consent or hindrance of your husband, but we think that you should be careful to have some competent lawyer draw and attend to the execution of your will, as it is very important that a will should be legally executed.

Mrs. H. C. R., Michigan.—We do not think they can; we think you should make your complaint to the Postmaster General at Washington, D. C.

C. W. G., Indiana.—We think any law is legal and binding until the same is declared not to be so by some court of competent jurisdiction. We think that, if you desire to test the validity of the law, it would be necessary for you to institute a suit in the proper court for that purpose.

G. E. G., Pennsylvania.—We think that a man can move from your state and become a resident of another state at any time and that no length of time is necessary to establish such residence, but that for some purposes a specified term of residence is required, but the question of taking up a residence is one more of intention than time.

N. P., Nebraska.—We see no reason why you should not present the claim you mention against the estate you mention, but if the same is objected to, we do not think you can substantiate it.

M. E. S., Michigan.—If the lease you mention is in the usual form, we do not think B. can hold the land for farming purposes during C's lifetime against A's protest.

D. C., New Mexico.—We think that, if your Louisiana property does not sell for enough to pay your creditors, they can bring suit against you in New Mexico for the balance. We think that is the chance you must run, otherwise we do not think you have done anything illegal or that you are called upon to notify your creditors as to your present address.

F. T., Maine.—We think that in order to have the name of the child you mention legally changed it will be necessary to apply to your courts of competent jurisdiction. We think you should employ a lawyer.

Mrs. F. A. C., Connecticut.—We do not think you can hold the child you mention for its parents for an unpaid claim for custody. If the father is not a fit person to have custody of the child, we think some court of competent jurisdiction can take the child from

him and name some other suitable person to have the child's custody, but without a court decree we do not think you can legally hold the child. We think the husband you mention is liable for his wife's support, but that if he lives in another state, it will be hard to proceed against him.

Maddy's Temptation

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"And when will that be?" the doctor asked. Again Maddy sighed, as she replied: "I cannot tell. I thought so much about it while I was sick, that is when I could think; but now I'm better, it goes from me some. I know it is wrong, but I cannot help it. I've seen only a bit of pomp and vanity, but I must say that I like what I have seen, and I wish to see more. It's very wicked, I know," she went on, as she met the queer expression of the doctor's face; "and I know you think me so bad. You are a Christian I suppose?"

There was a strange light in the doctor's eye as he answered, half-sadly: "No, Maddy, I am not what you call a Christian. I have not renounced the pomps and vanities yet."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," and Maddy's eyes expressed all the sorrow she professed to feel. "You ought to be, now you've got so old."

The doctor colored crimson, and stopping his horse under the dim shadow of a maple in a little hollow, he said:

"I'm not so very old, Maddy; only twenty-five—only ten years older than yourself; and Agnes' husband was more than twenty years her senior."

"Oh, oh! over twenty years—that's dreadful. She must be 'most glad he's dead. I would not marry a man more than five years older than I."

"Not if you loved him, and he loved you very dearly?" the doctor asked his voice low and tender in its tone.

Wholly unsuspecting of the wild storm beating in his heart, Maddy untied her white sun-bonnet, and, taking it in her lap, smoothed back her soft hair, saying with a long breath: "Oh! I'm so hot," and then, as just thinking of his question, replied: "I shouldn't love him—I couldn't."

Grandma is five years younger than grandpa, mother was five years younger than father, Mrs. Green is five years younger than Mr. Green, and oh! ever so many. You are warm, too; ain't you?" and she turned her innocent eyes full upon the doctor, who was wiping from his lips the great drops of water. Induced not so much by the heat as by the apparent hopelessness of the love he now knew was growing in his heart for Maddy Clyde. Recurring again to Agnes, Maddy said: "I wonder why she married that old man? It is worse than if you were to marry Jesse."

"Money and position were the attractions, I imagine," the doctor said. "Agnes was poor, and

esteemed it a great honor to be made Mrs. Remington."

"Poor, was she?" Maddy rejoined. "Then maybe Mr. Guy will some day marry a poor girl. Do you think he will?"

Again Lucy Atherstone trembled on the doctor's lips, but he did not speak of her—it was preposterous that Maddy should have any thoughts of Guy Remington, who was quite as old as himself, besides being engaged, and with this comforting assurance, the doctor turned his horse in the direction of the cottage, for Maddy was tired and needed to be at home.

"Perhaps you'll sometime change your mind about people so much older, and if you do you'll remember our talk this morning," he said, as he drove up at last before the gate.

Oh, yes! Maddy would never forget that morning or the nice ride they'd had. She had enjoyed it so much, and she thanked him many times for his kindness, as she stood waiting for him to drive away feeling no tremor whatever when at parting he took and held her hand, smoothing it gently, and telling her it was growing fat and plump again. He was a very nice doctor, much better than she had imagined, she thought, as she went slowly to the house and entered the neat kitchen, where her grandmother sat shelling peas for dinner, and her grandfather was enjoying his weekly paper.

"Did you meet a grand lady in a carriage?" grandma asked, as Maddy sat down beside her.

"Yes; and Dr. Holbrook said it was Mrs. Remington, from Alkenskide. Mr. Guy's stepmother, and that she was more than twenty years younger than her husband—Isn't it dreadful? I thought so; but the doctor didn't seem to," and in a perfectly artless manner Maddy repeated much of the conversation which had passed between the doctor and herself, appealing to her grandmother to know if she had not taken the right side of the argument.

"Yes, child, you did," and grandma's hands lingered among the peas in her pan, as if she were thinking of an entirely foreign subject. "I know nothing about this Mrs. Remington, only that she stared a good deal at the house as she went by, even looking at us through a glass. She may have been as happy as a queen with her man, but as a general thing these unequal matches don't work, and had better not be thought on. S'posin' you should think you was in love with somebody, and in a few years, when you got older, be sick of him. That's what spoils your poor granduncle Joseph, who's been in the hospital at Worcester nine years."

"It was!" and Maddy's face was all aglow with the interest she always evinced whenever mention was made of the one great living sorrow of her grandmother's life.

"Tell me about it," Maddy continued, bringing a pillow, and lying down upon the lounge beneath the window.

"There is no great to tell, only he was many

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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Help a Friend—If You Are Well and Strong

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all, my dears, and 1910 good wishes to each one of you. Now with the new year to encourage us, a nice, fresh new year that shows no signs of usage and has never a mark upon it, just think what wonders you may accomplish with it if you handle it right. It is like a sheet of pure white paper on which may be written beautiful lines, or it may be filled with blots and scratches. What will you do with it and what will the page look like this time next year? We must wait and see, and we can only hope it will be as it should be. Having given you my greeting for 1910, I begin my little sermons to you.

The first one of you to meet me from the pile of letters on my desk is Cousin Dolly of Newark, N. Y., and she is much disturbed because a young fellow she once thought the very best, after a separation of some months, has become so different that she hardly recognizes him as the same, but still thinks of him as she always did, and wants to know what she shall do? Now isn't that a funny girl? If he is so very different from what he used to be how can she like him the same? I think she should not try to like the changed being, but get one that won't change so much.

Brown-eyed Daisy, Butte, Mon.—He has no intentions except to go with other girls and kind of keep you waiting so he can go with you when the other girls don't want him. Don't you think you had better send his ring back to him, and get another beau?

S. V., Great Falls, Neb.—He is just having fun with you because you are so silly that you like him though you know he is not the kind of a young fellow a nice girl should like. Let him go.

Broken-hearted, Woodward, Okla.—Answer his postal if you want to make up again. That is what he sent it to you for. I hope you haven't waited until it is too late. And still you sign yourself "Broken-hearted." I don't believe you are.

Somebody's Darling, Hagaman, N. Y.—Speak to him and make friends again. (2) If your mother does what she should she will not only prevent your sending your photo to the strange man you write to, but she will stop you from writing to him. How do you know he is not an escaped convict or other criminal?

N. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—I think you should give yourself the benefit of your several doubts and not marry him. It is possible that he could get consumption from his wife who died with it.

Here is an extract from a letter from one of the cousins which I am giving for the benefit of a good many of the others. Read it carefully and judge for yourselves. "Dear Cousin Marion: I am a reader of COMFORT ever since I was a little girl, and the best of all I think are your answers. I remember when I was sixteen I asked you what you thought of my marrying a man of twenty and you told me not to do it as I was too young. Then, dear cousin, I did not like your answer, but now I see how foolish most of us girls are at that age. I know had I married then, I would be very unhappy now. Now that I am going on twenty-two I look at things much different than I did when I was younger. I am twenty-one since April and since July I am engaged and have a sweet little diamond ring. I think he is a good and heart-hearted fellow."

Matilda Ann, Carthage, Mass.—You have acted so very, very silly that I don't feel much like giving you advice. He is all right and you have simply driven him away by your carelessness, yet you say you love him and want him to come back. Go to him and tell him so and apologize the best you can. If he wants to come back, I shall not object, but really he should not.

Blue Eyes and Red Cheeks, McKeesport, Pa.—If you have to be fifty and fast to gain the attention of the young men of your circle, you had better not have it at all. Such men are not worth having, and such girls no nice girls can be. Cut them all out, and go your own good, clean way. You will not lose in the end.

Very, Very Unhappy, Quincy, Pa.—I am sorry, but I cannot advise you because you should take counsel with the friends who are near you and who want to see you do what is best. You will find it hard, indeed, but your duty to those who love you and whom you love should make you strong.

Sylphine, Chelsea, Mich.—Why didn't you wait till he had written to you? Were you afraid he would get away from you? Now that you have written you must answer his letter if he writes to you. If he felt as I do about it, he wouldn't write.

Troubled Mind, Fedora, S. Dak.—Your teacher, who wants you to "keep company" with him, should have more sense than to be making love to one of his pupils. He may mean all right, but if he does, he will wait until you are out of school. Will the trustees of the school permit a teacher to "keep company" with one of his pupils? Ask them.

Cricket, Piedmont, Kans.—Better wait for the broken-hearted one to return from the Philippines. Why break his heart twice?

Two Bleeding Hearts, Buhl, Ida.—If you "feel as though you must do as your hearts dictate," I think you should stop their bleeding right away and marry the young men. Are their hearts bleeding, too? My, my, what a sanguinary state you must all be in.

Constance, Blue Lakes, Ida.—My dear, don't ask me if it is right for you to love another woman's husband. Ask the woman.

Dad's Girl, Westboro, Wis.—Marriage is a lottery anyway, they say, and I think you have a chance to draw a prize, though you may have your doubts. Take the chance and I think you'll win.

Country Girl, Machen, La.—Obey your parents until you are old enough to decide for yourself what man you should marry.

Evilo, Harlingen, Texas.—If all the boys were nice boys, dear, perhaps there wouldn't be any great harm in kissing one good night, but they are not all nice. Don't do so any more.

Three Chums, Chapman, Neb.—Let me see, three schoolmarmas, and all in love with the same man and you don't know how to settle it? Suppose one of you marries him and the other two go on teaching and each give half of her salary to the man she loved because he may need it to support the one he married. Isn't that really truly love?

C. and J., Yeoman, Ind.—If he writes a good letter should you break with him because you only care for him as a friend? Don't you like to get pleasant letters? (2) The only "ladylike" way to make his acquaintance is to be properly introduced. Wait for that, or let him go.

Olga, Waverly, O.—I can't explain in print how to tie a true lover's knot. Ask almost any school girl in your town to show you. See Standard Dictionary.

E. A. H. S., Phillips, Wis.—If you know him real well, you may send him a Christmas present without waiting to see if he will send one to you first. (2) Don't be jealous, but let him tell you about the girls he knows and writes to. You are first and so why should you care? If you encourage him to talk to you about the others he will never try to hide anything from you, as he will be sure to do if you got ugly if he talks about any other girl. Don't be silly.

Miss Vinson, Akron—Forget him. You think now you want him, but a year or two from now you will be glad to get rid of all a permanent thing. On right about your work and by and by you will begin to find that he is not the person you thought he was. If you are so weak-minded as to think you love him back, your one is hopeless.

Uncle Blossom, Peabody, Mich.—You have only a year to wait until you are twenty-one, then you may inform your parents that you are old enough to choose your life partner. At the same time don't conclude because a young man's mother and sister "dislike" him that he will make the best kind of a husband. As a rule that kind doesn't. They spoil him for any other woman.

Perplexed Cousin, New Market, Va.—If you want to write to him write to him even if he didn't come to tell you good by.

Broken-hearted, Falls City, Neb.—You don't mean anything to him and why should you want him? Give him up and choose one to whom you mean everything.

Claribel, Rush City, Minn.—You are not acting fairly and honestly with him, and I have no advice to give you. You deserve to have some man treat you as you have treated him. I am not surprised that you are not popular among those who know you.

Heart-broken, Elsie, Mich.—You have a right to some explanation of his conduct and should ask him to make it.

Cac, Clinton, Mich.—Wait till you are twenty-one and don't marry the man who has money, merely because your parents want you to. Love is worth more than money to live with.

Patience, Decatur, Ill.—Pay him back in his own coin and show him. But don't break your own words as he does.

Blue Bell, Ludington, Mich.—You should write and explain to him why you acted as you did. I think he will understand. It's worth a lot to a girl to be frank and fair with the right kind of men.

Happy Girl, Chocomauga, Ga.—Lovers always quarrel and make up and you can make up with him as often as you please, or he pleases.

Deserted, Winneconne, Wis.—My dear child, go to your mother with your troubles. She may suffer with you, but she would suffer more without you.

Grille, Hazen, Ark.—Now that you have stopped his coming to see you, continue it, and never let him come again. He is no gentleman. (2) Don't marry the old widower to keep him from a drunkard's grave. I think that kind of man is better in any kind of a grave than to be the husband of a young girl, and his wife dead only two months. (3) Decline to go out with the young man who cannot talk.

Lonely Girl, Joseph, Ore.—Write him encouraging letters telling him to stick to his studies and equip himself for the work before him. Never for a moment let your wish to see him mean to him that he should quit his study until he is working for you, and if he becomes discouraged in New York and comes back to Oregon on your account, or any other until he has finished his course, it will lessen, if it does not destroy your regard for him. He is homesick now, and a homesick young man in love is liable to act very foolishly. Brace him up and keep him braced.

C. M., Perry's Mills, N. Y.—I think as your friends do that you should give him up. He is mean and jealous, claiming everything for himself, and demanding everything from you. How can you love such a man, I don't see, but if you do and you think he is the kind to be happy with, I suppose I have no right to warn you against him. So, my dear, you do just as you please.

You know, cousins, that I have always been favorable to girls marrying men younger than themselves, if they truly loved each other, and listen what a "Contented and Happy Cousin" writes from San Francisco, about an East Penn. cousin who asked me about the subject not long ago:

"I would like to give East Penn girls some advice on marrying boys younger than themselves. I think it all right as I know by experience. I married a man younger than myself and eight happy years have flown past. Not any quarrels so far. I have sev-

eral friends who have married men younger than themselves and all have turned out well. I believe in marrying whom we love. I do not see why a girl older

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than a boy should not marry, as well as an old man to marry, their boy friends if there is true love between them."

There, dears, all your questions are answered except some that had to be sent to other departments, where you will find the answers, and I feel quite proud of having been able to give you such good advice as I have given. You know advice is the plentiest thing in the world and because it is so plenty is one reason I guess, why people neglect it so when they get it. But I hope you cousins are not that kind and will use every bit of it to your advantage. Now, by the way, we meet again, and may the new year be the happiest you have ever known. By, by, again. COUSIN MARION.

An Unwilling Bride Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ing the water, and then again passing her hand back and forth across her brow, as if to clear away a cloud.

"What was it, dearest Clemence, that made you ill?"

"I really do not know; I cannot account for it at all—a sudden panic seized me and I fell—it is passing away now—in fact it has passed," she said, smiling and blushing at the unaccountable emotion, "now, indeed, it is quite gone," she added, still more brightly smiling in Amy's face, and rising and lightly shaking off all the clouds from her sunny countenance.

Elva stood by the window in the attitude and with the expression of deep thought.

"Gusty," she said, as the youth approached her, "look at me—have I got the evil eye?"

"Why, yes, to be sure you have. Didn't you know it before?"

"Now Gusty, you just be serious! Have I got the evil eye?" asked the imp in a low, fearful whisper.

"Why, no you little goose; what made you ask such a simple question?"

"Why, because just now, when I was laugh-

ing and thinking of how I would do Uncle, I happened to look up in Clemence's face, and the instant she caught my eyes, she turned pale and sank down, and I felt as if I had killed her."

"Oh! your looking at her had nothing to do with it," said Augustus; "and now I tell you, Elva, we had better get out for home, or we'll not get there by nine o'clock!"

"And I don't care if we don't get there till twelve. 'In for a penny in for a pound,' and besides, I've got over so many things to see first that Clemence promised to show me."

First of all she must go up-stairs with Clemence and see the pretty new chamber furniture, and all the baby's pretty little clothes, that were laid away so nicely in an upper bureau drawer. And then she must see the wren's nest out at the chamber window, and hear about waking the family up with its singing early in the morning; and lastly she had to go down to the shed and see the white Durham heifer fed. And during all this time, the elf was so interested in the sweet life around her, and so modified by its subduing influences, that when at last she came in holding Clemence's hand, she looked gentle and mild enough to have been Clemence's little sister. Mrs. Mott had tea on the table and Augustus had Samson harnessed to the cart. So, after tea, the young visitors took leave of Amy and Clemence, and kissed the forehead of the sleeping baby, and departed.

Clemence took her sewing and sat by the sea-view window to work. Amy drew up to her side and said:

"Clemence, I want you to tell me, dear, what it really was that agitated you so?"

Clemence laughed.

"I accept all experience psychological phenomena, Amy, even that one, strange and unaccountable as it was! You will smile; but as I happened to meet that child's blue eyes, blazing with an insufferable light, while her whole form dilated as if instinct with mischief and charged with destruction, I know not how it was, but some fell spirit, apart from the child, seemed yet to gaze at me and threaten me through her eyes; and a sudden panic seized me, and I sank with the strangest impression, with the feeling of a strong man's arm catching me in a vicelike grip, and a sharp knife plunged into my chest."

Clemence shuddered in spite of herself.

"It may be something—it may be a presentiment or a vision—or it may be nothing more than the effect of disordered nerves; perhaps we drink too much coffee; and yet I am perfectly well! But the affair is not worth so many words, dear Amy, and now that I have settled your curiosity, I will not give the subject another thought."

And Clemence resumed her needlework, her fingers flying to make up for lost time.

Clemence had sometime previous got through all the little household sewing, and now she employed herself embroidering cuffs and collars, which she left at the haberdashery shops to be sold; and such was the beauty of the work that they commanded a ready sale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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You as well as many others will probably ask yourself this question: Why does Mrs. Richards offer to give a full fifty-cent box of **Balm of Figs** free to thousands of women whom she doesn't know?

I will tell you why.
I will be perfectly honest with you.

I really feel it my sincere duty, after fifteen years of success with this great remedy, to make it known to every woman, and that is why, dear friend, I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of **Balm of Figs**, **absolutely free**. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. **Balm of Figs** is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of leucorrhea, painful periods, ulceration, inflammation, displacement or falling of the womb, ovarian or uterine tumors or growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

Let Me Send You, Absolutely Free, This 50-Cent Box of Balm of Figs

I will send it to you, **absolutely free**, to prove to you personally its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to **Balm of Figs**, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes **free**—so, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment **entirely free** by return mail, and if you desire, I can undoubtedly refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted through the use of **Balm of Figs**. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of **Balm of Figs** will convince you of its merit. In fact, nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give **Balm of Figs** this test? Remember—all you need to do is simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me at once—then I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of **Balm of Figs** **absolutely free**. Or if you prefer to write a letter, you can address me in confidence.

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards
Special Box A6, Joliet, Ill.

NOTE: I will also send you free a handsome book entitled, "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one.

Fill Out and Return This Coupon

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS,
Special Box A 6, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Richards: As I am in need of a remedy like **Balm of Figs**, I will be pleased to have you send me, by return mail, one full fifty-cent box, free of cost.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....



DOLLAR BOOK FREE

If You Are Sick or Afflicted I Will Send This Valuable Book and a Proof Treatment Free

Ten Thousand Medical Books Free

I have succeeded beyond my fondest ambition in doing good in the world, in benefitting humanity. I have acquired a liberal share of worldly goods. For all of this I am grateful, I am thankful. To show my gratitude, to prove my appreciation of the skill with which I have been endowed and the success with which I have met in the medical profession, I propose to do a great kindness to humanity—I propose to help the sick and suffering free of charge.

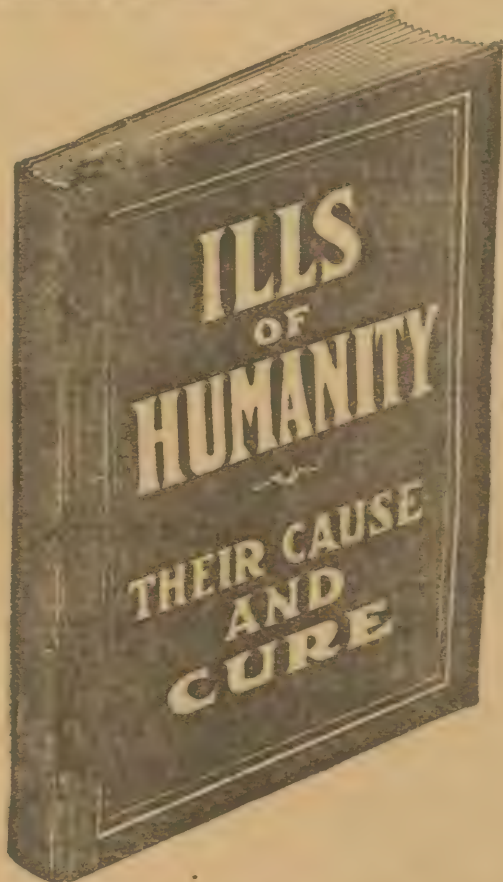
This is my plan: I will positively give away 10,000 home medical books and 10,000 free treatments to the first 10,000 people who write to me. My book contains 192 pages of professional information and private advice. Every man and woman should read it. It is well illustrated. It describes all diseases, explains all symptoms, gives the causes of diseases, tells how to prevent sickness, and explains how a great many diseases can be cured in your own home. If you want to be well and remain well this is the book for you—and it is free. Only one member of a family should apply.

Diseases I Treat

I don't claim to cure cancer, leprosy and incurable diseases, but I do claim to cure and actually, positively cure many that others consider incurable. I have cured thousands of serious chronic cases—many cases that others have failed to cure. I want to prove what my treatment will do for you. My free treatment is the best test—it is the one convincing proof. No matter what disease you have or how long you have suffered, be one of the first 10,000 to accept this free offer.

Positive Proof Free A Free Treatment

Send no money—no stamps. Simply mail me the coupon below filled in with your name and address and the diseases with which you suffer and I will send you, absolutely free, postage paid, this valuable medical book for the home, and a generous proof treatment. I will do this to prove my ability to cure you. Read the instructions below, then send the coupon at once—before it is too late to accept the most generous, the most liberal offer ever made.



I Ask Nothing

I will accept no pay—not one cent for this book and treatment. I want to prove that my treatment will do in your case what it has done in thousands of cases. By proving my skill to you I will prove it to your friends and neighbors. If I cure you I want your good will, and I know you will speak a kindly word for me to your sick friends when convenient to do so. This is all I ask. The book and free treatment will cost you nothing now, or at any time. You will be under no obligations to me. Fill the coupon now.

To All Who Write

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are affected with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and go that make life worth living—whether you are rich or poor, young or old, man or woman—you need this wonderful treatment.

I Will Send It To You Free

Not one remedy, but as many kinds of remedies as I find advisable in your case. Remedies that will strike straight at your disease and remove the cause—upbuilding, strength-giving, life-saving remedies. The medicines I give are pure, effective, curative—the products of the most modern medical science. They cure where others fail. I have cured thousands of desperate, chronic cases—many cases no doubt just like yours. My skill is known in every civilized country in the world. I want to prove that I can cure you, and to prove it at my own cost, without a penny of expense to you. Fill the coupon today.

Cut or tear off this coupon along this line, draw line under the diseases you have, fill in the coupon and mail to

Note.—Simply draw a line under any of the following diseases or afflictions you have.

RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
ECZEMA
SCROFULA
CATARRH
DROPSY
PILES
NEURALGIA
DIARRHEA
CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
DIZZINESS
EPILEPSY

KIDNEY TROUBLE
BLADDER TROUBLE
HEART DISEASE
IMPURE BLOOD
FEMALE TROUBLE
TORPID LIVER
PARTIAL PARALYSIS
CHRONIC COUGH
NERVOUSNESS
PROSTATITIS
MALARIA
PIMPLES
LUNG TROUBLE
ASTHMA

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 138 Kidd Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.

DOCTOR KIDD:—Please send me, free of charge, postage paid, your 192-page Home Medical Book and a free proof treatment for my case. It is understood that this book and treatment is not to cost me one cent, now or at any time, and that it does not obligate me in any way.

(Write name on this line)

(Age)

(Address)

(How long afflicted)

(Name or describe here the disease with which you suffer most)

NOTE.—If you have any disease or affliction not mentioned in this list, describe on another sheet of paper and send with coupon; or, if you prefer, describe your condition in your own words in a letter to me.

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

SONG BY H. P. DANKS.

Copyright, 1933, by HAMILTON S. GORDON.
English Copyright secured.

WALTER A. PHILLIPS.

Slow.

THE ABOVE IS AN EASY ARRANGEMENT FOR PIANO OR ORGAN OF THE SONG "Silver Threads Among the Gold," by H. P. Danks, which is without doubt the most popular song at the present time. It is provided you mention COMFORT. He is also the publisher of the popular songs: "Wouldn't You Like to Flirt With Me?" "When the Fields are White With Daisies," "Walking Home With Angeline," and "My Creative Side." Address: Hamilton S. Gordon, 110-112 W. 30th St., New York City, and he will be pleased to send you his catalogues of Instrumental Music, Vocal Music and Piano Methods FREE.

Electric Goods. Big Cat. 3 cts. Fortune for agents. Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

10 LOVELY POSTALS 10c. Sil. & Floral Valentine. EASTER LOVE Scenes. American Art Co. New Haven Conn.

HOROSCOPE Life read by planets Birthdate, 15c. coin Prof. L. Zandi, R. 945, Portland, Me.

SHORT STORIES Wanted: Ready market. Send MSS. or stamp for particulars. WRITERS EXCHANGE, B. L. B. 284, Detroit Mich.

53 COMIC POST CARDS (Bushels of Fun) 10c big bargain. MAGNUS A. HESS, 211-A Randolph St., Chicago.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARNOLD Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

Sporting Goods Dice and Cards a Specialty. Catalog Free. Smythe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE Beautiful Pin to introduce catalog A. H. Kraus, 421-A Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

O-U-KID Story of a boy's adventures. 10c. A. W. Scott, Chicago, N.Y.

EARN \$8 A WEEK. A. W. Scott, Chicago, N.Y.

ETIQUETTE Don't be ignorant. 160 page book 25c. Wm. Moore & Co. New York, N.Y.

Coe's Eczema Cure cures all skin diseases. 25, 50, \$1; trial mailed 10c. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

MONEY \$50 to \$1 shot, UNIK \$33 Secrets etc. E. Rogers, Honesdale, N.Y.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE WITH HEADS. 10c. J. H. Rogers, Honesdale, N.Y.

12 GAY love letters, lots of fun, 6c. REX NOV. CO., Dept. K, Harrison, Mich.

WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with tips to the ladies. 10c. J. H. Rogers, Honesdale, N.Y.

I TELL YOUR FORTUNE for three 2c. stamps; all matters of life carefully treated. Send birthdate. A. TARRA, BOX 979, MALONE, N.Y.

32 NICE POST CARDS different scenes, a "best" Magazine for one year. The Whole Thing for only 10c. post paid. GEORGE WATSON, 323 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 50c. Send 10c. to J. H. Rogers, Honesdale, N.Y.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. For trial. Cases where other remedies have failed. Send birthdate. Dr. E. G. CONTELL, Successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 555-460 W. 234 St., New York.

Told Around the Stove

Wrongly Mailed Letters

"It is a very simple thing to address a letter right and mail it properly," said a man who knew what he was talking about, "but thousands of people in this country through ignorance or carelessness don't do it. To prove this over forty thousand pieces of misdirected mail matter are received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington every day. Think of it. Over forty thousand people every day making mistakes that they could easily avoid and save a lot of trouble and loss and worry. Last year more than thirteen million pieces of mail were received and they included almost everything that was mailable. For instance, 6,000 books, 1,000 pairs of eyeglasses, 900 fountain pens, 800 razors, with a whole bunch of other matter including false teeth, marriage certificates, rings, shoes, snakes and money. You wouldn't think, would you, that they would be so careless about what they like best, but they are. There was over \$65,000 in cash that came to the Dead Letter office instead of going where it was needed, and the amount in checks and drafts and other commercial paper amounted to more than two million, two hundred thousand dollars. Now ain't that a shame for people who could just as easily have done it right and saved all the worry and loss? It is all so simple, but the loss for much of the stuff finally gets to where it is intended to be sent, as you can see by the list of things that are sent to the Dead Letter office. Still a big lot of it cannot be sent to those who should have it and the government sells it at auction when all efforts fail to deliver it."

Something About Cocaine

"You've all heard about cocaine," said a man who had been a doctor, "and what a wonderful anesthetic it is in operations on the eye and in numerous other cases where chloroform or ether cannot be used, but maybe you don't know what a dreadful drug it is and how much harm it is doing to people in this country who indulge in its use. Well, its harm is so near its good that there has been talk of prohibiting its sale entirely, but that will not happen till we see what can be done towards stopping its use except by reputable physicians. About 150,000 ounces are consumed annually in this country and a dozen years ago it was hardly known. Of this large quantity about 50,000 ounces go to destroy the minds, souls and bodies of weak men and women—'dope fiends', as they are called. Most of the cocaine comes from only one source, and many of them have changed to 'coke', as they call it, and the results are worse than before, for the habit is incurable and is sure to wreck its victims. Many druggists will not sell it at all and the sale to illegitimate users is done by all sorts of disreputable people who care only for the money they make. Cocaine comes from the coca plant which grows in Bolivia and Peru, and the cocaine is then sent to the United States, where it is sold as 'rock candy' and is worth \$2.50 an ounce, pure. It is variously adulterated, one way being with arsenic, and with a pound of pure cocaine often sold by unscrupulous dealers, sometimes drug-jobs, at \$1 for the sixteenth of an ounce, a profit of over \$13 an ounce. So far the cocaine

habit prevails chiefly among the lower classes of society, and with the active work being now done by the government in restricting it to its proper uses, it may be checked before it has become general in its destruction."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N.Y.

Bodi-Tone See Liberal trial offer in full page announcement on last page of this issue.

\$90 A MONTH \$50 Expenses Allowance at start to put out Misc. and Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house. AMERICAN HOME SUPPLY CO., 1254 A 1, CHICAGO.

\$80 In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. Can make 100% Experience unnecessary. Steady work, men or women. For full information, address OLD COLONY CO., KINGSTON, N. Y.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. 12, Chicago, Ill.

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

5 FINE POST CARDS FREE Send only 4c. stamps and receive 5 colored Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce Post Card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 69, Topeka, Kan.

8 VALENTINE POST CARDS 10c Send 10c. for 8 high grade Valentine Post Cards. We send quality cards, not quantity. 24 cards for 25 cents. Write today. Kansas Post Card Co., Dept. 441, Topeka, Kan.

6 LOVELY VALENTINE POSTCARDS 2c These beautiful colored, gold embossed postcards, given for 2c. stamp, to introduce our cards in your locality. Write now. Don't delay. A. Porter, 107 Clinton St., Chicago, Dept. 406.

WE GIVE a \$100.00 worth of jewelry, watches, etc., to the person who will send us the names of five of their neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage. Write today. E. R. SPENCER CO., Horton, N.Y.

25 Valentine Post Cards for 10c INCLUDING SOLID GOLD, SILVER AND GREEN BACKGROUNDS.



Every card richly colored, nearly all different, and some worth up to 50c each. All styles of Valentines, Doves, Cupids, Hearts, Flowers, Lace Effects, etc., each card with a Valentine Greeting on it. The finest lot of cards ever offered—just as good as the original. Send 10c. to receive 25 cards. Write today. Address: BILLY ART CO., DEPT. 284, 635 LAWDALE AVE., CHICAGO.

"Silver Threads Among the Gold"

Copyright by Hamilton S. Gordon.

CHORUS.

"Darling, I am growing growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today
Life is fading fast away."

This oldtime but very popular song is one of the very few old pieces of music on which the "copyright" still holds good. Probably there is no piece published today which comes so near touching a responsive chord in human nature as do the words and music of "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The melody is so sweet and simple that it goes right to the heart. We feel that we are giving COMFORT readers a great treat in presenting this easy piano arrangement to them in this issue of our monthly and we take pleasure in also printing the words of the chorus. As the entire song is copyrighted by Hamilton S. Gordon, as will be seen by notice printed over the music, we cannot publish the entire song, which Mr. Gordon sells for 25 cents each and still receives orders for ten thousand copies at a time. One of the greatest American contra tenors is now featuring this song on the road in the play entitled "SILVER THREADS," which is a very popular play based on this song.

Special Club Offer. To any reader who will send us a club of three five-months ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT within ten days, we will mail a copy of the complete song post-paid. This is a rare chance for you all to get the song without paying out any money yourselves. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer.

Some time ago it was announced in these columns that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.



In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent \$125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for a while longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of female diseases, displacements, falling of the womb, irregularities, painful periods, leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration and tumors; also pains in the head, back and bowels, nervousness, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day; not necessary to write a letter, simply send this notice with your name and address at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7560 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

DON'T STAY FAT



I have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment that I have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. A reduction of 10 pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what I will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discoloring. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take my word for this; I will prove it to you at my own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write today for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject. It costs you nothing. Address: Dr. J. Spindler, Dept. 642 E. 41 West 25th Street, New York City.



GIVEN 200 Premiums to Girls and Boys who sell our New Gold-Eye Needles at only 5c a pair. Easy to sell, because you give Free a silver aluminum thimble with every two packages. WE TRUST YOU. Write plainly your name and address, enclosing 25 cents or needles and 12 thimbles; we mail, postpaid, at once. Sell—return our \$1.25, selecting the shows you entitled to. The more needles you sell, the finer Premium you get. Order today—extra prize for quick work. Big cash commission if you prefer. WAVERLY SUPPLY CO., 24112, Mount Pleasant, Pa.

DOLL AND CARRIAGE FREE

A Big Beauty Doll nearly 20 inches tall. Bisque head, flowing face, big Blue Eyes, rosy mouth, pearly teeth, long curly hair, elaborately dressed. Hat, collar and sleeves, trimmed with lace. Real slippers and stockings to match. The Big Doll Beauty is stylish, robust and built for strength. A carriage that the proud little mother will be delighted to own. Both Doll and Carriage given for advertising twelve packages colored art Gold Embossed Post Cards at 10c on our special offer (10 post cards to package). We trust you with cards. When sold send us \$1.00. Doll and Carriage sent promptly. L. M. LOMER, MGR., DEPT. C, 183 FORREST ST., JERSEY CITY, N. J.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

E. A. S. Peshtigo, Wis.—You will get the information by writing to the postmasters of such towns as you wish to know about. Enclose a postal for reply. We have no lists of firms.

Mrs. H. S. South West, Pa.—We have never heard of any law against a dressmaker without a diploma having a sign on her door. Indeed, we don't believe one dressmaker in a hundred thousand has any diploma at all. Go ahead and put up your sign.

J. C. H. Millinburg, Pa.—No one could say which is the best state for the poor man nor what is the most promising occupation. It depends on the poor man. Oklahoma at present, we believe, is a better field than any other of the western states, but what occupation is the best for him is too much for us. He can only learn that by trying, because he doesn't know himself until he tries. We believe that farming offers the best opportunity of any calling at present, but the man must not only be industrious, but he must have business capacity and farm by modern methods. There is nothing in it if followed in the old style.

J. F. D. Lena, S. C.—Write to Schieffelin & Co., No. 170 William St., New York. Or to R. M. Robinson & Son, No. 228 Fulton St.

A. E. Curtis, Wis.—An acre is seventy yards, two hundred and ten feet square. In round numbers. A rod is five and one half yards, sixteen and one half feet. Now figure it out yourself, how many rods square an acre is. That isn't a hard one for a grown man in Wisconsin, is it?

If M. D. Galea, Ind., inquiring in October Compost about chorus girl positions will write to Philip R. Knight, Box No. 111, Farmer City, Ill., she will hear of something to her advantage.

M. J. Oneida, Kans.—Your State Geologist at Topeka is the best man to test your minerals or stones. If you have something valuable the state ought to know about it.

D. F. T. Arlington Heights, Ill.—There is no paper published in the interests of five and ten cent stores that we know of. The address of the Thomas A. Edison Co., is South Orange, N. J. Try the Vitaphone Company of America, Brooklyn, N. Y. and the Amusement Supply Co., Illinois Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

C. J. M., Washington, D. C.—Cuba has a lottery all right, but the U. S. has shut it out of this country by treaty or express and anybody found handling its tickets here is in danger of being locked up indefinitely.

F. L. H., Delway, N. C.—Such schools are very scarce. We believe there is one, The Parkville Seminary at Parkville, Mo. Berea College, Berea, Ky., may be another. Write there and see.

B. H., Belleville, Ill.—An assistant librarian should have a general knowledge of all books and other printed matter, and should have a local knowledge of the library where he works. The pay is not much for the amount of education required.

J. A. D., Oakland, Cal.—You will get the information on any good book store in Oakland, and can see the books. (2) Have no record of accounts who were their partners. Ask some of the surviving 40ers in your neighborhood. Maine is a long way to go from California to get home information, isn't it?

W. E. M., Thaxton, Va.—The Sunday Herald of New York formerly printed personal advertisements, but does not do so at present.

Geo. 2nd., Sligo, Mo.—Unless some town ordinance forbids women from being barbers they can wield the razor as rightfully as, and sometimes better than, the men can. They have never been successful, however, in that line.

H. B. K., Jordan, Minn.—Send the name and description of the missing relation to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and we will publish it in our Lost Persons' department, where it will be seen by several million of readers all over this country, and in Canada and Mexico. That is the best way to locate the lost.

E. B., Valley Bend, W. Va.—Write to Butterick Publishing Co., Butterick Building, New York City.

W. E. S., Akron, O.—You probably mean a compass. Go to any stationery store in your city and see if you don't find what you want.

Mrs. P. J. T., Aberdeen, Wash.—Write to Editor of The Breeders' Gazette, No. 1102 Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill., for the information.

C. P. E., Neptune, Tenn.—We are not coin experts, but there are advertisers in COMFORT who are. Write to them. Read Compost advertisements for all sorts of information that will come in handy every day.

A. B., Colchester, Ill.—The only sort of hand-made fancy work that is bought by firms is of such quality, or originality in design that it has particular value. This means very fine work done by artists in that line. The ordinary kinds are done by machinery and are sold at prices so low that they can't be made work cannot compete at all. If you can supply by hand what dealers cannot get from machinery you will have a market for it.

E. G., Coolville, O.—The usual ingredients in plug tobacco are sugar, or molasses, licorice root, and the plain weed. If there is anything else in it there shouldn't be. The really and truly best chewing tobacco has no ingredients but the weed itself—plain, long green, properly cured and twisted into a golden yellow twist. Vitiated tasters call for something sweet and they get it in the licorice and sugar. For further particulars consult any manufacturer of chewing tobacco.

H. K. Matthews, Elmira, R. D. 3, N. Y., would like to hear from COMFORT readers who have Indian relics to exchange or sell.

B. J., St. Hilaire, Minn.—Nickels of 1873 and dollars of 1878 are worth only their face value.

C. H., Plainfield, Is.—There's a whole lot more in pearl hunting than you will find in books. If you have any pearls in sight, write to Tiffany & Co., New York City, for information along all lines you want to know about. Enclose postage for reply.

C. S. T., Pierce City, Mo.—You should be able to find what you want from the advertising columns of the St. Louis papers. Did you ever think to look there? Advertising columns are always very informing, as you may have learned from those in COMFORT.

J. W. L., Fox, Ore.—There is no way of getting the old book to the notice of collectors except by advertising it. Try an ad. in the Portland, Oregonian. We have no idea of the value of the book, but you may rest assured that no dealer will pay you much for it. He runs too much risk in finding a collector who wants it.

W. D., Damiansville, Ill.—You will find the address of a coin and stamp dealer in COMPOST. Write to him.

M. D. T., Birmingham, Ala.—Any large dealer would buy fern and smilax if shipped in good condition, but unless you can ship in large quantities it will not pay you to ship. See your local florists. Birmingham is a big town and you should be able to place all you can get.

Mrs. T. Germantown, Pa.—A genuine Strad violin is one made by Antonius Stradivarius of Cremona and would be worth thousands of dollars. Hundreds of so-called Strads are passing around the country as genuine, but they are frauds and their makers should be in jail. As every Strad is supposed to be known and accounted for, the violin your husband has is no doubt an imposition.

C. E. Blair's Mills, Ky.—Send your clay to the State Geologist at Frankfort. (2) Pinkerton, Chicago; Thiel Detective Agency, New York City. If you want to know the first step to take as a detective, go to Louisville or Cincinnati and knock around with the

police for a few months, or get a job on a newspaper as a police reporter.

J. W. B., Stines Corner, Pa.—C. G. Gunther's Sons, No. 184 Fifth Ave.; A. & J. Engel, No. 15 East 17th St.; Henry Selig, No. 42 West 34th St., and C. C. Shayne, No. 124 West 42nd St., are reliable for dealers in New York City. (2) See coin dealers' advertisements in COMPOST and write them.

Steve, Flint, Mich.—Silver three cent piece of 1867 is worth from twenty to forty cents, according to condition. Write to coin dealers advertising in COMPOST about Canada coin.

Minneapolis, Deering, N. Dak.—Any physician in your community can tell you where there is an orthopedic institute in your state, or if not, where the nearest one is. We don't know local addresses. As to the facial improvers you saw in Minneapolis, there is no possible way of determining what they can do for you unless you submit to their treatment. In some cases they are very successful and in others not. You take the risk.

W. H. O., Liebenuth, Kans.—Postal clerks must have good English education, especially in geography. Write to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for particulars. Also make inquiries of some about customs clerk. First-class wireless operators are worth one hundred dollars a month or more.

I. E. A., Paw Paw, W. Va.—Write to postmaster of nearest big town or city asking the address of a reliable junk dealer, or to give your letter of inquiry to such a dealer.

H. C. P., Valdosta, Ga.—You might have risked a dime on an advertiser. Write to the coin dealers advertising in COMPOST.

G. W., Pontiac, Ill.—We can't tell you how to ten a hide so it will not smell and the fur won't fall out. To ten properly you must learn from those who know how. Printed directions are of no value to one who has had little or no experience.

J. B. H., Holiste, Tenn.—Write to Snow & Westcott, No. 21 Maiden Lane, New York, asking if they cannot supply you, to hand your letter to some firm that can.

L. J. K., Bowen, Ky.—It is not necessary to fasten the sheets of a manuscript together, unless they are numerous. Then the best way is to fasten them at the side so they may be opened as a book. This only for the convenience of the reader, because if the manuscript gets to the printer the sheets have to be separated. The beginner may ask what he places for a story of 20,000 words—prices range from a tenth of a cent a word up to five cents a word, or even higher in special cases. Editors usually say what they will give, and most writers accept what is offered. Penmanship does not go on a manuscript any more. You will have to have it typewritten.

Geeny, Eagle Rock, Neb.—Publishers of school books in Latin and Greek are able to supply translations. Write to the publishers of your text books for "Ponies."

L. L. L., Wortham, Miss.—There is no record of the first church established by God. (2) The Baptists were one of the early divisions of the Protestants after the Reformation, though the definite beginning of the denomination is doubtful. There were Baptists in England as early as 1535. The last person burned at the stake in England, Edward Wightman at Litchfield, April 11th, 1612, was a Baptist. Roger Williams established the Baptists in the U. S. in 1633. There are more Christians in the world than any other religion, 477,080,153, and more Catholics, 230,866,533, than any other Christian branch.

F. A. A., El Reno, Okla.—Write to Sup't. Public Library, Boston, Mass. If the papers are of any value the library will probably buy them. If it doesn't want them, ask if it will tell you of someone who might.

Z. E. O. L., Grandchain, Ill.—We have no foreign lists of coin and stamp collectors. Ask coin dealers advertising in COMPOST. Enclose postage for reply.

H. W., Courtenay, N. Dak.—Applicants for West Point must have a good English education, and be ahead in mathematics. Also physically sound. The age limit is from seventeen to twenty-two. For further particulars consult the congressman from your district who has the power of appointment.

F. H., Siscoon, S. Dak.—If by "iron smelting plants" you mean blast furnaces they are scattered about the country in various places, Pittsburgh having the most. Write to United States Steel Co., or the Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., or the Ashland Furnace Co., or Norton Iron Works, Ashland, Ky.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

QUICK DRUNKENNESS CURE.

Wonderful Results in 3 Days. Medical scientists have established the fact that when a person seems unable to stop drinking, it is a defined disease which must be cured. Will-power, gentle persuasion or weeping will not succeed. A true 3 days' cure is now positively acknowledged by leading physicians. Full particulars will be sent free, postpaid to anyone who writes to Mr. Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., D 172, New York, N. Y. A postal card will do.

BED-WETTING

Sure Cure, Give age. Sample free Boetger Chem. Co., Peoria, Ill.

\$10 Cash Paid

PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED DIRECTORIES—All kinds of names. A. SCOTT, CHOICE, N. Y.

25 Valentine and Easter Cards 10c

Gold, Silver Colored. No trash. Satisfaction. 6 pgs. 60c J. Lee, 23 East St., Chicago.

You Can Make \$6.00

PER 100 COLLECTING your long-lost money for our Directory—All kinds of names. CENTRAL TRADING CO., 2601 Archer Ave., Dept. B, CHICAGO

"LET ME"

read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Wrenschamp, 250 4th Ave., New York.

ALL FOUR RINGS

EVERYONE WANTS Shampoo-Hair Pomade. Sell 12 at 10c each, when sold return \$1.20 and we will give you these 4 rings FREE. Address, G. T. HANFORD CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

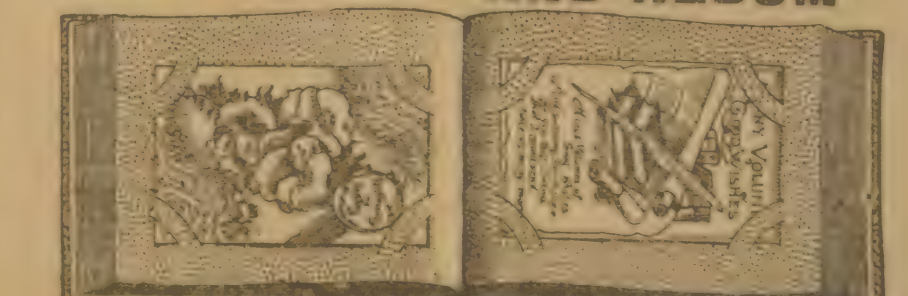
WATCH RINGS FREE

FOR SELLING POST CARDS. Send 100 post cards for our Watch Rings—All kinds of names. G. T. HANFORD CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

25 Gold & Silver Background Valentine Post Cards 10c

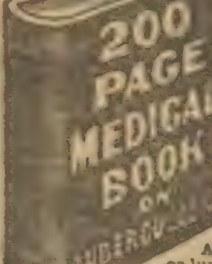
Silk Crushed Plush Finish. The best Valentine Post Cards ever made at the price. The designs, backgrounds, colors, etc., are by a well-known artist and are absolutely new. Send 25 post cards for our Valentine Post Cards. J. HERMAN & CO., 32 CANTON BLDG., CHICAGO

FREE POST CARDS AND ALBUM



To introduce our large new 45-page illustrated catalog we give a beautiful album (one a colored cover, black leaves, half filled with newly introduced and post cards, which will come to you at a 5c price absolutely free. Send 10c to our catalog building agency. Only one album to each customer. Address: HOMER GEORGE COMPANY, Dept. 12, CHICAGO, ILL.

Tuberculosis Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless. Write at once to the VonKorff Company, 3702 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free, and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Fine Pocket Knife FREE

To Agents. Send No Money. Your name and address put in headline—no extra charge.

SALESMEN make quick big profits selling our scientifically tempered PHOTO POCKET KNIVES

Be your own boss. Write at once for good money-making proposition and exclusive territory. CANTON CUTLERY CO., Dept. 51, CANTON, OHIO

Join a Brass Band

Here is your opportunity to enjoy life and make money. FREE We will send you a brass band outfit and our great free brass band offer. Write today. It is free to you. Lyon & Healy, 49 Adams St., Chicago

NEVER EMPTY FOUNTAIN PEN 12c

You do not have to fill it with ink it is always ready for use. Write with it and it will last as long as you live. Fountain Pen. Fountain pen. Send postpaid for 10c or two for 20c, in stamp or silver. C. E. ARMITAGE, 1502 Washington Street, Dept. 497, CHICAGO, ILL.

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. Capt. W. A. Collins, Box 4, Watertown, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

1001 curious (mostly untold) facts about human nature, read Dr. Foe's "Wonder" book on Love, Marriage, Fertility, Health, Disease, and Freaks. In three sections, 240 pages and 40 illustrations, only 10c. Contains more vital facts than your doctor would give for ten dollars. Written in a manner understood by everyone. M. G. HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th St., NEW YORK CITY.

MARRY

Universal Letter Writer FREE to unmarried people on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. H. A. HORTON, Dept. E, Tekonsha, Mich.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms

Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and head powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1827, Boston, Mass.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or skip? Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four men has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of those do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

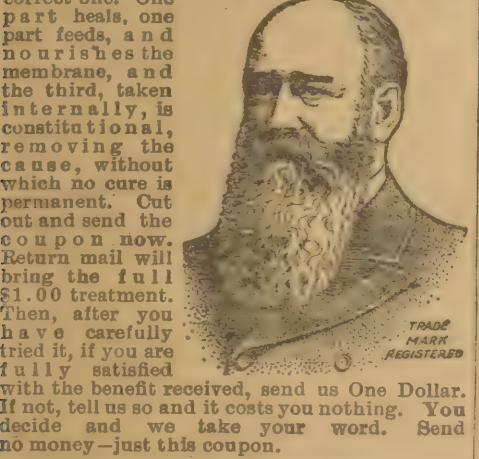
FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any physician examining this coupon will treat you with Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Send this coupon to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Boston, Angerstein, Mass., with 10c in stamp or silver. (Do not send for this coupon if you are already using Kinsman's Heart Tablets.)

Piles

Let Us Send you This \$1 CURE To Try FREE

Don't expose yourself to needless suffering or danger—send in our coupon today and get On Free Trial Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Cure which has met with such phenomenal success in all kinds of rectal cases—Piles, Hemorrhoids, Fissures, Tumors, etc. It is curing the most distressing cases, even after 20 to 40 years, and after medicines and operations had failed, proving that the 3-fold idea is the correct one. One part heals, one part feeds, and one nourishes the membrane, and the third, taken internally, is constitutional, removing the cause, without which no cure is permanent. Cut out and send the coupon now. Return mail will bring the full \$1.00 treatment. Then, after you have carefully tried it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, tell us so and it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. Send no money—just this coupon.



FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for a \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above, to

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

24 EXTRA GOOD POST CARDS ONLY 10c

Line Holiday and fancy golden post cards, no two alike; big Katalag and 50c Due Bill Free. Central Trading Co., 5278 Archer Av., Dept. 34, Chicago, Ill.

Told Around the Stove

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

What Carries Us Off

"It may not be any consolation to you," said the medical expert, "to know what carries most of you away, but as a matter of fact I may say that pneumonia numbers more victims every year than any other disease. After it comes consumption very close, and third is heart disease. The fourth isn't a disease, but it is just as fatal—it is violence. The death rate from this cause rose from 120.9 per cent. per 100,000 in 1905 to 125.8 in 1907. Of such deaths the greatest number is from accidents of various kinds, but about five per cent. were homicides and 16 per cent. suicides. One fifth of all the deaths are among children under one year of age, and one fourth are of children under five years. In youth and early manhood, one sixth are from violence. From forty-five to sixty heart disease ranks all other causes of death, with consumption second. The death rate among negroes for all causes is about fifty per cent. higher than among whites. The consumption rate fell off somewhat in the last year, while that for cancer increased. These two diseases are probably attracting more attention among scientists than any others and they may in time be conquered, as others, once more prevalent, have been. Our general death rate is 16.5 per 1,000 which puts us about the middle of the list, with Great Britain less and Prussia and France greater."

The Succulent Spuds

"We raise in this country something over three hundred million bushels of white, or Irish, potato every year," remarked the farmer-looking party, "and their average value is about fifty cents a bushel. In addition we raise about forty-two million bushels of sweet potatoes worth twenty millions of dollars. Some people think the white potato was called Irish because the potatoes came from Ireland, but that is not the reason. They are called Irish because the Irish are so fond of them—they are the national dish of Ireland, as it were. Just where the origin potato came from is not known, but it was first known to Europeans after the discovery of America. How it got to the western continent is not recorded that I know of. It is believed to have got its start from Chile, or Mexico. It came to Ireland from Virginia in 1565 and Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England in 1585. At first the potato was not of great value as a food vegetable, but Sir Walter Raleigh developed it and popularized it so in Ireland that its use spread to England where it became known as the Irish potato. The first potatoes that reached Europe were sent to Spain from Peru, and were called 'batatas'. They were our sweet potatoes, so-called. The world couldn't get along very well now without the potato, and there are potato farmers who have made fortunes on its production alone. Some of the greatest, if not the greatest potato farms in the world are in the irrigated districts of Colorado."

What a Woman Eats

"Men are fair average eaters," said a healthy specimen, "and women are supposed to be very dainty and eat only like a canary, but listen at some figures worked out by an Englishman for women of his country, and ours have an equal capacity. During seventy years of her life a woman will eat 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 280 pigeons, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 5,745 pounds of vegetables, 244 pounds of butter, 2,000 dozen eggs, 9,000 pounds of bread, all the fruit and candy she can get and will drink 3,000 gallons of tea and coffee. That looks like a tremendous lot of food stuffs, but seventy years is a long, long time to do it in, and I guess the figures are not

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and aches till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is nothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organs, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients every where. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
936 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

FREE OFFER CUT HERE

Name _____

Address _____

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

February 11th, 1908.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This certifies that Dr. Cannaday's patients, from all over the United States, have been placing their money in this bank while they tried his treatment on eczema. In all this time we have been called upon but five times to return the patients' money.

One died before the treatment was shipped; two did not get the treatment as it was lost in transit; one paid cash for the treatment three days later after getting her money; and one was not satisfied.

City of N. H. Bonds
R. F. Harmon
Miss C.



THE GREAT PASSION PLAY

Illustrating the Story of the Life and Suffering of Jesus

During the present year there will be produced in Oberammergau, Bavaria, the "STORY OF THE LIFE AND SUFFERINGS OF JESUS." This Play is only enacted once in Ten Years; it was instituted long ago in 1634 and the characters who take the different parts representing Jesus—the disciples—the two Marys—and all the different personages who had to do with the crucifixion are born, reared, educated and trained in this small village, way up in the mountains, purposely to take the parts assigned to them. The people all live a secluded life. Farming and wood carving being their regular occupation, the intervening nine years when the "Passion Play" is not being shown in the great building reserved entirely for this grand production. The Publisher of COMFORT with his family witnessed the Play in Nineteen Hundred, when it was last shown, and were all very much impressed with the significance and sacredness of the entire performance. Thousands flock to see it each time it is enacted, coming from every part of the world.

We have made arrangements with one of the largest manufacturers of the United States to be one of the first to offer in our territory and introduce something entirely new, that has never been attempted before, to publish "The Passion Play," reproduced on beautiful colored post cards. The publishers from Oberammergau, near Munich, Germany, and this will be the only original set of post cards with the Passion Play illustrated on same. These highly colored Passion Play post cards consist of 56 different subjects, starting from number 1 and showing the characters as they enter upon the stage when the play is produced. On the back of each and every card will be a full description of the illustration, and by receiving the entire set of fifty post cards and reading same consecutively you will have the entire Passion Play before you. In addition with each set of post cards a booklet giving a full description of the play is enclosed, all being sent in a nice box.

We show one of the 56 scenes above as will appear on the cards printed in many colors, "Christ Blessing his Disciples."

It is the desire of the Publisher for all of COMFORT Subscribers to have a set of these cards to keep in their homes, they make a very nice addition to the regular assortment of common cards you might have and they are something that you will always want to keep in the family.

By securing only Two Yearly Subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each you can get the entire set of fifty cards free. Better get up your club of two and send it to COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE, before you forget it and thus be the first to show these beautiful cards at home.

Extra Fine Post Cards FREE

Send 4c. stamps for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Friendship, Flower and Valentine Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 863 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

power is that in which Jesus comes forth from the tomb and the Roman guard falls down in terror as he rises from the dead.

25. ADAM BURNING HIS BREAD BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW. The Passion Play itself is composed wholly of New Testament scenes, but between the acts are a number of tableaux from the Old Testament, chosen with reference to their relation to the scenes in the Passion Play itself. Of these tableaux this is the first.



A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES THIS CUT-PUZZLE

Cash Prizes All Sizes Other Prizes Two Sizes

according to CONDITIONS STATED BELOW, makes it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and FIT IT TOGETHER. IF YOU fit it together correctly and mail it to us (with TWO FIVE-MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at ten cents each) AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail a Pretty Decorated Gift Box containing TWENTY-FIVE choice new BRIGHT-COLORED and decorative VALENTINE POST CARDS—having inscriptions such as "TO MY VALENTINE," "LOVE'S GREETINGS TO MY SWEETHEART," and many other tokens of LOVE and AFFECTION, giving you the latest and most up-to-date assortment of VALENTINES, CUPID DARTS and HEARTS you ever saw. In fact, all the appropriate Greetings that go with the VALENTINE SEASON. UNDERSTAND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SEND US WITH THE CUT-UP PICTURE TWO FIVE-MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS TO COMFORT at 10 CENTS EACH in order to GET A PRIZE.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, packed in the dainty Decorated Gift Box if you send us with the cut-up picture the two five-months subscriptions at 10 cents each and one yearly subscription at 25 CENTS. The club of three amounting to 45 cents. Or, for a club of two yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each, being only 50 cents in all, for you to get the Big Gift Box of fifty cards.

Cash Prizes Also. BESIDES THE VALENTINE CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER and MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH TWO OR MORE subscriptions sent us before the twentieth of February.

A FIRST PRIZE OF	\$3.00 cash	For fourth best a prize of	\$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of	2.00 "	For fifth best a prize of	1.00 "
For third best a prize of	1.00 "	For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 each

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY VALENTINE CARDS and dainty decorated box come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with two or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard, so as to form the complete picture, and then mail to us with the required subscriptions.

IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S CUT-UP PUZZLE R.V., Augusta, Maine

Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription Club with the Money

Enter Now for January Cash Prizes

COMFORT'S SECOND GRAND PRIZE OFFER

This Receipt Shows the Actual Results

\$675.00 Galesburg, Ill., May 8, 1909.
Received of W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, the sum of THREE HUNDRED and FIFTY DOLLARS by check of this date in payment of Fifty Dollars FIRST PRIZE for April doubled and TWO HUNDRED and FIFTY DOLLARS Capital Grand Prize in COMFORT'S Great Subscription Prize Contest, which with the THREE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS previously paid me in monthly Cash Prizes makes a grand total of SIX HUNDRED and SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS received by me from COMFORT in cash prizes during the past six months, besides all my regularly earned premiums and cash commissions.
E. W. WAGONER.

Of Patiently Pegging Away During Spare Time

through the entire six-month competition. He won six monthly prizes, and all of them, except his first month's prize, were paid double to him, and he won the Capital Grand Prize, too. This, of course, was done under our last year's prize offer which is the same as the present one.

He Came Near to Winning \$1,300.00

Which illustrates the extreme power of our doubling-thrilling process. He won only three monthly first prizes, but if he had won a first instead of a second prize the other three months, the doubling-thrilling process in combination with the Capital Grand Prize, which he did win would have given him the full \$1,300.00 limit in cash prizes, besides all his club premiums.

The opportunity is still open to you to win as much as \$700.00 between this and the first day of May even if you have not entered yet.

Two Prizes and Big Money for a One Month Try

Seven of our Grand Prize Winners did the stunt of winning a monthly prize and a Grand Prize, too, all in one month, just by entering for one single month, and then dropping out; didn't even make a try in any other month. Three did the trick the first month and then dropped out; one the third month; one the fourth month, and two did not enter until the last month.

Perhaps you wonder how this could be done,—how a Grand Prize for a six-month contest could be won in a single month. The solution is very simple, and is one of the most liberal and attractive features of our prize offer by which

You May Enter or Drop Out at Any Time Without Forfeiting Your Right to a Grand Prize

The Grand Prizes are paid on May 8 to the winners in the six-month Grand Prize Contest, but, don't you see, as all subscriptions sent in count both ways, both on the monthly prize contest for

863 CASH PRIZES—ALL SIZES \$1,300.00 the Limit to Any One Winner

This is our SECOND GRAND Combination PRIZE OFFER, and we make it the same as our GRAND JUBILEE PRIZE OFFER of last year, because that was such a great all-round success,—but this time WE OFFER MORE PRIZES.

We paid \$675.00 to MR. E. WAGONER, of Galesburg, Ill., and \$350.00 to MISS ALICE WINTERS, of Grover Hill, Ohio, and large sums to MANY OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS, and HUNDREDS of SMALLER PRIZES of ONE to FIVE DOLLARS EACH easily won with little effort, all in accordance with our last year's PRIZE OFFER which proved to be

THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

to them; and we now offer you an equal opportunity to WIN AS MUCH OR MORE.

THIS IS THE GREATEST COMBINATION PRIZE OFFER ever made, because these 863 CASH PRIZES are divided into six groups of monthly prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, 34 GRAND PRIZES, \$5.00 to \$250.00, and 525 consolation PRIZES of \$1.00 EACH for WOMEN and CHILDREN; so that one might win any ONE CASH PRIZE, or ANY NUMBER or combination of CASH PRIZES not exceeding seven and not MORE THAN \$1,300.00 in all to any one person, and in addition an unlimited number and value of club premiums.

WE PAY BIG CASH PRIZES MONTHLY, so that you don't have to pull through a long contest to win, and you don't have to wait to get the premiums that you earn and the money that you win.

WE HAVE PAID THE NOVEMBER PRIZES

On the eighth day of December we paid the November cash prizes, and we print the names of the winners on another page of this paper.

The December prize competition closes December 31, and we shall pay the December prizes on the 8th day of January. You will see the names of the winners in February COMFORT.

159 PRIZES FOR JANUARY

FOR EACH AND EVERY MONTH of the six months beginning with NOVEMBER, 1909, and ENDING with APRIL, 1910, there is a SEPARATE and DISTINCT PRIZE competition for a separate and distinct list of MONTHLY CASH PRIZES to be paid at the end of each month.

THESE 863 SPECIAL, EXTRA, CASH PRIZES are paid, in addition to club premiums, to those who send us subscriptions to COMFORT. Prizes come thick and fast every month for six months.

The competition for January, the third month, begins on New Year's day.

ENTER NOW FOR JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize \$50.00 to \$150.00	3rd Prize \$10.00 to \$30.00
2nd Prize 25.00 to 75.00	4th Prize 5.00 to 15.00
30 Prizes \$1.00 to \$3.00 Each	

The first prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions in the month of January, the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on.

125 CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$1.00 each WILL BE PAID, 100 to WOMEN and 25 to CHILDREN UNDER 15 years of age, who ENTER THIS JANUARY COMPETITION and FAIL TO WIN a monthly prize.

January prize competition opens on the first day of January and closes at midnight of the last day of the same month, and the January prizes will be paid on the 8th day of February.

LOTS OF PRIZES PAID EVERY MONTH

There will be a separate subscription prize competition in each of the months of February, March and April, and each of these months we shall award and pay 34 monthly cash prizes to the 34 persons who, during the particular months for which the prizes are awarded, send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions.

The monthly Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January, except that the first prize is \$50.00 to \$200.00 for February, \$50.00 to \$250.00 for March, and \$50.00 to \$300.00 for April, as explained further on.

Each monthly contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted in on the contest for that month, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to everybody no matter how far off they live. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following, which is as early as we can count up and find out who the winners are.

GRAND PRIZES

To those who send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions between October 1, 1909, and midnight of April 30, 1910, we will pay the following grand prizes:

Capital Grand Prize, \$250.00	4th Grand Prize, \$40.00
2nd Grand Prize, 125.00	5th Grand Prize, 20.00
3rd Grand Prize, 65.00	6th Grand Prize, 10.00
28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00	

The Capital grand Prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions between October 1, 1909, and the last day of next April, and the second grand prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums, and therefore they are

Combination Cumulative Prizes

When you enter for the monthly prizes we also enter you for the Grand Prize Contest, and all the subscriptions which you send in any month count in the monthly prize contest of that month and also in the Grand Prize Contest. You can enter at any time in any of the six months and can drop out at any time, and we will pay you whatever monthly prizes you win while you are in, and will send you your regular club premiums, too, as fast as you send in the clubs. You may win a monthly prize one month, two months, or every month, and may win a Grand Prize on top of them. As all the subscriptions in this contest count toward both sets of prizes, the Grand Prizes are sure to go to winners of monthly prizes.

Monthly Prizes Double Up to Persistent Winners and Give Astonishing Results

Nobody ever heard of such a thing until it was invented by us especially for our Great Jubilee Anniversary Prize Offer which created such a sensation a year ago; so we give you the benefit of it again in this present prize offer. It is a very simple process, but it produces surprisingly large results by doubling up prizes for those who win month after month. This is it. If you win a prize any month it will be paid you immediately, and you will receive your regular club premiums, too, as fast as the clubs come in. But that is not all. If you win a monthly prize the next month, that is for two months in succession, we will immediately pay you double the amount of your second month's prize. You need not win the same prize both months; any prize one month and any prize from \$1.00 to \$50.00 the next month will do the doubling act on the second month's prize. We also double for you whatever monthly prize you win the third successive month; and likewise the fourth, fifth and sixth months if you continue to win. Understand, that if you win one monthly prize, all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter will be doubled for you.

If you entered the December prize competition, don't fail to keep right on trying your level best through January, so to win a prize both months, because if you do win both months, as some always have, we pay you double your January monthly prize.

Of course the doubling and thriffling does not apply to the consolation prizes which are distributed by us among women and children who don't win.

MONTHLY PRIZES THRIBBLE

If you win the same monthly prize three consecutive months, we will double your second month's prize and pay you three times the amount of your third month's prize. See how this works. Suppose you win the third prize, \$10.00, for three consecutive months, or as some say, three straight months,—what we mean is three months running. In that case we pay you \$10.00 for the first, \$20.00 for the second and \$30.00 for the third month, making \$60.00 in all for the three months. And likewise with the fourth, fifth and sixth months, if you continue to win the same monthly prize. This explains why there are two sums stated for each prize for January and succeeding months, as above; the first sum each time being the regular prize for that month and the second sum being three times as much means that the regular prize is likely to be doubled or thriffling by the progressive process just stated.

Understand, that on the third consecutive month that you win the same monthly prize, and on all successive months thereafter that you win the same monthly prize, we pay you three times the monthly prize which you win. This rule applies to each and every one of the 34 monthly prizes, ranging from \$1.00 to \$50.00 each month. Even a \$1.00 monthly prize becomes \$2.00 the second and \$3.00 the third successive month that you win it, making \$6.00 for the three months, and keeps on at \$3.00 a month for the remaining three months if you continue to win it. There are 130 \$1.00 prizes the first month, and 30 \$1.00 monthly prizes each of the other five months, and it ought to be easy to win at least a \$1.00 prize each month, and if you do win only a \$1.00 prize each month, it will double and thriffling up to \$15.00 for the six months, and you would be almost certain to win a grand prize of at least \$5.00 more on top of that.

IN CASE OF A TIE, the prize or prizes for which contestants are tied will be divided equally between them. Thus, if two are tied for first prize, we shall add first and second prizes together and give half of the total to each, and doubling the share of either contestant entitled to double.

EVERYTHING TO WIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE. It costs you nothing to enter. It is the chance of a lifetime,—a lot of great chances combined. Don't let them slip past you. Enter now with a club of two or more and get in line for the prizes. Your own subscription or renewal will count one. You can renew 2 years for 30 cents, or if you have recently renewed or subscribed, you can extend your subscription for 30c. more and have it count one. Use the Prize Contest Entry Coupon on opposite page to enter this contest, or if you do not wish to mutilate this paper by cutting it out, copy it on to a sheet of paper. Get your friends to subscribe, renew or extend their subscriptions and help you to win a prize.

Won All This in a Three Months Try

\$350.00 Grover Hill, Ohio, May 8, 1909.
Received of W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, the sum of ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS by check of this date in payment of SECOND GRAND PRIZE in COMFORT'S Great Subscription Prize Contest, which, with the TWO HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS previously paid me in monthly Cash Prizes, makes a grand total of THREE HUNDRED and FIFTY DOLLARS received by me from COMFORT in cash prizes for three-months subscription canvassing, besides all my regularly earned premiums and cash commissions.
ALICE WINTERS.

\$25.00 and Twice \$50.00 Make \$350.00 in Three Months

for ALICE WINTERS of Grover Hill, Ohio, as proved by her final receipt reproduced above. SHE DID NOT ENTER UNTIL DECEMBER, and dropped out at the end of February, but she won a \$25.00 PRIZE and two \$50.00 PRIZES doubled, making \$225.00 in three months prizes, and these brought her also the second Grand Prize of \$125.00 more at the finish on May 8.

We venture to say that you never saw such a liberal and favorable prize offer as this one of ours, and you wonder how we can afford to double and thriffling these prizes. But we can afford it as an inducement to our prize-winners to keep on trying and winning instead of dropping out after winning only one month.

This, of course, was done under our last year's offer. She did it in only three months, and as there is still four months left of our present Grand Prize Competition, there is ample time and opportunity for anyone who enters now to equal or better Miss Winter's splendid results. As stated before, there is yet time to win \$700.00 in cash prizes between now and the first day of May.

Began With a \$1.00 Prize and Worked His Winnings Up to \$139.00

The experience of Mr. C. F. Clark, of LeRoy, N. Y., shows how one creeps up from a small beginning in this prize competition. In November he won only a \$1.00 prize; in December he didn't try; in January he entered again and won a \$1.00 prize again; in February he won a \$1.00 prize again, and it being his second month we doubled it and paid him \$2.00; in March he won the third prize of \$10.00 and we doubled it paying him \$20.00; in April he won the second prize of \$25.00 and we paid him \$50.00, and the combined subscriptions which he sent in won him also the third Grand Prize of \$65.00, making \$139.00 in all that we paid him in cash besides all his premiums.

Small Prizes Easily Won Roll Up Goodly Sums

Miss Lula E. Blackman found that small prizes easily won count up. She entered in December and won \$1.00; in January she won a \$1.00 prize which we doubled for her; in February she again won a \$1.00 prize which we thriffling and paid her \$3.00, making \$6.00 that we paid her for winning only three \$1.00 prizes; in March she won the fourth prize of \$5.00 which we doubled to \$10.00; April she dropped back again to a \$1.00 prize, which we doubled for her, and also paid her the sixth Grand Prize of \$10.00, making \$25.00 that we paid her for winning one \$5.00 and four \$1.00 monthly prizes.

But just see what the doubling and thriffling will do on a \$1.00 monthly prize. See what it

COMFORT *Facsimile* **AUGUSTA TRUST COMPANY**
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Feb 8 1909.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF *Alice Winters* \$100.00
One Hundred
Just paid for Jan doubled
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher
No. 3151 NOT OVER ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
E. W. Wagoner

COMFORT *Facsimile* **AUGUSTA TRUST COMPANY**
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Feb 8 1909.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF *Miss Rollie Forsha* \$20.00
Twenty
Just paid for Jan doubled
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher
No. 3153 NOT OVER TWENTY DOLLARS
E. W. Wagoner

the month and also for the six-month Grand Prize contest, any one may send in enough in any one month to win a Grand Prize as well as a prize for that particular month. That is just what those seven that we have explained about did. The three who won a monthly prize and a Grand Prize too, the very first month and then dropped out, were paid their monthly prizes immediately, but of course they did not get their Grand Prizes until May 8, because we could not tell until then whether they had won a Grand Prize or not.

Others won monthly prizes doubled and Grand Prizes in two months, three months, four and five months.

The beauty of our combination prize offer is that you can do good work and get big results quick, if for any reason you don't want to make a long pull of it.

But of course the longer you stick to it winning month after month and doubling and thriffling your prizes the bigger it pays. Even the small prizes pay well as they double and thriffling, and you would be surprised to know how easily some of them were won: some of the winners wrote us so themselves,—said they were surprised too, and did not expect to win.

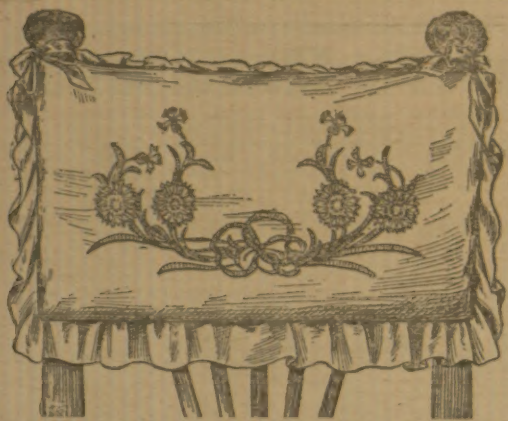
Twice \$10.00 Makes \$70.00 in Two Months

for MR. C. B. MORRIS of Hebron, West Virginia, a little village of 129 inhabitants, according to the last census. He won the third prize of \$10.00 in November and the same again in December and then dropped out. These two monthly prizes, with the second one doubled, made \$30.00, which added to the fourth Grand Prize of \$40.00, which his two-months effort also won him, gave him a total of \$70.00 on two \$10.00 monthly prizes. To him they were welcome surprises. There were lots more of them if we only had room to tell you.

CONDITIONS. The conditions of this contest are few and simple.

First. Send subscription clubs, based on small, often as you like. Name regular club's premium you want. Second. In requiring subscriptions intended for the prize competition, be sure to address them all to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine or we shall not know they are for the prize contest. Third. Subscribers named on last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live. Fourth. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: 3 five-months subscriptions equal one yearly subscription. One two-years renewal equals one yearly subscription. So send in either kind of COMFORT subscriptions or renewals and they will all count.

ENTER NOW; Win a January Prize, Perhaps Double or Thriffling. Read directions with coupon on opposite page.



HEAD REST

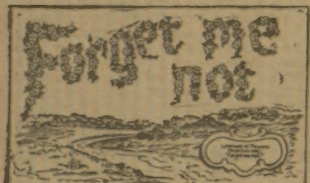
FOR
Wallachian Embroidery

Do You Know the amount of comfort gained by putting a head rest on your favorite chair? If not you certainly should lose no time in trying one, for beside the luxury, you have beautified your chair by a handsome piece of embroidery.

If You Do, you will appreciate COMFORT's offer of this richly designed Head Rest, 13 inches deep by 18 inches wide, stamped on Aberdeen Crash of a beautiful linen color so appropriate for the popular Wallachian embroidery very artistic and durable and washes to look like new. This to all who will send in 2 five-months subscriptions to Comfort at 10 cents each. Begin Today, so to get in your order while they last.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cute Language of Flower Post Cards

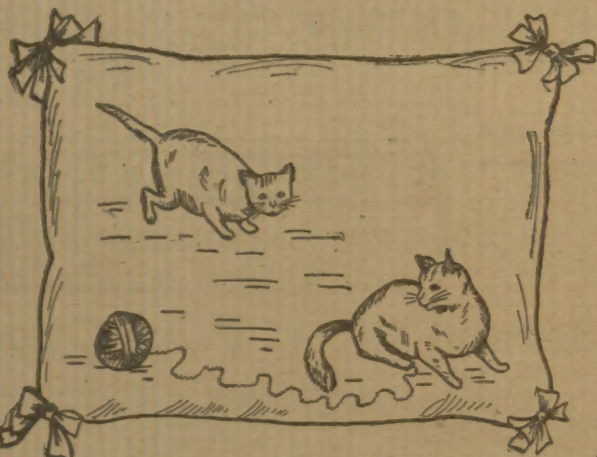


We can only show two illustrations to give you an idea of what the Language of Flower Post Cards are like. The different flowers are neatly woven around the inscription on the cards and they are printed on fine stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape illustration. The right-hand one shown is the name of the flower represented and the language of which is "Peace." The language of the other is the same as the name of the flower, "Forget-me-not." Some of the others in this set are: "The pansy, which language is 'Think of Me,' wall flower, meaning 'Fidelity,' while white heather is made up into a nice inscription of 'Good Luck.' roses are interwoven so as to form the word 'Love,' and violets are fashioned into the word 'Faithfulness,' aster is made into the word 'Hope,' and clover, 'Be Mine.' Thus the language of the different flowers are taken up, and we will send you a dozen Post Cards of different kinds lithographed in this same general style. SPECIAL Ten Cent Offer. Send 10 cents only, for three-months trial subscription to COMFORT and this complete set of twelve cards will be sent you free without any expense.



Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF



HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY

Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square. Send in a club of Two five-months subscriptions to Comfort at 10 cents each and we will give you the above described pillow. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

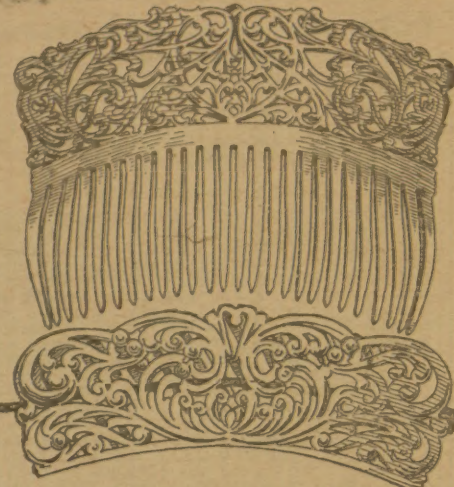
A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRABBY QUILTS" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many HIGH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 25 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get you great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needlework. Many ladies tell tales, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 25c. Grand Offer! If you order at ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 6 months' subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork," or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking A RT EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patching. REMEMBER. We send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 Skeins Embroidery silk and a great book on embroidery together with 6 months' subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 25 cents, or you may send two yearly subscribers of 25c, each and receive one lot free. Three lots and one year's subscription, 65c; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.



Back Comb and Barette

Hand carved effect SHELL or AMBER COLOR

Perfectly Polished and Finished.

Broad, stylish Tops, beautiful carved effect, the very latest style in Ladies' Back Combs. These very large combs are now exclusively worn, in preference to smaller combs or combs ornamented with gold or jewelry and are the only proper combs nowadays. Each comb is hand-made and hand-finished, is perfectly-fitting, is smooth and does not have rough edge teeth as many combs do.

BARETTES are indispensable with present style of wearing the hair, and the set we illustrate represents the proper and popular style, size and pattern.

Our illustrations convey only a partial idea of the extreme beauty of both Comb and Barette. Combs are five inches broad or wide, over three and one-half inches deep, with long, strong teeth nearly two inches deep, so that it would be practically impossible to lose one of these Combs from the head. The Barettes are over four inches wide, one and three-quarters inches high and are fitted with a strong bar pin made of same material with safety-locking device.

We furnish either Barette or Back Comb in either shell or amber color and make the following liberal CLUB OFFER: A Club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT, or four trial five-months ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT. A COMB and BARETTE free for three trial five-months ten-cent subscriptions or a BARETTE for only two five-months ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old granddaddy style, indestructible stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump dollie or one of lighter weight. We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

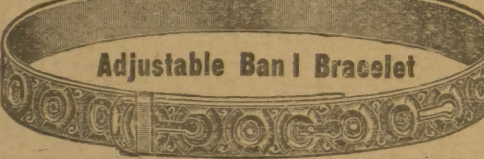


Remember. We send this magazine one year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 Dolls for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. 4 sets Dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist



Adjustable Band Bracelet

guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. Club Offer. Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, amounting to 30 cents, for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

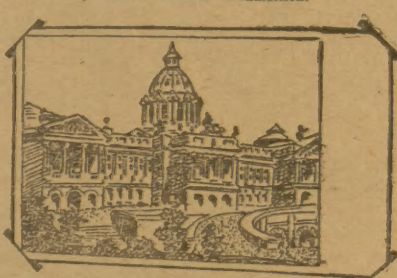


ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS for club send to COMFORT at these liberal terms. Club Offer. Send 2 trial 30c 5 months COMFORT amounting to 25c, or one new 6 months trial subscription to COMFORT with 25c, and secure one of these 50 card albums. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects such as Christmas, New Year, and Santa Claus, embossed in gold floral, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. You will miss a great big opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 pages, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two, front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time. The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced in such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are residing at a distance or traveling. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tasteful arranged manner for exhibition.



FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order and each and every subscriber will be presented with one of COMFORT'S handsome Household Calendars for 1910. Remember only 14 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each procures this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



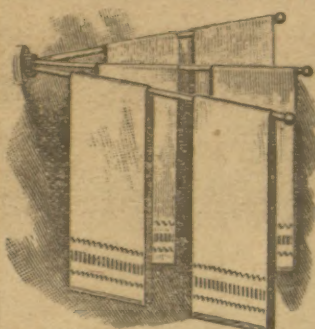
TABLE NAPKINS SIX TOWELS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these superior quality napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We have selected as a gift for our agents a set of six huckabuck towels of good size, 12x18, made of high grade material. Such towels as we offer are usually sold at retail in most stores at high prices are a good value. By arranging to use a quantity, thus buying of the makers in whole cases, we can present six for a small number of subscribers.

Club Offer. We will send you at our expense a set of six towels for a club of only 6 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Baby's First Ring

The Little Darling Surely Wants One Now

These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karat gold and will not tarnish. The demand for children's and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers and we are delighted with the patronage. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plush-lined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

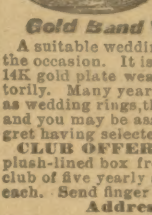
SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only 2 yearly subscribers to this monthly at 25 cents each per year, and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time.

Club Offer. For 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.



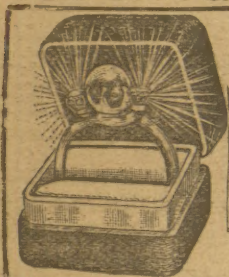
Gold Band Wedding Ring.

A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you order today.

Club Offer. We send one in a plush-lined box free of all expense for a club of five yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement.



LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections. Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and is set in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

Opal. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

Emerald. These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. We will give one ring Free for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH or a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most of the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as in "A". A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickle-plated pincers to handle type and a metal case overlying ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grown folks make use of sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or three trial ten-cent subscriptions we will send post-paid one of these Outfits all complete. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

6 Handkerchiefs to Embroider 6



Fine, Silky Handkerchief Lawn

To embroider your own handkerchiefs is up-to-date and distinctive. As illustrated, there are six different designs, all equally handsome, measuring 11x11 inches square, the correct size for a dressy handkerchief. To be embroidered all in white, or in colors to match dress, or a combination of white and color in fine mercerized cotton. Send us a club of 3 five-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 10 cents each and we will mail you these six elegant handkerchiefs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A Pair of Nottingham Lace Curtains Free

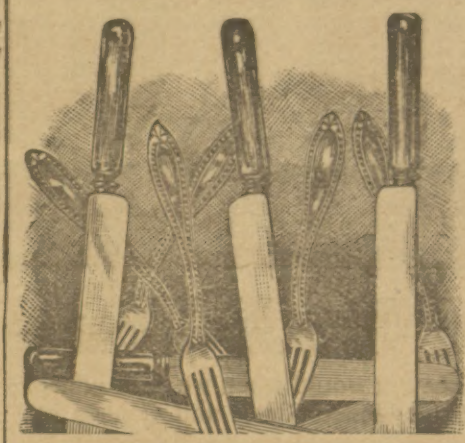
Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to all who Send a Club of Only Five New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what one needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 to \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 5 trial yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each to COMFORT, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 5 trial 25-cent yearly subscriptions secures two pairs and send three pairs for only 12 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each. COMFORT goes to the subscriber each month and the Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Tableware in Fine Silver Plate

We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of six Knives and six Forks to give away. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, in fact is used on most every article made of silver for dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER. Send us a club of only 13 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine, COMFORT. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 25 cents each.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give you as a present a Set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 16 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. On this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the family, absolutely free, as we pay all shipping charges. Send for samples of COMFORT and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Magic Fortune Teller

A Most Marvelous Invention. Answers Quickly.



Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Constructed on strictly scientific principles, the adjustable hour acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your voice brings about startling and magical responses. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters. You can now tell fortunes for money. If Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought to this Magic Fortune Teller and everything will be clear. They are strongly made and handily carried. There is nothing to get out of order and they will last a lifetime. We will send one for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A White Bedspread For a Club of Eight

Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect creditably on you.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. It finishes the bed and dresses up the whole room.

The pattern is one that cannot fail to please. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best.

For a slight effort we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you, all charges paid, one of these large spreads as a reward for a club of only eight yearly subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents in each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 10 doz. quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintle Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 50 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 6 Skins of 2 rds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8/10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass beads. 1 Tape Bodkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Yarn Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Curlers. 1 Spoon Linen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Hairpins. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

Club Offer. For a club of only four yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big, warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

Club Offer. For only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannellette, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue, stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid, for only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 10 cents each for five months, or for a club of ten yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and the small Blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wild-Fire

The Fame of Bodi-Tone

is spreading like "wild-fire," as we knew it would when we first offered it on trial. Thousands in all parts of the United States and Canada are testing it, knowing that they need not pay one penny unless it benefits, the liberal plan on which we ask YOU to test it. Thousands have already used it with success far beyond their greatest hopes, and it is their experience which is spreading the good news like "wild-fire," that health may be secured by the Bodi-Tone method. The Bodi-Tone Company wants YOU to try a full-sized dollar box of Bodi-Tone at its risk and expense, so that you will get acquainted with this new scientific medicinal combination, which is rapidly becoming the foremost medicine used by the American People. We want you to send us the Bodi-Tone Coupon printed in this announcement, giving us your full name and address, and the one dollar box of Bodi-Tone will be sent to you by next post, without a penny for you to pay unless it TONES ALL YOUR BODY. More than ten-thousand readers of Comfort are already using Bodi-Tone on this plan.

Bodi-Tone

is just what its name means—A TONE FOR ALL THE BODY and we want you to try it and see what it will do for YOUR body. Bodi-Tone is a little round tablet that is taken three times every day, either before or after meals, whichever the user prefers. Each one dollar box contains seventy-five Bodi-Tones, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how easy and simple it is to take, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it helps nature to tone every organ in the body. Bodi-Tone is a new remedy, but the ingredients which compose it are as old as the science of medicine itself. Its composition is not secret. Every one of the twelve valuable ingredients which go to make up Bodi-Tone are well known to all doctors of all schools; each has a well defined, well known and thoroughly established place in the realm of medicine, each has its own well known work to do in the body and each is prescribed by physicians every day in the year. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron, for the Blood, Phosphate, to help tone the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Asiatic Rhubarb for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. We claim no credit for these ingredients, each of which has its own well deserved place in the Materia Medica of all the civilized world and are recommended by all modern medical writers and teachers—we simply claim credit for the manner in which they are combined, for the proportions used, for the remedy—Bodi-Tone, which they make and which we want to send you immediately, so you can try it and learn how it acts.

Bodi-Tone

is no new-fangled, secret, mysterious, "discovered by accident," Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, Shaker or Quaker remedy. It depends upon no superstition or romantic story to make people believe in its efficacy. It is the scientific prescription of well known and competent doctors and chemists, and is compounded in one of the largest and best known pharmaceutical laboratories in the United States. It was conceived with the purpose, which we announce to all the world, to give the people a pure and safe household and home medicine, one that has medical authority behind it, one that doctors could sanction and approve, one whose composition could be boldly proclaimed and being all this, it is destined to become the foremost proprietary medicine of the century, a genuine pure food and drug medicine. Bodi-Tone, though a scientific medicinal combination, is prepared from such remedies which the common people as well as the doctors KNOW ARE GOOD, which they can place confidence in, which they know they can safely use, and most of all, is composed of things which make it A GOOD REMEDY. It is right all through, from the first to the twelfth ingredient, a remedy that knows its work in the body and does it in a way that satisfies the body-owner. It is a pure remedy, that all the family, young and old, can use. It contains no pois-

onous drugs, it contains no harmful drugs, it contains nothing that we are ashamed to tell all the world, it contains no ingredient that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on drugging the body. It does not kill pain with opium or morphine. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body with the remedies which nature intended to tone the body, or that power would not have been given to them.

Bodi-Tone

offers its valuable services to you right now, right from this page, if you are sick, if you need medicinal help, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—TO HELP NATURE RESTORE TONE TO THE BODY, to help nature restore normal health, energy, vigor, strength and weight. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well understood, definite action that produces general results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are especially valuable in such ailments.

Bodi-Tone

is especially urged for all chronic sufferers, who have tried honest, reputable physicians at home and elsewhere without getting the relief and permanent benefit desired. If your local doctor is doing you no real good, if you have given him a real and honest chance to do what he can and the medical combinations which he has used have failed, then give THIS SCIENTIFIC, MODERN combination of old-time remedies a chance to show what it can do for you.

A Trial of Bodi-Tone

is yours for the asking. You need not send any money—do not send any stamps. The Bodi-Tone Company wants to spend every penny of the trial's cost, wants to send the medicine to you, wants you to give it a trial for a full period of twenty-five days before you pay a penny. Simply fill out the Bodi-Tone Coupon and let Bodi-Tone do its work for you. Do it immediately, as the quicker you begin, the quicker its good results should be evident in your body.

Bodi-Tone Coupon

Clipped from Comfort.

BODI-TONE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLS.

I have just read the Bodi-Tone Announcement offering a \$1.00 box of Bodi-Tone on twenty-five days' trial. Please send me a box by return mail, postage prepaid. I promise to give it a good trial and to pay \$1.00 if I find that I am benefited at the end of twenty-five days. If it does not help me I will not pay one cent and will owe you nothing. Send the box of Bodi-Tone to the following address:

Name _____

Town _____

State _____ St. or R. F. D. _____

Bodi-Tone Company,

Chicago, Ills.